

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## CARLOTTA'S INTENDED.

### CHAPTER I.

A SHORT, swarthy, gray-haired old man who swung his little legs on opposite sides of the barrel upon which he sat,—who smoked a stumpy old pipe,—whose one heavy eyebrow ran clear across his forehead,—who wore tiny gold ear-rings and seldom cut his hair,—who spoke in monosyllables,—such was Carlo Di Carlo, “the dago.”

A tall, fat, blooming brown creature, loud-talking and voluble, full of fun and temper, luxuriant to coarseness,—whose bust-measure and age were both somewhere in the early forties,—who seemed fashioned for laughter and unlimited maternity,—who sat every evening on the front door-step of the shop opposite her husband,—this was the signora Di Carlo.

A dainty bit of a girl, radiant as *petite*, dark as her father, symmetrical as her mother of twenty years ago,—whose lithe figure was just throwing out hints of future perfections,—whose long black hair was straight as an Indian's, but fine as the down upon the head of the babe who lay crowing upon the mother's lap,—who was reticent like her father, but whose mother's fire flashed from her eye on occasion,—a girl to love, to hate, to do and dare,—behold the sweet daughter, Carlotta Di Carlo! The discerning eye beheld in her promise of romance, possibilities of tragedy, and he who looked upon her once paused to look again.

A row of little black-eyed dagoes of various ages and sexes, of various degrees of beauty, but all handsome,—a healthy, picturesque, noisy lot, quarrelsome without pugnacity,—these were the little Di Carlos.

A small square front room, with a low shed around its two sides over the *banquette*, an oyster-counter along its partition-wall, a fruit-stand spread beneath its sheds opening on two streets, a red lantern

hung out at the corner for a sign,—see the mercantile house of Di Carlo.

Within a front corner of the shop in winter, and out on the *banquette* in summer, his chair placed so as to command a view of the fruit-shelves on both sides, sat a one-legged cobbler, surrounded by his professional litter of old shoes, tools, strings, and scraps of leather.

Fourteen years ago, Patrick Rooney took this chair, engaging to pay for the rent and privileges of the same by doing the family cobbling,—a fair enough arrangement with a circle of three when Carlotta was wearing her first shoes, but, to quote from Pat, "There's been niver a time since but the madam's been aither afther raisin' the rint on me or a-threatenin' to do that same, an' sure I'd 've deserrted long since if she'd iver sint me a notification be an ugly messenger; but whin she shteps out, 'erself bloominer 'n iver, wud anither wan o' thim black-eyed beauties forninst her buzzom, I do put by a fresh batch o' little scraps for patches an' trate meself to a dozen on the half-shell, on the strength o' the new customer to the thrade."

The Di Carlos doubtless knew a good bargain when they had it, and so Pat had been encouraged to remain by perquisites in the way of oysters and fruit.

This, however, was a scant offset to an increase from one to nine healthy shoe-wearing boys and girls.

If Pat had begun to think seriously of the matter some years ago, the christening of a new-comer, when Pat hobbled all the way up the aisle at St. Alphonse's one morning and recorded a sponsor's vows for a diminutive little beauty by the name of Patrick Rooney Di Carlo, held him firm to his chair for some time, and then—well, the signora counted on this, and became reckless, and there were twins, and in a year another. There's no telling what discontent might have begun to ferment in Pat's breast had it not been that Carlotta began to grow so startlingly beautiful, and young men and old men and boys began hanging about the shop when there was nothing to buy, or buying things they evidently did not want, and all the time looking at Carlotta.

Pat had petted the child, called her his "swateheart," trotted her on his one knee and sung her to sleep to "Lanigan's Ball," from the time he came to the Di Carlo shop.

Only within the last year, however, since the halo of glorious womanhood was hovering about her, had a tender solicitude about the girl entered his heart; and, although the signora, fortunately, did not suspect it, no added duty would have driven him from his post now.

And yet the Di Carlos had not been entirely unreasonable. Later concessions had been made. A room, the entire garret over the shop, had been placed at Pat's disposal, and here he had finally moved his few belongings,—a cot, a chair or two, a huge green box which held his surplus clothing in a fraction of its space (such a wooden bin as the poor Irish emigrant usually dignifies by the name of trunk, and which one need not be English to call a box), a gaudy picture of the Virgin



Mother with her heart aflame, a much-framed photograph of Carlotta in her first-communion dress, a rosary and a crucifix, and—hanging across the rafters—the moth-eaten remains of a bright uniform and a broken torch-lamp, for before his accident Pat had been an Irishman, a Fenian, an American ward-politician, and a festive leader in torch-light processions, pat-riot-ism, and the like.

Nobody ever knew just how or by whom the shot was fired that made him a cripple and a cobbler (and, he always added, “a Dutchman and a dago, *to boot*,” laughing alone at his final pun). But it was a fearful row. Three men were shot, and all came near dying but didn’t die, and, as all the wounded carried weapons more or less spent, they considered discretion the better part of valor and instigated no investigations.

All this was before the days of telephones and hospital ambulances, and Pat was carried into the shop of a German shoemaker next door to the saloon where the shooting was done. He would probably have been sent to the Charity Hospital next day, however, excepting that his host, Hans Schmidt, had happened to be in the saloon at the time of the disturbance, and, his recollection of the matter being somewhat hazy, he feared possible implications and insisted on nursing the wounded man through his trouble.

The neatness of this arrangement lay in the fact that as soon as the convalescent was able to hold up his head, here was a trade for him, right under his eyes and hands. The ward-politician became an artisan, and, as he characteristically expressed it, “his first tool was his *last*.”

“An’ ye niver seen an Irishman a-mindin’ shoes afore?” he was wont to say on occasion. “Mebbe not; an’ yet divil a wan ud turrrn ’is back on a *cobbler*! ’Tis thrue enough, in the ould cuntry, ’tis the prastes that do be savin’ our sows for us, an’ I’m workkin’ at the same thrade, savin’ *soles* to feed me *body*. But the edge of the joke is, ’twas losin’ me fut that set me to shoemakin’.” Thus by light and witty speech did he cover what he firmly believed to be a broken spirit.

A tedious convalescence, with enforced abstemiousness, had given him ample time for reflection, and by the time he had been nourished back to strength on apple pie, cinnamon cake, *nudels*, and *smierkäse*, and found himself practically apprenticed to a shoemaker, he felt that he was no longer, even at heart, “one of the boys.”

As soon as his period of invalidism was safely over, however, when his cautious and worthy host was assured that his life was no longer in jeopardy, things were rearranged on a business basis, and the terms were not satisfactory to the ’prentice, who, with a true Celtic alacrity, had mastered the trade to a degree that surprised himself.

Before the occupation of the corner shop by the Di Carlos, a cobbler had carried on a business here, by which he and a small barefoot family had managed to live; and when Pat discovered the change of tenants, the bright idea of slipping into this trade had occurred to him: hence the proposition, conveyed by an interpreter, to occupy a cobbler’s chair in the new fruit-shop.

The arrangement had much to recommend it. On wash-days, when the father and the boys were out peddling over-ripe stock, Pat often represented the entire business, calling "Shop!" on occasion, or even effecting a trade when there were no complications.

"Picayune o' lemons, is it?" he would say, for instance, to the small-boy customer. "Fetch yer silver heer, till I feel the heft av ut. That's solid,—rings like the bells o' heaven! Drop it beyant on the counter,—so. Now, pick two big lemons or three little wans. That's a man; takes three middlin' sizes. He's got a business fist on 'im,—'ll be a Vanderbilt yet,—nades a shoe-string fo' *lagniappe*." And to himself, as the embryotic Vanderbilt departed, he would continue after this fashion :

"Faith, an' be the time I do worrk up me Dutch thrade wud a dago's business, an' throw in a Creole *lagniappe*, I do have to run me hand forninst me flabby pockut-book to know meself for a Paddy." And his soliloquy held as much truth as humor; for, notwithstanding the fact that he soon commanded a neat little custom, Pat's heart and hand were those of a true son of the Emerald Isle.

From the day she first put up her pretty red lips for the shaggy old fellow to kiss, his whole heart and purse had belonged to the baby Carlotta. As his mind had begun to run on shoe-leather, his first spare dollar had gone for a pair of little red shoes for her when she was barely able to toddle.

This was the beginning; and then there were other things,—trinkets, a pair of gold ear-rings set with turquoises (and he had locked himself in the coal-house and stopped his ears while they were put into her little ears), and then, later, a thimble, then a prayer-book and mother-of-pearl rosary; and so it went.

As he petted the little thing and the other babies as they came, he accused himself of an old man's fondness; though when this story begins he was in fact but forty years old.

"Little Lottie" came to stand in his life in place of all he had lost, and he took comfort in her, calling himself "an ould grandmother" while he buttoned her little gowns or washed her pretty little hands and face for her.

"Say, Carlo," said the signora, one day,—this was when Carlotta was about six years old,—"wad you say eef we geev-a C'lotta to Meester Pad fo' wife wan day, eh?"

"Indade, me respected mother-in-law," Pat had replied, laughing, "sure ye're too late shpakin'! Lottie an' me's engaged six months, come Moddy Graw."

And so it gradually came about that he called the pretty dark-eyed child "me swateheart," "me intinded," "me future," and the like, while she would always leave her father or mother to go to "Woonah" (her best baby effort at his name in the early days when he was "Mr. Rooney" in the Di Carlo household).

Within the last year, however, while as unfailingly attentive and gentle, he called her only Lottie, and any allusion to the old jests was wittily turned aside.

In the evenings, after dark, Pat generally formed one of the family

circle on the *banquette* about the doors, flavoring the conversation with his invariable humor and mirth.

Usually at about eight o'clock the little father would jump down from his barrel, and, rubbing the leg that had "gone to sleep," hop around limping while he closed in the fruit-shelves, took down the lantern, and prepared to lock up the shop.

At his first movement, Pat hobbled in, carrying his chair with him, the signora following, and bending over her sleeping bundle with a maternal "Sh-h-h!" as she passed in.

Finally, just before entering himself, the father called, "Toney! Pasquale! Joe! Anita! Neek!" and a crowd came rushing noisily in from the congregation of children half-way down the block, one or two of whom generally pursued them to the door for a "last tag" and "good-night," while a voice or two from the foremost Di Carlos from within would always answer, "Sleep tight."

As they flocked in, passing the little old father standing in the door-way, he looked proudly upon them and grunted his approval. They were a royal lot, and they were his.

The scene reminds one of a familiar barn-yard group,—a little game rooster, a fine Brahma hen, and their brood of handsome chicks. The diminutive but pompous father struts around with a most important proprietary air, and, flattering himself, forgets to look at the mother. So it was with little Di Carlo. Men and roosters are so thoughtless.

It was true, Carlotta was a beauty, and every one said she was the image of her father; and so she was,—his image *inspired*, and the mother was the inspiration.

If the little husband reminded one of a rooster, a rooster who never crowed, it was not so much because the wife persisted in doing the family crowing, as well as cackling, as that it pleased him to sit by and smoke while she toyed with his prerogative. One always felt that the crow was in him and that he had full confidence in the size of it. Such is the value of reserve.

In deference to Pat, the language of the evening circle was usually English. But, though he had never attempted the Italian speech or professed a comprehension of it, fourteen years of such familiarity with it as the shop afforded had opened the doors of his understanding, and nothing less than a subtlety of meaning as far beyond the Di Carlos as himself would have eluded him now.

A sort of delicacy forbade his revealing this to those who sometimes chose to speak in his presence without inviting his participation.

Among the occasional frequenters of the shop had been for some time an old man, Pietro Socola by name, for whom Pat had always felt an instinctive dislike.

During the past few months, Socola had become a frequent guest, and while he sat on a box at the father's side in the evenings and spoke in a low tone in Italian, he was observed to cast frequent covert glances toward the daughter, Carlotta.

Now, Socola was rich, according to the Di Carlo standard, and

a widower, and so Pat was not super-suspicious in interpreting these glances as ominous of meaning to Carlotta.

The suspicion quickened his hearing, but the most assiduous eaves-dropping had as yet disclosed nothing to confirm his fears. Gossip about the men on the luggers or at the Picayune Tier, discussions as to the rise or fall in prices of fruit or oysters, interspersed with long tobacco-flavored silences, seemed to constitute all their social intercourse; and yet—why did the ugly old fellow keep looking at Carlotta?

Socola was of the one essentially homely Italian type. His blue-gray eyes and reddish hair were bereft of any leaning toward beauty by a heavy swarthy skin, while the entire absence of upper front teeth gave a touch of grotesqueness to his ugly visage. Short-necked and square of build, he had nevertheless a stoop, producing an effect as if his face arose from his chest. The edges of his grizzly-red moustache were further colored from the tobacco which he perpetually chewed, and his hairy little hands bore about their blunt finger-tips similar suggestions of the weed.

Socola was plain, as well as distinctly deficient in the subtle charm which we call personal magnetism.

His wife had been dead but three months when he first came on Sunday afternoon to the Di Carlos'. For three successive Sundays he returned thus, and then he began dropping in in the late evenings, until now almost any night he could be seen propped up on his box at Di Carlo's side, and whether Carlotta sat on the door-step working on her "sampler" or promenaded the *banquette* with one of the twins astride her hip, old Pietro's eyes followed her.

This, which Pat had been observing for some weeks, culminated one day in a tangible occasion for alarm.

He was sitting inside the shop, putting a finishing-stitch to a patch, when he saw Socola pass the door to join the circle about the steps without.

A moment later, Carlotta hastily entered the shop, her face black as a storm-cloud.

"Come heer, Lottie," he called, quickly; and, as she approached him, "Whut ails ye?"

He had never seen her so angry. It was a moment before she spoke.

"Shpake out, Lottie, me girrl, an' tell me who done ye ony-think."

"I don't like ol' Pietro Socola," she said, finally, her eyes flashing.

"Norr me nayther," he answered, shaking his head. "But tell me whut 'e done ye."

"He mashed my chin."

"Squazed yer chin, did 'e? An' may the divil snatch 'is mother from heaven!"

"Yas, an' try to kiss me. I hate 'im!"

"Thried to kiss ye, did 'e? Bad luck to 'is lonesome mouth! An' who seen um?"

"My paw an' my maw was a-talkin.' I don' know ef my maw seen 'im or not. She laughed. I hate 'im!"

"See heer, Lottie." He was much excited, but spoke low, lest he should be overheard. "There's throuble a-brewin' for ye, me beauty. Don't ye say nothin' to nobody, but ef that low-down dirrty blue-eyed nagur av a dago lays the heft av 'is finger-tip on ye again, *ye go for um: d'ye heer?*"

She was silent, and he continued: "Wull ye do what I tell ye, Lottie?"

"Yas."

"Well, take me advice an' kape out av arrn's length av 'im whin ye can; but whin ye can't, an' he so much as blows 'is breath on a hair o' yer head, ye come down on 'im wud a regular thunderin' polthogue—like this!"

He placed his closed fist against his own temple.

"See heer, colleen," he resumed, with some hesitancy, "I c'd lather 'im for ye,—a couple o' hefts o' me peg 'd land 'im pantin' in the gutther,—but 'twould do ye no good."

"F 'e turn 'is sassy ol' eyes on me again, I'm goin' slap 'is face good," she said, as she turned to serve a customer.

A suppressed sigh escaped the cobbler, and his fingers moved nervously as he finished his patch.

His worst fears were materializing. Socola, the rich, the honored guest, was coming for Carlotta.

His cobbling finished for the day, he rose to go to his room. He had not the heart to join the circle about the doors to-night. He hesitated a moment and glanced without.

The signora had crossed from her seat on the step and drawn a stool opposite the men, her husband and Socola.

The guest was speaking very earnestly in a low voice in Italian, and his audience listened with evident deference.

Pat heard distinctly Carlotta's name. Who can blame him for lingering just a moment, to be doubly sure he was not mistaken?

But no, he heard it again, and then something about money,—*"a thousand dollars,"*—and the mother and father of the girl smiled, and, while they exchanged glances, nodded assent.

For the first time since he had been a teetotaler, Pat staggered as he walked to the staircase, and when he reached his attic room he sank into his chair, trembling as if an ague possessed him.

He was bewildered as much at his own sensations as at that which had produced them. What did it mean? It was bad enough, but why were cold chills running all over him? Why did he think of the night he heard of his mother's death? Why was he sobbing before he could control himself?

Oh, Patrick Rooney, is it possible that you are in love?

It was even so, and the sudden revelation of the truth to himself seemed to seize and shake him to the foundations of his being.

The exquisite agony of the first discovery soon spent itself in emotion, but all night long he sat as one dazed, lost in wonder, bewildered.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN at last the day broke, when the explaining sun's rays lifted the veil that the moonlight imposes, and instead of shadows Pat began to see things clearly, he cast his eyes about him, as if to reassure himself and get his bearings. Everything in his meagre apartment seemed to hold some association with the child Carlotta. Hanging upon the wall were the little worn red shoes, his first gift to her, bearing yet the impress of her baby feet. Within the lid of his big trunk, open before him, swung the tiny brass hook he had placed there so that she might safely fasten herself within, and, hiding here until the storm was over, she had escaped many a whipping from her mother. A row of auger-holes along the back, ruining the trunk, had further fitted it for her safe retreat. And she had never told. She had always been a rare child.

Every picture summoned by the associations was charmingly pretty, and when finally he cast his eyes down upon himself—upon his toil-stained garments, his rough hands, his one untidy shoe—he felt as if he were blushing at a sense of his utter unfitness for her.

Seizing his mirror, a triangular fragment, he closely scrutinized his unshaven face and unkempt hair, and as he laid the glass down he turned his vision inward and backward upon the years of his life at the Di Carlos' and before. He thought of Carlotta when first he saw her, and of the years since. She had sweetened and cheered his life ever since he had known her.

She and this sacred love that had come to him were holy things, but what should he do with them,—he, a poor, miserable, penniless, clumsy old cripple? It was a terrible, terrible folly, this love; and yet, despite the hopelessness of it, despite the vivid ludicrous view of it which his Irish perception afforded, he felt transported by it into a state of painful ecstasy. What should he do with himself?—where go?

For one thing, he must bathe and shave and cast off these ugly dusty garments. The sacred thing that had come to him required this much of him.

It was late in the morning before his toilet was complete. His ordinary hurried ablutions "for dacency's sake" were performed with reference to the world. To-day his own consciousness demanded that he should be clean. Even his old wooden leg received its first baptism, the rite being applied with soft soap and a scrubbing-brush. The hard old oak, polished from long use, shone like the Di Carlo biscuit-board,—and it must be understood that the signora was of the clean sort, unfortunately in the minority among her class.

Pat had just readjusted his peg with new leather straps, when two little black eyes appeared above the stairway.

"Mr. Pat, dey got a colored lady down-stairs what want her shoes mend." It was the boy Pasquale, and he was all the way up now.

"Tell 'er I'm not worrkin' to-day, Pasquale me b'y. I'm very sick."



"Oh, Mr. Pat, you scared me awful! I thought you was a man up here."

"An' did ye r'a'ly? Sure an' ye made a terrible mishtake, for there's no northin' up heer but three-quarrters av an ould divil av a fool."

"Oh, you look awful white, Mr. Pat! You sick fo' true? Mus' I call my maw? Is they got anybody dead, Mr. Pat?"

Pat's only previous rigorous toilets had been made to attend an occasional funeral of some former comrade.

"Plaze God, there's a fraction of a loafer dead, sonny, an' I'm dthressed for the buryin'. Call nobody, but go now, don't be de-layin', and tell the lady below I'm tuck suddintly ill an' I'm not worrkin'."

It was with manifest reluctance that the little fellow at last withdrew his eyes from the gentleman in the attic to deliver his message.

In a moment the signora's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs:

"Oh, Meester Pad! Pasquale say god-a somethen the matther weeth-a you. 'F you feel-a sig, mus-a shore call-a somebody."

"Much obliged, ma'am, but sure I'm takin' a day off, jist, an' I'm in nade o' northin' but a broom, if ye'll lind me the loan av one."

Pat was not an artist, and his hands were clumsy, yet the result of a single effort in the direction of respectability wrought a transformation in his apartment. After he had swept, dusted, and rearranged his shabby belongings, he took from his box a little old-fashioned daguerrotype of his mother and gazed upon it in silence for some minutes. When finally he spoke, his voice was tremulous and tender:

"Indade an' yer b'y's in great throuble, mammy dear. Ye always said I was the biggest fool o' the dozen, an' sure I want to take back me sassy conthradiction."

He drew his sleeve clumsily over it, wiping a tear from the face of the picture, and, hobbling across the room, placed it open upon the shelf that served for a mantel.

He did not go down-stairs that day. Though cleansed and clothed, he was not assured of being in his right mind. He dreaded to meet Carlotta, lest she should detect the insanity that possessed him and despise him as he despised himself for it. Of course this nonsense would die out in time, and he would always be just the same old "Woonna" to her as of yore, and when the time and the right man should come he would do his best to have her suitably married. It was absurd that right here at the onset he should be having trouble with himself.

For three days he felt constrained to put off "till to-morrow" his going down-stairs. While he could not treat with this exquisite delicate thing without purifications of himself and surroundings, it was yet only a something to be surely overcome. A few days' banishment and fasting would restore him to himself. The fasting, it is true, he practised only because he *could not eat*, and the banishment on a similar principle, yet he counted on this discipline, with time and resolution, to quell a passion which could bring him only ignominy,

and to the girl, should she suspect it, but embarrassment and estrangement from her best friend. But she should never know it.

In a few weeks, at farthest, Socola would press his suit; for was there not every reason to expect haste? He was old (old men are always in a hurry), a widower (who ever knew a widower to dally with a proposal?), and he came from Sicily, from Palermo, that warm clime of impatient love and ardent adorers.

In a few weeks Carlotta might have need of a friend. Socola was rich. The Di Carlos' one weakness, in Pat's eyes, was love of money. The signora had laughed when the old man tried to kiss Carlotta. It was a bad omen. She would favor his suit.

It was on the morning of the fourth day that little Pasquale reappeared at the head of the stairs, bearing this time in his hands a half-worn shoe.

"Back wud ye, now!" exclaimed Pat, anticipating the application. "Sure an' I'm on the retired list for a couple o' days. Fetch me no more ordhers."

"Who's a-talkin' 'bout orders?" drawled the pert boy. "Give a fellow time to talk, won't you? My maw sez, she sez C'lotta's feet's on de groun', an' somebody haf to sew 'er shoe."

The old shoe, torn and muddy, which the boy laid in Pat's hand, bearing the unmistakable impress of the physical vigor and undiscriminating step of a growing girl, was neither small nor shapely; but Pat's hand trembled visibly as he touched it, and he felt so queer that he was frightened. He seemed to see Carlotta standing in the flesh before him.

"An' my maw sez, she sez if you'll sew it righd away, 'cause C'lotta ain't got no more shoes, an'——"

"All right. Tell 'er she'll have a new shoe built around the patch I'll putt on it, an'—off wud ye, now."

As the boy disappeared, Pat turned the shoe about in his hands slowly, and, perceiving the trembling of his fingers, exclaimed,—

"The divil's grandmother! Sure an' I wouldn't know meself from a shakin' Quaker or a quakin' Shaker, I'm that rattled! But I'll kiss the fut av 'er, onyhow!" And he laid the old shoe against his lips with a caressing movement.

It needed many stitches, and Pat was still at work upon it an hour later when he heard the signora trudging up the stairs.

"Hello, Meester Pad; 'm-a come talk weeth-a you," she began, while still invisible. "God-a so much-a troubl', haf to spik weeth-a you." And as she finally reached the landing she exclaimed, looking about her, "Name o' God! Well, I swea'! Pasquale ees-a tell me you was-a pud on-a plenny style up here." Crossing, she dropped into a seat at Pat's side, putting the baby which she carried upon the floor before her.

"Fo' God sague! Never was-a see you so fine-a biff'. B'liev you goin' a ged-a marry, Meester Pad."

"Arrah, thin, I may's well confess, Carlotta an' me's plannin' to shtep over to S'int Alphonse's some fine mornnin', an' run across to Algiers for a weddin'-tower an' back again be the Magazine

Marrket f'r a bridal breakfasht. Sure an' we're only tarryin' for me mother-in-law's perrmission."

This bravado helped him immensely. He had said the same thing substantially a hundred times before, but not for a long time. Instead of laughing as of yore, however, the signora grew serious.

"Dthaz-a just-a fo' wad I'm-a goin'-a talk weeth-a you, Meester Pad. Of-a coze I know you god-a nobody an-a northeen, you haf to mague a lill-a fun some time, bud know sometheen? Young gal ligue-a C'lotta ees-a god-a no senz. C'lotta b'lief thad. She thing you ees-a lov' weeth-a her."

"An' who sez she does?"

"I am-a sho', *sho'* she b'lief thad."

"An' who sez she does?" he repeated, with keen vehemence.

"Nobody, only 'erselve ees-a say it."

"An' who did she say ut to? She niver said it, ma'am!"

"My God, you thing me I'm a liar? C'lotta sez to me, sez I don'-a lov-a no man bud-a just-a Woonna. Wad you call-a thad?"

"Begorra, an' I suppose she loves her father betther yet. Who the divil shud she like betther nor me,—she that's afther cutt'n' 'er eye-teeth on me thumb-nail?"

"Of-a coze; dthaz-a thrue; bud-a you don' un'erstan', Meester Pad. God-a so much-a troub' weeth-a thad chil'. Now ees-a raise 'er so big, an' she sassy me to my face. God knows, I weesh me I was-a dead! God-a so much-a troub'. Fo' two days, can'd do northeen weeth-a C'lotta. God-a fine chanz, C'lotta, an' she don' care northeen 'boud."

"A fine chance, has she? An' whut is it?" His heart stood still.

"Pietro Socola ees-a wan reech-a man, Meester Pad. Wan'-a marry weeth-a C'lotta!"

"The divil's pitchfork! An' whut does—whut does she say?"

"Say she *won'-a* marry weeth-a heem. Can'd do northeen weeth-a C'lotta. Her pa ees-a whip 'er, me, I ees-a whip 'er, an' the mo' we ees-a beat 'er the mo' she ees-a sassy me to my face."

Pat was speechless with surging emotion, and the mother continued:

"Pietro Socola ees-a prormis me an' Carlo a t'ousan' dollah, an'-a tague 'eem een-a pardners, 'f 'e can-a ged C'lotta. Oh, 'ees-a crazy fo' C'lotta,—lov' er so hard."

"An' did 'e shpake love to 'er?"

"One time 'ees-a try speak weeth-a C'lotta, an' C'lotta ees-a slap 'is face."

"An' whut did he say?"

"He ees-a just laugh. Lov-a C'lotta so hard 'e don' care. Want 'er all-a same. Theng God fo' thad. Tell you, Meester Pad, plenny troub' een theze-a worl'. Come-a talk weeth you 'boud C'lotta. 'M goin-a call 'er talk weeth-a you. You muz-a please talk-a senz weeth 'er. Tell 'er she haf to marry Socola. C'lotta do anytheen-a fo' you."

Pat was diplomat enough to see the worse than futility of opposition. He let her call Carlotta.

Paler than he had ever seen her, her pallor exaggerating a dark bruise upon her cheek, but with her head erect, she appeared before them.

"Whut ails yer face, Lottie?" said the man, gently, as, drawing a stool to his side, he motioned to her to be seated.

She remained standing, however, and the mother answered,—

"When somebody slap-a company in-a face, muz-a show 'er how it feel to have-a face slap."

"An' who done ut?"

"Me myselve done it. Slap 'er face good fo' her! Muz-a teach-a my chil' some manners. Lill-a mo' would-a pud C'lotta's eye oud. Hit 'er good weeth a tin cup. Take plenny pains, yas, teach-a C'lotta manners an-a raise 'er nice."

The tension of the situation here was happily relieved by the signor Di Carlo, who called loudly in Italian for his wife to come and light up the shop. She would have hesitated, but an imperative "*Non posso srestare! Spicciatevi!*" warned her that her lord was impatient.

She rose hastily, slipping her feet deftly from under the child who had crept up against her and fallen asleep, and, bidding Carlotta "min'-a the baby," hurriedly descended the stairs.

The child, disturbed, began to fret. Seating herself, Carlotta raised the little one upon her lap, where in a moment it slept again.

She sat opposite Pat, in the seat her mother had vacated. Sitting thus, with the beautiful babe in her arms, in the tender twilight which was further sensitized by the subtle insinuation of light from a new moon which hung just without, she looked not unlike the statues in the churches of the Virgin Mother and Child.

Even Pat saw it, and felt like crossing himself as he looked upon her.

He had never seen her look like this before. The habitual spirit of joyous childishness had passed out of her face, which seemed clothed with modesty and sadness.

She had not spoken since she entered the garret. She had not even looked at Pat.

Though silent also for a time, he was first to speak:

"Well, mavourneen, me poor child o' sorrow, the throuble's come quicker nor I thought for. Betune the two av us, ye've got a black eye, for yer mother only paid ye for takin' me advice. Forgive me me share o' the blame while I talk to ye plain, Lottie."

Raising his eyes, he muttered to himself, "The Lord o' light give me courage this night!" Then he turned to her:

"An' ye must answer me plain, Lottie. Ye must shpake to-night plainer nor ye iver shpoke since yer firrst confession. Answer me questions like the Holy Virgin, whose image ye are, answered the angel o' the Lord, kapin' northin' hid. Wull ye do ut, Lottie?"

She turned and looked at him.

"Wull ye answer me questions an' kape northin' back, mavourneen?"

She gave assent by an inclination of her head, keeping her eyes upon his face.

"'R ye goin' to marry Peter Socola, Lottie?"

She shook her head.

"No? An' why not? D'ye know he has riches an' jew'ls an' 'll

make a fine lady av ye? I'm kapin' northin' back from ye, an' ye must answer me thrue. D'ye know all that, Lottie?"

"Yas."

"An' ye don't want 'im, nohow?"

"No."

"Not if 'e was tarred wud melted gold an' feathered wud diamonds till 'e'd shine like a government light-house! Ye don't want 'im no-way, sick norr well, alive norr dead, raw norr cooked, mummied norr shtuffed, divilled norr on the half-shell! If I'm not mishtaken, I know yer sintimints on the Chinese question, an' that's about the size av ut! Ye don't want Peter, not if he does come wud the golden keys o' the kingdom o' this airth! Ain't that so?"

"Yas."

"Yis what?"

"I don't want."

"That's it; ye don't want an' ye *shan't have* the antiquated ould pill coated for a sugar-plum! Ye shan't have um, an' nayther shall he have you. That much is settled, an' the hows an' the whins an' the wheres come aftherr. An' now for the next question: Is there onybody else ye like?—that ye'd like to marry, I mane?"

She looked straight into his eyes and answered not a word.

How his heart thumped!

"Shpake, Lottie. Out wud ut! Is there onybody else ye like betther nor all the worl'd?"

But still she, looking into his eyes, answered not.

He flinched visibly as he put the next question:

"Is it Joe Limongi, Lottie?"

His heart was dancing a highland fling now.

With an almost imperceptible, but steady movement, she shook her head.

It was not Limongi,—Limongi who sold cantaloupes for her father and liked to talk to Carlotta. Maybe it was——

"Is it Antonino? Shpake out an' answer me thrue. Is it Toney?" Another head-shake.

"Norr yer cousin Nicolo? Sure I niver seen 'im shpakin' wud ye."

The Madonna head shook again.

"Arrah, musha, an' sure an' it can't be Pat Murphy, the bit av a grocery-b'y at Keenan's beyant,—a freckled, red-headed, blue-eyed Paddy, wud a brogue on 'im as thick as a mush poultice. Sure ye wudn't care for the likes av a blazin' divil av an Irishman, wud ye?"

He waited, but she answered nothing nor moved her head.

He was frightened. His voice was lower when he spoke again:

"In the name o' God, Lottie, answer me, me child. Ye're not demanin' yerself wud love for Pat Murphy, are ye?"

No, it was not Pat Murphy. The head shook now with solemn decision.

"Thin who, in the name o' the Poydras Marrket? I don't know no more a-comin' round heer. Sure it can't be the cross-eyed baker's man wud a crooked——"

It was not the baker's boy, nor yet the young American who lived at the corner.

• Pat could think of no other.

"An' fo' the love o' Heaven, is it onybody, Lottie?"

She did not answer. It was surely some one.

"An' does he love ye, me child? An' are ye engaged to um?"

"I don't know." This slowly, after a pause.

"Don't know if ye're engaged? Is it afther makin' a fool av me ye are, Lottie?"

He was wounded. The girl saw it, and was suddenly roused.

"You don't *like* me no more!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing. "Since two years you never call me no more 'intend,'—never say you want me,—never, never say *nothing*! I don't care, me. If you want, I'll marry ol' Pietro Socola. Anyhow, he loves me,—speak with me kind, an' talk with my maw an' my paw fo' me. An' you—you say nothing! Anybody can come, say love-words an' get me,—you don't care! It's all right. Me, I don't care neither, only fo' what you took me when I was little an' know no better, an' speak love-words with me,—say I am for you,—fool me like that,—an' now, now when I am mo' bigger an' know better, now when I know to love, you turn your back! like to see me marry some strange man! My God, if I thought some bad man do like that to my lill sister here, me, I'd throw 'er *right now* out the window! Better so than like me,—me to love always one, to think only fo' one, since I am like this baby, an' you pet me, make like you love me, buy me every pretty thing,—an' then when I am mo' older, say I am fo' you,—call me always your 'intend,'—*before my maw an' my paw an' everybody call me so*,—an' never in all my life speak no cross word with me,—an' now, when I am only fo' you, an' you know it, *you hate me*!"

"Whist! Sh—h—h!" Pat fairly hissed, raising his arm wildly. "Hush, mavourneen! Ye're shpakin' blasphemy. Hush—h—h! Fo' the love o' God, say no more!"

For a moment he was silent. Then, raising hands and face heavenward, he said, reverently,—

"Holy Mary, Mother av God, an' all the saints an' angels, pass out in a full-dthress parade this day an' wutness this mericle in the little shanty on S'int Andthrew Street!"

A sob stopped his throat for a moment, but presently, in a voice pitifully weak and low, he said,—

"An' did ye think yer ould 'Woona' turned ag'in' ye, me purrty,—he that was kissin' the sole av yer dirrty shoe this minute! Sure I love ye bether nor I love me mother that's in heaven, an' God knows I'm not takin' 'er down a peg from 'er high station in me recollection whin I do be sayin' ut,—all honor to 'er name, though she's left me a couple o' shpankin's shorrt in me ginteel education! Sure 'twas the love in me heart that sint me on a retrate from ye, colleen bawn. For two yeers yer name thrimble on me lips, an' yet I feered to own the truth, an' since I knowed ut for a fact sure I was afeered to show me face, lest the whole story'd lake out through the pores o' me skin if I kept me lips shut, an ye'd hate me for a dizzy ould fool. An'



now I fale—I fale—my God, I do fale like a pig in a puddle, when somebody t'rown 'im a bookay—sure he ate it up! Fo' the love o' God, gi' me the baby to howld, Lottie, afore I do take ye for a bookay!"

Reaching forward, he actually took the sleeping child from her arms.

"Sure I'll howld 'er for ballast, to kape me from risin' into the air, till I do talk wud ye sinsible! I'm that delerious I'm like a dthrunken man wud the William o' Thrimities! An' did ye think I loved ye since ye were like this to fool ye? Oh, but I must talk wud ye like a major to-night, Lottie." He hesitated, and when he spoke again his voice was touchingly tender:

"Ye're but a child, darlint. I niver thrifled wud ye in me life, an' I won't thrifle wud ye now. Sure an' if I tuck all ye're sayin' to me to-night, an' held ye to ut, all I'd nade 'ud be a pitchfork an' a tail for me rigimintals; but I'm not lookin' fo' that line o' promotion! If I was half o' a quarrrter fit for ye, I'd thry to qualify the remainder, but wud three-quarrrters o' unfitness an' the ither quarrrter beyant redemption in a jar o' alcohol, sure I'd be a dog to thry for ye."

"You don't want——"

Her eyes flashed again.

"Sh-h-h! My God, I *do want*, I tell ye, an' from this night for'ard, till he comes that ye like betther nor me, *ye're mine*,—promised an' pledged over the head o' this slapin' image o' yerself when firrst ye thricked me ould heart! I'm bound to ye, remimber, Lottie mavourneen, *be me own will, to love ye, to help ye, to fight for ye,—to die for ye, the day me grave'll be a safe bridge over yer throubles!* But ye must be free yet, me purrty little innocent,—free till ye've listened to love at its best. The ould man Socola can't give ye a sample o' the genuine arrticle, through his empty gums. Sure it's stale an' warmed over in a cracked oven an' all out o' shape afore ye do get it from him. Let purrty young lips tell the story an' purrty young eyes thry to hide ut from ye in vain. Let one sing ut in rhyme an' anither clinch 'is fists an' swear ut to ye, an' then come an' tell yer ould Woono all about ut. Ye see, ye can't fully undtherstand till ye've had the best lessons in the language, no more nor I c'd polly fronsay wud a Frinchman. Take yer own time, me darlint, an' remimber, whativer comes, *I'm yer intinded!* (I'll say ut, if me ears grow six inches to the minute, to designate me ass-ification!) Wull ye thrust me now, an' do what I say, an' kape northin' from me?"

"Yas; but I don't want no French lessons."

"Aha, but sure I insist upon ut!" he replied, laughing heartily at the unconscious humor of her naïve reply.

"Sure an' I've waked the baby wud me thrumpet's voice. Take 'er, darlint, an' go, afore yer mother calls ye, an' if she asks ye, tell 'er I urrged ye to marry ould gum-drops, but ye'll die firrst. If I do show me hand I b'lave she'd put me out; an' I think ye may nade me manceuvrin' more norr a skirrish. Ye just come down like a thousand o' brick on him an' the whole lot, an' say *ye won't an' nobody can make ye!* An' I'll see ye through ut. Good-night, an' God bless ye. Sh-h-h-h!"

This last was to the baby, who fretted again in the transfer to Carlotta's arms. Placing one of her hands over the other about the shoulders of the sleeping child, Pat laid his lips against them reverently.

"God bless ye,—an' God bless ye," he said, and again as she went down the stairs, "God bless ye," and he hobbled back to the open window, sank upon a chair, and in a moment was sobbing—and sobbing.

He felt so old, so dilapidated, so lonely and forlorn, so rough and uncouth, so far removed from his ideal of the man who should dare aspire to the love of Carlotta,—Carlotta, whose exquisite youth and vestal beauty stood her in stead of all the graces and refinements of life; and yet he was so madly in love, so deliriously jubilant over her loyalty, which, no matter what should come, was now wholly his, that he wept from a full surrender of himself to his conflicting emotions.

He had sat here an hour, perhaps, when the sound of excited talking below drew him to the head of the stairs. It was the mother's voice. "Ogly!" she was screaming. "Ogly! Fo' God sague, Carlo, list'n ad C'lotta! Sayce Signor Pietro Socola ees-a wan ogly ol' man! Ogly ees-a northeen! Ogly ees-a good fo' wan man, pritty ees-a for a woma'. 'F a man ees-a pritty, ees-a no coun'. 'Z god-a too strong eye fo' pritty, haf to look all-a day een-a glass. Talk about-a ogly! My God, loog ad yo' pa! You thing me I ees-a marry heem fo' pritty?"

The voice passed out into the other room. This was only an argument by the way. Pat turned, and, going to his shelf, lit his candle, and, raising his glass, moved it from one angle to another, studying his own face:

"An' I do wondher, fo' the love o' God, does the little darlint think me purty? Faith an' mebbe I am, but me style is peculiar,—a rustic landscape forninst a turrkey-egg background, a mammoth cave, a natural bridge surrounded by a dinse perrarie on fire, wud chips o' snow in among the blazes,—throuble on the borrders, but refuge in the middle! An' mebbe that's what the poor child sees in ut!"

The interpretation was touching in its mingling of humor and modesty. The face, while perhaps a stranger to recognized elements of beauty, was yet more than attractive to the observer who cared to read its meanings. Generosity, tender-heartedness, intelligence, wit,—can the face on which these are written be called ugly?

The little blue eyes twinkled anew as he dropped the glass and, fastening a last thread in Carlotta's shoe, hurried down-stairs. There was no longer occasion for retreat, as there was nothing to hide, naught to reveal.

A general murmur of welcome from the family greeted him when he appeared in the shop. Even Socola, who had just come in, grunted a pleasant inquiry as to his health.

"Sure an' I'm convalescent, Misther Socola," he said, his eyes dancing as he turned to the old man with a friendliness entirely new to him. "An how's yersilf this day o' the wake?"

"Oh, me, I am-a all-a-way kip well. Feel-a mo' young efera day."

"Droth an' they're all alike," said Pat to himself, as he passed out.

"There's northin' like a wife's grave for makin' over ould min. Sure if I'd had the foresight to marry lame Biddy O'Shea afore ould Brindle hooked 'er into purgatory, I'd be as much too young as I am too ould for love. It takes an ould codger like Socola to shtand sich a h'avin' set-back an' land out av the cradle."

Instead of joining the group at the door this evening, Pat preferred to walk abroad, to get the fresh open air and to find a quiet retreat to think over things.

Hailing a passing car at Jackson Street, he rode out to its terminus at the river, and, passing beyond the ferry-landing into a shadowy corner behind high piles of freight, he sat down.

In the new retrospect, Socola and his little affair dwindled into utter insignificance as a trivial incident by the way.

He sat here until past midnight, absorbed in his own thoughts, which, no matter which way he turned, seemed punctuated with interrogation-points. "Would Carlotta always love him? Was it fair to her to hope for this? Was it human not to hope? What should he do now?"

The last question was that which remained with him. "What should he do?"

He knew that these revived energies and ambitions that filled him to his finger-tips were not transitory thrills,—unless the whole were a dream; and, even so, he would dream out an honorable solution.

If he were really a man worthy a true girl's passing fancy even,—to put it safely,—and not the "ould granny" as which he had posed to himself for all these years, surely there must be standing-room for him somewhere in the world; not in the rollicking frolicking world he had left, perhaps, where two feet on which to stand often fail to keep its inhabitants erect, but in the industrial world of workers on the edge of which he had dozed so long.

During the week following, while he worked at his bench in the Di Carlo shop, he was so engrossed with his own schemes that, but dimly conscious of his surroundings, he saw the old suitor, Socola, come and go, and the young men congregate about the shop and disperse, with but a passing smile. It was only the diverting by-play in his own drama,—and Carlotta's,—the drama for whose leading part he must equip and qualify himself.

Strange to say, the signora had never interrogated him in regard to his interview with Carlotta, presumably in behalf of Socola. The girl's sustained attitude of resistance was evidence enough of its result. So far as Pat observed, the affair was drifting without special incident.

The little father Di Carlo still opened his best old wine for Pietro on Sundays, and the signora made up in attention for whatever was lacking in Carlotta.

So a week passed, during which Pat had had scarcely a private word with the girl.

"Pst! Come heer, Lottie," he called, as she was passing through the shop on Saturday afternoon.

"Sit down an' putt up yer fut till I take yer measure."

She obeyed, coloring as she did so, for she knew the request was only a ruse. Did he not have hanging behind his door a row of lasts made for her feet at every stage of growth from her infancy till now?

"Now," said he, "while I do thrick the inquisitive wud me tape-line, Lottie, I want to talk wud ye. Don't say northin' to nobody norr let on ye know ut, but I'm goin' off for a thrip for a wake or so. I'll say I'm goin' for me health, but sure it's wealth I'm after. (Faith an' if I do lie about the first letter o' the worrd, I do spind the remainder in repentance.) I'm lookin' out for a better job norr the external tratment av corrs an' bunions—poulticin' over wan man's worrk in the corrnor av anither man's shop."

"I'm glad," she said, and the rosy color in her face turned to scarlet.

"I knowed ye'd be glad, mavourneen."

"Where you goin'?" she added, quickly.

"I'm goin' up the Jackson railroad to visit me frind the Dutch-man, jist. They tell me he has a boomin' thrade at Chattawa, in the shoe business, an' he's only a yeer there, an' sure an' begorra where Hans Schmidt'll go I'm safe to vinture, for he an' 'is ould frau are but two solid lumps o' prudence."

"When you goin'?"

"I'm off airly o' Monda' mornin', plaze God, an' look for me back whin ye do heer me peg on the *banquette*. I'm goin' a-scrimmagin' an' a-skirmishin' till I find what I want,—a barefuted town a-wailin' for a wan-legged shoemaker; an',"—lowering his voice,—"*Lottie mavourneen*, be a good girrl till Woonna comes back, d'ye heer? An' let no one bully ye into listenin' to the ould man's complaint. Remimber, *nobody can make ye, if ye won't*. If they helt ye up afore the praste, sure ye cud shtiffen out into a dead faint an' they'd be compelled to carry ye out, *Miss Di Carlo*—an' don't ye forget that."

"I'm not 'fraid. My maw an' my paw knows me. They won't try nothin' like that on me."

"Ye're solid on that, colleen. An' now I'll l'ave me adthress on a shlip o' paper, an' in case ye do nade a friend, sind me a line. An' *now*," in a louder tone, raising his tape-line,—"*nine inches an' a quarrter across the inshtep,—the same from heel to toe.*" And lower again, "*I seen the madam a-peepin' twice-t: mebbe ye better run off now—me purrty little intinded.*"

The last, in a whisper, just reached her ear, spreading a fresh blush over her face as she arose.

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### CHAPTER III.

PAT's business tour extended itself from one to two weeks. The idea of establishing himself in some suburban town was not new to him, but it had never before seemed quite worth while. His really worthy but conservative friends the Schmidts, though evidently quietly prosperous, were non-committal, and would give no advice. His impressions were favorable, however, and he returned to New Orleans buoyant with promising schemes.

It was after dark when he reached the city, and as he approached the Di Carlos' a row of carriage-lights before the door startled him so that he felt in danger of falling. Something unusual was happening. If any one had died he would have heard: besides, who ever heard of a night funeral, except under extraordinary circumstances? *Could it be a wedding?* He had had a strange foreboding of ill. Why had he left Carlotta?

Reaching the house, he hesitated without, in the shadow of an open shutter. He must have a moment to still the mad beating of his heart.

The window was up, and through the venetian blinds the scene which greeted him was of the utmost confusion.

Socola, attired in his dress suit and white kid gloves, bloodless as yellow wax and blue of lip, was excitedly walking up and down the room. About him, standing in squads or sitting in groups, whispering, were a gathering of people, among whom Pat recognized some of the Di Carlo kindred, while others were strangers. All were intensely excited.

Just as Socola reached a point near the window, a young woman crossing from the other side of the room stopped him.

Pat recognized her immediately as a cousin of Carlotta, and, by a coincidence, one who bore her full name.

"I'm-a shore I woun'-a grief myself 'boud-a Carlotta, signor," she said, as she excitedly fanned her dark fat face with a light-blue feather fan.

And so Carlotta was dead! Pat leaned against the house for support.

But wait. The old man was answering in Italian:

"Grief! I grieve not for her. She may go to the devil. I care not for her, but for myself! It is the disgrace! I have come here to marry her, and if I wait all night I will have her! Money is nothing to me. I can pay the police,—order the detective force out,—scour the city."

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well, 'z-god-a just-a so good fish in the riv' 'z-a come oud."

"But I am not to be mocked!" The old man was hoarse with passion. There was a majesty in his wrath which might even have won respect from Carlotta, could she have seen him.

"She shall not mock me!" he continued. "Every laboree down at the Picayune Tier—every man on the luggers—all my business comrades—*everybody* knows the name of Carlotta Di Carlo, and that I come to marry her to-night. I have her mother's promise. She must be found!"

"Carlotta Di Carlo ees-a no gread-a name," she replied, still in English, toying with her fan. "Z-a my name just-a the same ligue-a my cous'n. Neva ees-a bring me sudge-a so gread-a good luck." Just here, the door opened at Pat's side, and a man stepped out. Fearing discovery, he immediately entered the house, where a chorus of exclamations greeted him:

"Carlotta ees-a run away!"

"Z-a jump oud-a window!"

"— run off!"

"Cand fine-a no place."

In the back room, the mother was noisily bemoaning her misfortune, sometimes in Italian and then in English.

"Come in, fo' God sague, Meester Pad," she cried, when she saw him. "Come-a see wad-a troub' we god-a theeze day. Come, loog!" Drawing him into the back room, she pointed to the bed, upon which was spread an array of finery.

"Loog—loog here! All-a fine silg dress, silg pock-a-hankcher—silg stockin'—silg hat—keed-a glove—keed-a shoe—gol' watch-a chain—gol' ring—loog! Everytheen-a so fine Signor Socola ees-a bring Carlotta fo' marry weeth-a heem to-nighd—an' C'lotta ees-a run away! Sez to me, 'muz-a lock-a door fo' wash-a myselve,'—just-a ligue thad,—an' ees-a climb oud-a window an' gone! Oh, my God, me I'm-a crezzy!"

"An' had she given her consint, ma'am?" Pat managed to ask, at last. He had only listened yet.

"Consen'! Geev-a consen'! No! Geev-a northeen! C'lotta ees-a god on'y six-a-teen year. Wad-a chil' ligue that knowce aboud-a man? Don' know northeen boud-a consen'!"

"That's whut I say, ma'am!" It was all he could do to hold himself, but he remembered her he loved and in her interest was silent.

His only fear, and this was slight, was that they should find her.

A half-hour passed slowly. At any unusual sound in the front room, every one looked anxiously toward the door, as in a church when the bridal party is due.

Presently a distinct and sudden movement and a renewed hum of voices indicated that something had happened.

It was true. Something was happening.

The old man Socola, leading by the hand the other Carlotta, the cousin, entered the room and approached the bed. With a dignified inclination of his head to the company, and pointing to the display of gifts, he said (he spoke always in Italian),—

"I present to Carlotta Di Carlo those presents which are marked in the name of Carlotta Di Carlo, and when she is dressed as my bride we will drive to the church. The announcement in to-morrow's papers shall prove that Pietro Socola has not been disappointed."

Hesitating here, and gathering emphasis by a lowered voice, as he glanced with menacing brow about him, he continued,—

"What happens here to-night is in the bosom of Mafia society!" They could have heard a pin drop now. "Mafia's children can keep her secrets." He paused again and looked from one to another. "But if there is a Judas here,—if one word passes that door,—the knives of a hundred of Mafia's sons are ready to avenge it! And I am Pietro Adolpho Socola who speak!"

Pat was the first to break the death-like silence which followed.

"An' accept me warrmest congratulations, Misther Socola," he said, stepping forward and grasping the old man's white-gloved hand.

Others followed closely. Congratulations were now in order, the new bride-elect receiving her accidental honors with ill-concealed pride.



A fresh wedding-stir arose, but beneath it all was a suppressed moan, like the irresistible undertow of a playful sea. The missing girl, the lost wealth, the mystery, the humiliation, Mafia's authoritative command of secrecy, with its death-penalty,—all these, as elements of possible tragedy, were felt, even by the satellites of the new bride, and showed themselves in the subdued air and blanched faces of the family of the supplanted.

Pat was the happiest person present, excepting perhaps the fat little creature who in the next room was holding her breath and panting while one squeezed, another fanned her, and a third burst off hooks and eyes in the determined effort to prove that the bridal gown designed for Carlotta Di Carlo had not proved a misfit.

It was a relief to all when finally the wedding-party started off.

Those who came in the back carriages rode now in front, the family of Carlo Di Carlo bringing up the rear as relations of the bride,—“like the asses which always follow on the tail of the Rex procession on Mardi Gras,” Pat heard the little father say in Italian to the signora, adding, as he and his sons got into the last carriage, “You have made us a pretty pack of fools!”

There was that in the husband's tone that made the wife keep silent, but when they had gone she turned to Pat and burst into violent weeping.

For once a woman's tears were powerless to move him. Turning abruptly, he left her without a word, and mounted the stairs to his own room.

In a moment, however, he heard her following. She was not to be so easily eluded. She must have an audience. Her habit of finding relief by pouring her complaint into Pat's ears was too firmly fixed to be given up at this crisis, when her ignominious failure seemed more than she could bear. Her cup had been spared no possible dreg of bitterness, even to the summoning of the hated family of her brother-in-law Di Carlo to witness and reap a triumph in her defeat. This was the refinement of cruelty; and then, as a finishing-touch, came Mafia's command. They dare never explain. Those stuck-up Toney Di Carlos might give the world any story they chose *but the true one*,—the one they would love to keep.

When she appeared before him, panting from her hasty ascent, Pat thought she resembled nothing so much as a hyena at bay.

“*Haf to lis'n ad me, Meester Pad,*” she began, dropping into a chair. “God Almighty ees-a turn 'is back on me to-nighd—pud-a me down ligue wan dog biffore all-a doze nasty Toney Di Carlos!”

“God Almighty done ut, d'ye say? Ye're payin' yersilf a purrty round compliment for a wake-day, Misthress Di Carlo! I'd kape that for a Sunday, till we cud buy ye a tin halo an' putt on our Sunday clothes an' say our beads to yer Holiness.”

His wrath oiled his tongue. Of course she did not understand.

“‘Z-a no time fo' play, Meester Pad. Fo' God sague, you god-a no heart? See wan-a poor woma' in-a so gread-a troub'!”

“I have, ma 'am, a palpitator in the vicinity o' me left lung, but it's engaged at prisent in behalf o' the slip av a child that's

turned out av 'er father's house on a darrk night to escape worrse nor a livin' death at the hand av 'er mother. 'Tis a black night, ma'am, an' where is the child?"

"My God!" her whisper was heavy with passion, "you tague-a side weeth-a C'lotta? Me, I don' care where ees! Hofs-a the dev's god 'er!"

"An' I'll warrant ye, ma'am, he has an orrganized detective forree out in searrah o' the likes av her to-night, ye may be sure o' that! An' plinty illuminated transums above hell's sky-parlors 'll open their thrap-doors to welcome 'er in, wud music borrowed from heaven to entrap an angel!" His voice trembled with wrath. "Sure they'll give 'er 'er pick av bridal dresses, an' a sate at a faste where the bread she'll ate 'll be as honest as that ye offered 'er,—raised from the same leaven an' at the same price!"

"Wad you talk, Meester Pad? 'Brida' dress' an'-a same price! Thing yo' head ees-a gone wrong! 'Z no mo' rich-a man's wan'-a C'lotta. Wad-a you say?"

"I say the devil has a shtandin' ordther out for brides, ma'am, an' the city strates av a darrk night are his harvest-field, an' whin an angel is thrapped unbeknowinst to his bed, he does mook heaven wud fresh fireworrrks an' ring the bells o' hell for a holiday! 'Tis tin o'clock, mother Di Carlo, an' rainin' cats an' dogs this minute. Ye have a child, a fair bit av a daughter, out hidin' from ye. She knows no people. 'Tis the firrst time nine o'clock iver missed 'er from her little thrundle-bed. Can ye tell me in whose back alley I'll find 'er skulkin', like an odd cat, an' bring 'er home to the mother that's grievin' ather 'er?"

His passion calmed the woman. She looked dazed, but answered him nothing.

"If yer Divinity 'll parrdon me shirrt-slaves till I do putt on me rain-coat, I'll shtep out mesilf an' see if bechance her ould granny can thrace 'er."

Crossing the room, he proceeded to raise the lid of his trunk, but it resisted. It was fastened—*on the inside!*

For a second only voice and wit failed him.

"Ye'll excuse me manners, ma'am, fer lavin' me saloon-parlor whin I've company, but I've a call to enlist on the opposition to the devil's forree," he said, and, with a bow, "Wull ye walk firrst, Misthress Di Carlo?"

Sniffing, but silent, the woman arose and preceded him down the stairs.

Following, he hurried into the street, but returned in a moment.

"Betther go back for me rubber boot an' me bumberel," said he. "Sure the strates are flowin' wud wather." And hastily he reascended the stairs.

"Whst!" he called, tapping gently upon the trunk, and "sh-h-h!" as the girl's head pushed up the lid.

"Glory be to God Almighty!" he whispered, as he carefully aided her to rise from her cramped position, though she remained sitting in the trunk.

"An' did me ould box harbor ye again, me little wan? An' why didn't ye write me the letther!"

"I never knowed I haf to get married till to-night. My maw sez to me I mus' marry Socola, on 'coun' o' my po' lill brothers an' sisters an'——"

"Sh-h! Spake aisy, mavourneen."

"Then I seen my only chance was to run away. It was dark outside. I was afraid. So then I thought about the trunk, an' I climbed up over the back shed——"

"Niver mind now, darlint. I musht go: the madam'll be afther missin' me. But you stay heer. Make yersilf at home to-night in me ould din. I'll shlope below in the shop, an' tell thim I'm on the watch for ye,—which 'll be God's truth. Ye're not to make yer appearence till she's wapin' an' wailin' for a sight av ye. Shtrike no light, an' off wud yer shoes. I'll manœuvre below-stairs, an' ye kape silence above."

"You think the old man 'll come back for me to-morrow again?" she asked, anxiously.

"Heavens above! An' didn't ye know he's married to yer cousin Carlotta?"

The tension had been so great that, at this sudden relief, the girl, trembling, bent her head upon her arm over the edge of the trunk, and fell to sobbing hysterically.

Pat was frightened lest she should be overheard, for he dreaded the mother's unspent rage. He laid his hand tenderly upon her head.

"Sh-h! The throuble's over now, darlint, an' Woonna's heer to thrash onybody but yer mother, an' it's she that mustn't heer ye!"

A sound of loud talking below reassured him, however. The father and brothers had returned from the wedding.

Carlotta heard it, and the distraction soon quieted her. With Pat's aid she presently arose, and together they cautiously approached the opening.

In the tumult, the father's voice prevailed. He spoke in Italian:

"What am I, that my wife *lies* to me? You said the child consented. You lied, *lied*! I told you you should not compel her. You are paid. I am glad. But I want my daughter. Where is the child? What can I do? Where I go to seek her I spread an ugly tale,—Carlotta, the pretty daughter of Di Carlo, is not in her father's house at night. A sweet story, that! Oh, my wife is a fine schemer,—got a rich husband for Toney's ugly girl with the pimply face. Ha! she is kind, yes,—I am glad, but, only, I want my little girl."

In the midst of this, but not heeding it, the woman was contesting her position in broken English,—an appeal for sympathy to the English-speaking boys, her sons.

"Fo' who ees I lie?" she screamed, between sobs. "Wad ees-a money fo' me? Rich or po' ees-a all-a same to me. God-a rock-a cradle fo' you,—dthaz all! 'F I lie, 'z fo' you, an' fo' C'lotta selve. An' now everybody ees-a blame me! Weesh, me, I was dead. You ees-a curse me, Meester Pad ees-a sassy me to my face, an' all on 'coun' o' C'lotta!"

"Shp!" hissed the old man. "No more! Show me my child, and we speak never of this again. I am not blameless. I consented,—but not to force her. You were tempted, and she saved you. It is well. We have not sold our first babe to feed the last. But I want her here. I want my little girl."

"I'm goin', Woonah," said Carlotta, starting suddenly. She would have descended the stairs, but Pat held her arm.

"Not from heer, darlint. Ye've kept the thrunk secret for a dozen years——"

She understood, and, agile as a cat, had dashed by him in the other direction and was out the window on the roof before he realized her intention. She would return as she had come.

Pat hobbled after her to the window. She had just reached the corner of the low shed (where an overhanging fig-tree afforded safe and private transit to the ground), when she suddenly returned and laid her hand on the Irishman's arm.

"Don't be mad. You are good. I like you, Woonah,—but I never knowed——"

She began to cry.

"I never knowed my paw liked me before; haf to go to him."

Pat was choked with emotion, and before he could answer her the slim shadow of the girl had flitted down and was merged into the broad shadow of the tree.

Though the rain was over, the night was dark.

Pat's heart was thumping so when he returned to his vantage-ground at the head of the stairs that he had to sit down.

Soon he heard a timid knock at the street door,—Carlotta was a 'cute one,—then a rush of boys' heavy feet, a clank of iron as the hook was raised, and now, through the open door, loud crying, like the heart-sobs of a little child. So Carlotta met her father.

By ducking his head very low, Pat saw, for a second only, the little reticent old man with outstretched arms going to meet her; and he, sitting alone on the top step, blubbered like a school-boy, but no one heard him.

Pat could scarcely realize that he had been home hardly three hours when, a few minutes later, he looked at his watch to find it but eleven o'clock.

So far as he could discover, the affair was never alluded to in the household afterward; but for a long time between himself and the signora a distinct coldness was felt which made him uncomfortable.

His anger toward her had soon melted, but he wanted it forgotten. She was no worse than many rich mothers. Her methods were only a little more crude.

He had easily forgiven her, since she had failed. Though she had had no conception of the force of his words, she realized that he had blamed and silenced her,—had "sassied her to her face,"—and it was hard to forget it. And then, too, her relations were somewhat embarrassed with all who knew of the affair.

"I wonder," said he one evening a few weeks later, as he sat near her at the door,—*"I wonder wud the madam wear a pair o'*

shoes o' my makin'? I'll guarantee I cud make ye a bully pair'll do ye through the next christenin', an' ye'll be dthraggin' 'em slip-shod till the wan afther that ag'in."

"Oh, you ees-a so bad, Meester Pad!" she exclaimed, with a hearty laugh delightfully like the familiar ring of old times. "How much-a price you goin'-a charge me?"

"Charge ye! Well, I'll be dog-goned if ye're not complimentary! I'll charge ye enough, sure, whin ye do bring me yer ordher for a pair, but whin I do make ye a presint I'll ask ye a returnn o' what I do putt into the job,—a free confession o' frindly feelin', jist. Whut do ye say, ma'am?"

Laughing, she stuck out her heavy foot. "'Z big 'nough speak fo' heemselve!"

And so the old relations were restored.

Pat had been especially desirous of this reconciliation because of his contemplated change of residence, which of course the signora did not suspect.

Exactly what arrangement would result from his reconnoitring tour he did not yet know, but the matter was unexpectedly decided one day by the receipt of a formal business proposal of partnership with his German friend, Hans Schmidt.

The old fellow was growing decrepit, and wished to rest. The offer was framed with characteristic caution, and its terms were hard, but in his present mood Pat was all the better pleased, and so the matter was settled.

He would still call the Di Carlo garret "home," and would come on Sunday mornings and stay until Monday. Chattawa was but a few hours' run from the city.

All the signora's sentiments toward him were sensitized and perfumed with the generous odor of fresh shoe-leather when Pat told her of his plans; and she said so many touching things about breaking up the family, and the like, that he added forgetfulness to his forgiveness of her sin, and they almost wept upon each other's bosoms when he went away.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

TIME dragged rather heavily at the Di Carlos' after Pat's departure. There was no one now always ready to give a humorous turn to commonplace things,—to raise a playful breeze over the dull monotony of every-day life. Whether the baby bumped her head or a customer quarrelled over his bill, the occurrence, served up with Pat's piquant wit, had always become a delightful joke.

It is possible that not even Carlotta missed him more than did the signora. And the little family toes missed him! Dainty pink buttons that had not been allowed to see the light came all the way out, as if to inquire for the absent Pat, and grew familiar with the floor and the *banquette*, like other little dago children's toes. And yet the signora

vowed that she had done nothing but pay out money for shoe-patching ever since Mr. Pat went away.

In the evenings, the young men and boys still came and laughed and talked with Carlotta.

At first there had been occasional expressions of surprise, with inquisitive glances, at Socola's marriage to the other, but the mother's flat and surprised denial of her Carlotta's ever having been thought of in so absurd a connection soon silenced all concern about the matter.

Pat came usually on Saturday night or Sunday, and was always an honored guest. "The madam" never tired of rehearsing to him the events of the week or exhibiting the baby's last tooth or promising gums, nor did she ever fail to hold out for his inspection "the mos'-a easy-walkin' pai' shoe ees-a ever was-a wear."

And so weeks lapped over weeks until months had passed and folded likewise one upon the other.

Carlotta was still to her fond old lover a dainty little saint within a high niche, and when he said his "Hail Mary" at night, as he had tried to do ever since he had confessed himself in love, he kept seeing her picture sitting in the garret window in the moonlight, and wondering how far his piety was at fault. Even irreligious men say prayers when they are honestly and purely in love. Pat was only unreligious.

He still told himself, as he told her, that she was free and must listen untrammelled to any story of love that should please her; and yet, when he laid by small sums of money, he thought, "How purty it'll shtuff out 'er little pockut-book!" or, "I wondher wull she lave ut in a dhry-goods shop or hide ut in an ould shtockun'! —But, savin' or shpindin', sure she'll be handlin' 'er own, God bless her."

He expected to find young men sitting around the shop in the evenings when he came home, and the sound of an accordion or flute or tambourine or familiar laughter reaching him, as he approached the house, served but to identify the crowd.

It was only when the accordion became his invariable greeting, when, even descending upon the family in the middle of the week, he found it still there, that he began to consider that Carlotta had never told him about this young musician, except to give his name in answer to a question.

It seemed absurd to think seriously of so trivial a matter; and yet, when a long time passed and the accordion, long-winded or short of breath according to the player's mood, sent its voice out panting or trilling to meet him, he began to hate the sound of it and to wish that Carlotta would sometimes talk upon the subject.

She had told him how young Alessandro Soconnetti, who won a prize in the lottery, had wanted her, and how Joe Zucca, the peanut-vender, had vainly insisted on her love, and even of her cousin Angelo, who had tried to coax her to forget his kinship. Why had she forgotten to mention this strange boy who played the accordion?

Pat seldom saw her alone now excepting when occasionally on Sunday afternoons he would take her with the children for a ride up to the



park, as had been his habit for years. While the little ones played under the oaks or braided clover wreaths near, he would sit at her feet on the gnarled roots of the old trees and tell her about his life at "the Dutchman's," and sometimes, though not often, he would speak of how he had missed her out of his daily life.

He avoided this as much as possible, however. It was so hard to be a little tender when in his Irish heart was smouldering a fire that at the lightest breath would flare into a flame.

He had promised himself and her to wait until she should pass her eighteenth year before allowing her to bind herself by solemn promise.

She knew that he loved her,—that he was working early and late, living with people who were in touch with him only in their determination to make money, and that it was all for her.

Sometimes, growing weary of his silence, she would invite a declaration by some naïve question put in monosyllables, as when she said, one Sunday, as they rose to start home,—

"You like me yet, Woonna?"

"Like ye yet! Arrah, musha, an' whut 're ye sayin', darlint? Like ye? Sure I love ye, from the crown av yer purrty little black head to the sole av yer two feet, an' all the way back, wud a lap over! An' why d'ye ask me that?"

But, instead of answering him, she only colored like a rose, and said,—

"I'm glad."

And Pat, lifting the children into the car, felt like kicking his wooden leg to the winds and flying; but he only said, as he sat beside her,—

"Begad, an' I'm glad ye're glad, mavourneen. Sure sorrow'll dim my day whin ye're sorry." And as he raised his eyes he saw, sitting opposite, a young man who smiled and tipped his hat to Carlotta,—and under his arm he carried an accordion.

As he looked upon him, Pat felt a shiver pass over him, for he thought he had never seen a youth so beautiful as he.

"That's Giuseppe Rubino," said Carlotta, looking into his eyes with the directness of a child.

"Is it, indade? Sure I tuck 'im for a vision of S'int Joseph or wan av the angels. An' isn't he a beauty?"

"He sings pritty," replied the girl, as she might have said, "It is growing cold," or, "The river is rising."

Pat regarded her with covert scrutiny for a moment. Could it be possible that she did not see that this tall brown boy, with his soft red lips and white teeth, his lofty movement and languid grace, was a creature of rare and poetic beauty?

Had she too not seen the red deepen beneath the olive of his cheek when his eye met hers? Had she not learned in all the summer evenings what Pat had caught in a twinkling,—that the youth loved her with all the fresh ardor of a nature fashioned for romance?

It seemed not; for she remarked, in the same even tone,—

"He comes ev'ry evenin' pass the time away. He plays nice."

If she had been saying she hated the boy, it would not have kept Pat's heart from thumping against his waistcoat while his eyes rested on the beautiful youth who was helping the girl he loved to "pass the time away" during his absence.

"An' whut does he do for a livin'? Sure there's little money in the machine he carries, wud all its puffin' an' blowun'."

"He's pore. He works fo' ol' Socola. He hates him, too. He's savin' up. Bimeby he's goin' to start for 'isself."

"An' who told ye all that, Lottie?"

"He tol' me."

"An' where did ye meet um?"

"He come to fetch my paw a note from ol' Socola. He says he seen me first in his sleep one night. He talks funny. I don' pay no 'tention."

It was time to stop the car; but before Pat could do so, the young man had pulled the strap and was going out.

"Please to make you 'quainted wid Mister Rubino, Mister Rooney," said Carlotta, as Giuseppe, smiling, joined them, and the three, Carlotta in the middle, followed the children home.

If Pat appeared at a disadvantage, no one was half so conscious of it as himself as he hobbled beside the youthful pair on his wooden peg.

Ever since he had loved the girl, he had been keenly sensitive in regard to his lameness. Indeed, he had even once gone so far as to try to repair it by wearing an artificial leg, but, as Carlotta had shrunk away from it as something uncanny, declaring that it "made her think about dead people," he had discarded it after a single experiment.

It seemed but natural that Pat should sit with "the old folks" while Carlotta and the youth joined the young group at the other door to-night; it was quite natural that Giuseppe should presently be playing the accordion for the crowd,—the same thing had happened before, many a time; and yet to-night Pat felt it all as he had never done before.

"A fine-look'n' chap is this young man Rubino," he said presently to the signora.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"And who is 'e?" he pursued.

"Carlo sayce 'ees-a wan good steady young man; bud me, I know northeen 'boud who ees-a keep-a comp'ny weeth-a C'lotta." And the shoulders shrugged again, a movement so distinctly reminiscent of the previous affair that Pat thought it discreet to change the subject.

As the evening wore on, he grew restless.

"Well, I b'lave I'll thry a promenade for me complexion," said he, rising finally. "Sure me left fut is itchin' for a walk." And, with this characteristic allusion to the missing member, he started down the street.

He had not gone far, however, when he came upon a crowd of young men, Italians most of them, sitting upon the steps outside the closed doors of a shop,—a common Sunday evening congregation,—and, as a familiar voice accosted him, he had soon seated himself with them.

Several of the *habitués* of the Di Carlo shop were present and were bantering one another in Italian about Carlotta. Pat was not supposed to understand.

All went smoothly for a time, until young Tramonetti, an ugly, heavily-set fellow who had been the target of several sallies on the score of his well-known unsuccessful suit, suddenly turned in anger.

"I could marry her to-morrow, if I had money!" he exclaimed, with a sneer.

"Psh-h-h! You'd have to get a new face on you first!" came a quick retort.

"I think my face is just as pretty as old Pietro Socola's; and she tried hard enough to get him, all the same!"

"You better say he tried for her, yes," was the reply.

Pat, although talking quietly aside, caught and understood every word.

"Tried nothing!" continued Tramonetti. "He never wanted her. Married her rich cousin, yes! But Carlotta tried pretty hard to get him. Myself saw her every minute pass before him in the shop and make sheep-eyes!"

Pat could stand no more.

"An' I say ye're a liur!" he exclaimed, rising and facing the speaker.

The effect of his words was magical. A stillness fell upon the assembly. After an interval, an old man, Tramonetti's uncle, broke the silence.

"Wath-a you knowce 'bouth?" he asked, turning languidly to the Irishman with that apathetic manner beneath which anything may lurk.

"Sure an' I do jist happen accidintally to know that that young man is a liur!"

The object of his accusation quietly lit a cigarette.

"How ees-a you knowce? Socola selve ees-a tell evera-body neva ees-a lov'-a tall. Wath-a you knowce?"

And now another spoke,—a cousin of Tramonetti.

"Socola ees-a tell all-a mans on Picayune Tier she ees-a try for 'eem all-a same."

Grunts of assent in several directions testified that the story was familiar.

"An' he's another liur, an' I'd tell ut to 'is gums, the toothless ould macaroni-sucker! Sure an' I've had me two eers pricked for this same lie this twelvemonth, an', bedad, I've laid low an' kep' shtill for ut! An' did 'e say she thried to catch 'im,—the contimptible little river shrimp,—he that had 'is two eyes set out like yung telescopes afther 'er!"

"Fo' God sague, don'-a mague-a no troub'! Blief Socola ees-a just talk fo' play!" suggested another.

"Thin I'm playin' when I tell ye that he thried wud all the illoquent perrsuasion av his money-bags to buy 'er!—offered the ould man a thousand dollars down for 'er, an' pitched 'imself in at the end o' the thrade, like a punkin-colored chromo for *lagniappe*; but the girrl—sure I do raise me hat whin I do sphake 'er name,"—every hat fol-

lowed as he lifted his own,—“but the girrl wudn’t look ut ’um! An’ the night he married ’er pug-nosed cousin, sure he kem in the kerridge wud all ’is crowd for ’erself, an’ she shkipped out the window an’ hid. So whin he cudn’t get cornn ’e took shucks, as mony o’ ye’ll do afther ’im! Now, putt that in yer pipe an’ shmoke ut!”

He turned now again to Tramonetti.

“An’ this yung gas-chandelier heer, who sez ’e seen ’er wink at ’im, is a dirrty black——”

“Ah-h-h-h! Ged oud! ’M just a mague a lill-a fun!” drawled the boy.

“An’ ye take ut back, wul ye?”

The men were all laughing now at the new version of the Socola marriage.

“So the ol’ man got fooled, eh?” said one.

“But I say, d’ye take ut back?” persisted Pat.

“Ain’t I sayce was-a play’n’? Fo’ God sague, how much-a mo’ you wan’?” And he rose to go.

The storm was past, and by twos and threes the men dispersed, laughing and talking as they went.

As Pat moved away, an old man who had sat apart in the shadow stood up, and the light from the gas at the corner fell upon a visage sinister, one-eyed, and lowering.

Pat instantly recognized it as the face of a man who had been present at the Di Carlos’ on the night of the Socola wedding. Indeed, it was he who had been sent to Pat as interpreter, on this occasion, of the Mafia anathema. Pat thought of this, but he did not care.

As he turned his back, another man arose out of the shadow at the other end of the shed. He too had been a guest at the wedding.

The two Sicilians, who were now left alone, regarded each other in silence for a moment, when the last to rise made the sign of the Mafia. The answering motion was given, and the two, still silent, sat down together again in the shadow.

They were bound by oath to report this disclosure to Socola, and they knew what the inevitable result would be: the Irishman’s words would prove his death-sentence.

Under the vow of perfect obedience, either or both of them might become the executors of an old man’s personal vengeance.

It was an ugly business, and neither of the men welcomed it. Both knew Pat’s cordial relations with many of their countrymen, among whom, indeed, he had not a single enemy. Even the old man Socola liked him. But they understood too well the imperious pride of the vindictive old Sicilian to hope that a personal friendship, or even a tie of blood, would protect any man who dared betray his dignity. Certainly the casual feeling of negative good will which he felt toward Pat would melt like snow beneath the hot breath of his wrath when he should learn that the Irishman had given his secret to the common herd of his countrymen. The indomitable pride which had led him to marry an ugly unattractive woman the first time he met her, rather than brook the odium of a disclosure of his rejection, would not spare him who, although forewarned, had dared divulge it.

It was some moments before either of the men spoke, and then one said, in Italian,—

"Well——"

"Well——" was the answer. And, after a pause,—

"I wish I had gone home to-night."

"And me too. I wish I had stayed at the coffee-house."

"He's a good friend to all the Carlo Di Carlos, that old Irish-man."

"Yes, I know. Last year, when all the babies took the small-pox and the shop was shut up, he signed for the rent; and he paid every cent since,—three months' rent."

"Yes, and old Di Carlo says Carlotta's schooling never cost him a dollar. This cripple paid it all."

"And when the old man was stung with a tarantula hidden in a bunch of bananas, while everybody cried and ran every way, they say the shoemaker threw his hat on the spider and sat on it quick, while he took little Di Carlo across his knee like a baby and sucked the poison from the back of his neck. Di Carlo was carrying the bananas on his shoulder when the little devil stung him."

"Yes, I heard that. And all the people laughed while they cried, because when he was sucking the poison he said, 'Let me kiss you for your mother.'"

They were silent again for a time.

"If Tramonetti had only kept his big mouth shut——"

"Yes, I wish he had choked before he spoke to-night. He made all the trouble."

Another silence.

"Well——"

"Well——"

"It's a bad world, this. One minute we play an organ at the corner for any beggar to dance, the next minute maybe we get orders to file our stilettos and put on a black mask."

"Me, I am tired. I wish I was out of it."

"And me too. Tell the truth, I've never been the same since that job you and I did at the old Basin. I see, a thousand times a day, that young man's face the way it looked in the moonlight. Sometimes I am playing my organ laughing, and he comes and stands before me with his neck so. And, I swear before God, I believe the monkey sees him. Many times when he is dancing he looks up and runs and crawls behind me, crying, and I look around, and I see the young man with his neck cut. I kiss the cross, but it's true. Four times last week Jocko did that, and I trembled so I missed the time in my music. You don't believe it's true?"

"Yes, I believe you. I've seen them again, too. But now they are too many. They don't frighten me. I laugh in their faces, and they dance and run one through another, like clouds of smoke. I am an old man, and I have struck many a blow, but not one for hate, thank God,—only obedience."

"Nor me either. Only twice I have been on duty. Once my partner did the work, and the other time—you know. And now, my

God! if I have to listen all my life to that Irishman's wooden leg, 'tap, tap, tap,' in my ears, I'll go crazy; I'll drown myself."

The other man laughed:

"Oh, don't hurt yourself. Maybe old Socola'll put somebody else on this job. And the next time that young fellow we finished at the Basin comes fooling around you, showing you the cut in his neck, you send him to me. I believe I gave him his send-off, anyway. 'Twas good enough for him. His tongue was too long."

"No, no! They know whom to follow,—and I know. I am left-handed, and the hole in his neck was *here*; and sometimes my left hand burns like hell. You can laugh," he continued, rising, "but it is no fun to me. But I am not a teething baby. Easy or hard, I am good for my duty."

"Well," said the other, "*dimani*" (to-morrow).

"Dimani," was the answer.

And so they parted.

As the younger man walked away, the older sighed:

"Poor boy!" He spoke still in Italian. "I was like him too, once. The first drop of blood on a man's hand burns like a coal of fire, and a ghost stands beside it always, blowing upon it to keep it burning. The only relief is more blood. When once he is bathed in blood he burns the same all over, and he knows himself for a devil, and the air of hell feels good to him. All around him are ghosts blowing upon him, and he likes their breath and laughs because he is solid fire and they are like a roaring wind around him. If they would go and leave him to cool he would go all to gray ashes and fall to pieces. He would go crazy and kill himself. Anyhow, I am sorry for this business."

He rose, and, as he started home, curiosity led him somewhat out of his way to pass the Di Carlo shop. He walked on the other side of the street. He looked over.

Pat stood among the children on the *banquette*, throwing a little one into the air and catching her, while the others stood waiting and begging,—

"Take me, Mr. Pat!"

"Teresa had four turns."

"Little Pat always gets the most."

It was a pretty picture.

"Well, I'm sorry," the man repeated to himself as he passed on. "In the name of God, why can't men keep their tongues? But, anyhow, I am sorry."

The picture of the amiable man in the bosom of the family of his countryman playing with his children, unconscious of impending evil, remained with the Sicilian as he walked home. Indeed, Pat's offence seemed to him more than half a virtue; for was it not provoked by his stanch championship of the young Italian girl, Carlotta?

If only Socola could be made to see it in this light!

Before reporting the case, even, this man of the sinister face, who had never before troubled himself with a personal concern for his



victims, summoned his best English and wrote a word of warning to the Irishman.

It ran about like this :

"Mr. Rooney at Carlo Di Carlo.

"This warn you to run for your life. Leaf New Orleans rite way. It is not in power off man to safe you neither God if you remane before the eye of Mafia.

"One man's spite it is whitch mare you to die. If you remaine a nife go throught your heart. It is true. I swear before God."

When he passed through the shop early Monday morning on his way home, Pat found this note with another slipped in beneath the edge of the front door.

The other was shorter, but, as if to add weight and solemnity to its almost affectionate warning, across the top of the sheet were written the words "Jesus, Mary, Joseph."

Both notes were unsigned. Pat read them hastily, and, chuckling, as he slipped them into his pocket, started out.

He had proceeded but a few steps, however, when he suddenly hesitated, took off his hat, scratched his head for a moment, and, turning, went back into the house.

Five minutes' reflection had sufficed to decide him as to what he should do.

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#### CHAPTER V.

It was two hours later when Pat started out again, and this time he went directly down to the fruit-shop of Pietro Socola, where a most unexpected and festive scene greeted him.

The little old man, surrounded by a dozen or more of his countrymen (and others were coming and going), was opening bottles of wine and drinking freely.

As Pat entered, Socola bowed delightedly, and, filling a glass, presented it to him.

Everybody was laughing and drinking, and the host, although it was yet scarce ten o'clock in the morning, showed the effect of many glasses in his flushed face and hilarious spirits.

Not understanding in the least, but unable to resist so social a spirit, Pat, at the signal, raised the glass to his lips. It was only when some one pronounced the name "Pietro Socola Junio" that the situation flashed upon his comprehension.

Unto the house of Socola a son had been born.

The last time Pat had met the old man, a year ago, on the night of his wedding, he had grasped his hand in congratulation, and he did so again now.

"Accept me congratulations, Misther Socola," he exclaimed, and, with a twinkle in his eye, raising his glass again, "Heer's luck to the junior partner in the future firm av Socola an' Son. May he niver cross 'is father an' niver boss 'is mother, an' be a shinin' example to all 'is yunger brothers an' sisters !"

Hearty laughter greeted this toast, and the old man insisted on refilling the glasses all round, saying, in Italian, to the men as he did so, "He has come a great distance to wish me joy. Keep his glass full."

Socola was not an habitual drinker, and his voice was already growing unsteady.

While they stood here, the one-eyed man whom Pat had recognized in the shadow the night before joined the group. He winced visibly, Pat thought, on perceiving him in this crowd, and while he and Socola touched glasses, Pat withdrew, and, joining some of the men whom he knew, walked out upon the levee.

When he returned, an hour later, he glanced into Socola's shop. The hitherto childless old man, translated by his tardy honors into a state of gleeful irresponsibility, had by this time gotten right royally drunk, and now some friends were trying to induce him to go home.

Pat laughed to himself as he saw him stagger up to the carriage door. "Arrah, musha!" he exclaimed, "sure an' it's a holy thing to be a father! Faith an' he waddles like a puddle-dthrake on a hatchin' day! I hope the young duck'll be big enough to crowd murder out av the ould dthrake's heart, if ut's in ut."

The truth was, Pat had gone down to Socola to propose that they confess themselves mutually aggrieved and proceed to settle the matter at once by a square hand-to-hand fist-fight.

He had withheld the facts about the wedding until Socola had first lied about it. He was willing to fight for the truth. If Socola wanted to fight for the lie, let him come and "have it out" then and there; or if the old man preferred to have a subordinate member of the Mafia to represent him in the affair, let him send any one of them to him.

It was only as a vague intangibility that Pat objected to deal with the Mafia.

He was sure that as soon as Socola should see that all he demanded was a "fair showing" they could come to a satisfactory understanding: so little did he comprehend the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, or the character of the organization which threatened him.

As Pat surmised, Socola had not yet even heard of his offence. The two men who went to make their reports were, like himself, treated to wine, and saw their host carried home *hors de combat*.

As Pat hesitated at Socola's door, the one-eyed man was coming out, and they met, face to face.

Pat touched his hat. The Sicilian responded by a like salutation, and would have passed on, but Pat detained him:

"Shtop a bit, Misther—sure, I don't know yer name—but, whilst no one's by, I'd like to thank ye for the bit of a love-letther ye sint me last night."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Loaf-a-letther?" he asked, with inimitable blandness. "Me, I no write-a notheen."

"Mebbe ye don't call it a love-letther itself. Now I do think again, I belave it's not a heart wud a dart run through ut for a bookay at the top o' the sheet, but a couple o' shin-bones forninst a graveyard photograph wud a company shmile on 'im. But sure what's left out

av the crest is indicated in the text. Ye've hinted purty clear at the piercin' o' me palpitator at the end o' the po'm."

Fumbling in his pocket, he now brought out the two letters.

"Pity ye cudn't get ould Socola to set for a Cupid aimin' wud his bow an' arrer at me heartt. Ye see, Irish litherature is different ag'in from Italian. Sure an' if a bunch o' Paddies wint into the tinder correspondence like this, like as not they'd have me in a picture, peg an' all, shlapin' in the heart av a rose, like they do be in Hoyt's German Cologne advertizemints, an' mebbe a bumble-bee wud ould Socola's face on 'im threatenin' the unconscious shlaper wud wan av his regular breech-loaders! Ye see, it'd be a bit cheerful, but aqually to the point. Sure there's no life nor joy in a bare shin-bone, lest ye'd have it raised like a fearless sprig o' shillelah."

By this time he had opened both letters.

"Now," he continued, "droth an' I don't know which o' these two shtate dokimints ye sint me, or whether ye're wan o' thim scriptural chaps that kapes yer right hand in ignorance o' the thricks o' the left, an' yer two hands unbeknowinst to wan anither have sint me a frindly warnin'; but r'a'ly and truly I'm very much obliged to ye."

Pat had given him no chance to reply, but now he saw that the Italian's attitude was one of protest.

"Know northeen 'bouth," he was saying, gently.

"Whut! D'ye mane to say ye niver sint me nayther wan o' dthese letthers?"

"Know northeen 'bouth," he repeated, with an apathy of manner that was almost convincing.

Pat scratched his head.

"Mary Ann's mother-in-law!" he exclaimed, and, after a pause,—

"Thin who in the name o' Donnybrook Fair done ut? Ye're the only mon who *cud* write ut. Sure none o' thim chaps last night knowed northin' about the throuble at Socola's marriage till I towld ut, an' faith ye're the only mon there that knowed I shpoke the truth."

The old man shrugged his shoulders:

"Me, I no know 'f ees-a throe."

This was too much.

"Don't know if ut's throe! The devil ye don't! An' didn't ye come the night o' the marriage an' explain to me, worrd for worrd, the way Socola put the Mafia curse on him that'd tell?"

The Sicilian smiled. "Me, I know northeen 'bouth-a Signor Socola,—northeen 'bouth-a Mafia,—northeen 'bouth-a northeen!"

"An' ye weren't at the Di Carlos' this night twelvemonth past?"

"Scuza me, my frien', 'f you please. 'M in-a gread-a hoary. Me, 'm-a allaway fo' business."

He hesitated here, and, looking around cautiously, lowered his voice as he took Pat's hand.

"Tell-a you throe," he said, with a nearer approach to animation than he had yet shown,—“tell-a you throe, 'f I was-a ged a ledther ligue thad, me, I would-a theng God I haf time run quig hide-a myselve. Well—goo'-by! Hofs-a you good lug.” And he turned away.

A sudden light came into the Irishman's face.

"Howld on a bit!" he exclaimed. "Howld—on—a—bit! I've a purrty thick shkull on me, but I do begin to see the dthrift 'f yer iloquence. Plaze to presint my compliments to the gintleman that sint me the letthers, if ye do chance to run aground av 'im on the boulevards, an' tell 'im *I'll not run, nor hide nayther!*"

Gathering emphasis here by a moment's silence, he leaned forward and looked the Sicilian squarely in the eye.

"There's a bit av a song we do sing in the ould counthry. Perchance ye've niver heerd ut, but I'm that interested in the cultivation av yer mind I'll tell ut out to ye parrtly :

"S'int Patthrick was a gintleman,  
And kem av dacent people;  
He built a church in Dublin town  
An' on ut put a shteeple.  
His father was a Gallagher,  
His mother was a Brady,  
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,  
His uncle was O'Grady.  
*So success attind S'int Patthrick's fist,  
For he was a saint so clever.  
Oh, he gave the shnakes and toads a twist  
That bothered thim forever.'*

"Ye see, that's a beautiful po'm, Misther—Misther Know-northin', wud solud Irish sintimints, an' the whole moral law jellied down into shtandin'-shape in the chorus."

He moved backward a step here, and touched his own breast as he continued :

"The 'umble perrson ye do see before ye is a fractional descindant along 'th bein' a namesake o' the gintleman, S'int Patthrick himself, an', up to the present moment, sure *success has always attinded his fist!* We're av a pedigree that has no use for toads norr shnakes, norr ony-thing toadyin' norr shnakin',—beyant givin' thim a twist that'll bother thim forever. Sure I kem down this mornin' with the 'onerable intintion o' latherin' the bit av a varmint, Socola, wud me fist, but the wave o' prosperity—or posterity, whichever ye like—lifted him beyant me entirely. But I'll be down again, plaze God, in a couple o' days, *wud S'int Patthrick's weapon!*"

He held up his clinched fist. "And now," he added, extending his hand, "I do wish ye good-day!"

The Sicilian stood and looked after him a moment in bewilderment, and then he said something, presumably in Anglo-Italian; at least it sounded like "Damfool," a word not found in English print,—even in the new Century Dictionary.

By a strange coincidence, Pat said the same word as he turned the corner. He had picked up a good deal of the colloquial *patois* of these people.

When Socola returned to his shop on the next day, a little withered grotesque impersonation of bilious pomposity, his inner consciousness nevertheless corresponded to his own best ideal of a noble, dignified, and tender father.

Indeed, he felt father to all the world, excepting, of course, the dear woman to whom he was husband; and this exception was as distinct and as tender and sensitive as only this particularly potent occasion could make it.

He had hitherto known nothing so exquisitely refined as the almost reverential tenderness with which his intensely masculine heart went out to the sallow little mother and the tiny yellow man-child who lay upon her breast to-day. The combination was something to live for, to fight for, to die for—almost.

And Pat's offence was against this embodiment of sacredness,—this woman,—this infant.

*The accidental wife,—the incidental babe!* How the thought would cheapen the sacred possessions in the vulgar mind! To Socola himself, when it all dimly recurred to him, it seemed almost a dream which he no longer more than half believed. If he were choosing again, he could choose no other woman of all the world; and surely he would have no other babe than this!

When the two men, the one with the blind eye and the other, came together into the shop on this second day and gave to Socola, separately, as opportunity offered, the sign of the Mafia, it was a signal to withdraw hastily with them into his private office.

A subordinate gives the summons to his chief only when a communication of importance is pending.

When he returned to the shop, an hour later, the old man was still blue about the lips, and his hands trembled as he swore promiscuous oaths indiscriminately at the employees of the shop for imaginary offences.

The two men had gone silently together out the side door with their heads down.

Although Pat was restless in view of an impending row and eager to have it over, gauging the probable duration of an Italian's spree by the Hibernian standard, he did not think it worth while to return to the city for several days.

The gentleman from Palermo had in the mean time had much time for sober reflection. He had of course heard of Pat's projected visit, and was ready for him—with an extended hand.

Indeed, no crafty diplomat ever confounded an adversary with a more gracious and smiling suavity than that with which he greeted and disarmed his ingenuous guest when, on the Thursday following, Pat re-entered his shop.

Socola's English vocabulary, at best a matter of a few hundred words, seemed to-day to have shrunken until it was less only than his comprehension.

He failed utterly to understand that there could be anything disagreeable in his visitor's mission.

The interview, a ludicrous pantomimic affair throughout, ended by a mutual hand-shaking confession of friendly feeling, and Pat went away entirely satisfied that either a mistake had been made, the Sicilian had forgotten his oath, or the coming of the babe had indeed crowded murder out of the father's heart.

He had personally no longer a quarrel with the old man. He had refuted the lie, and was simply willing to stand by the refutation.

If he had glanced backward as he left the shop and seen the menacing scowl that followed his receding figure, he would perhaps have understood.

From Socola's presence he went up "home," to the Di Carlos'. Here, to his dismay, two more notes of solemn warning awaited him.

Both were unsealed. Indeed, they were written on unfolded scraps of paper, and were found slipped in beneath the door, just as the first had been.

When the signora had called Pat into an inner room, she closed the door and turned gray with pallor as she handed them to him.

Her fear of the law, of death, of purgatory, of hell, was vague and as nothing to her terror of the vengeance of the Mafia. None of her family were members of the dread organization, but she remembered only too vividly how the husband of her first-cousin had years ago received just such a warning as this, and one day he had gone as usual to his work and had never come home again.

Ever since she had had the letters in her possession she had felt as if the angel of death were hovering over the house.

As she stood at Pat's side and saw him read the words of warning, she began to cry.

"Fo' God sague, Meester Pad, wad you ees-a been do?" she moaned.

Pat laughed.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "at the present moment I'm jist afther a second visit to yer yung frind, Socola. We're that thick ye'd think we were twins,—or thriples mebbe, an' I was two an' he only wan,—the way he does bow an' schrape right an' left to me."

"Socola!"

If Pat had said he had just returned from a visit to his Satanic majesty, she would not have been much more startled. "Socola! You ees-a been see Socola! Fo' God sague, how you ees-a fin' 'im?"

"Find 'im! Faith an' he's as well as cud be expected afther havin' a fine b'y a-Sunda' night. Ye see, it does be very dangerous whin a firrst b'y is bornn to an ould man. It does fly to his head an' set 'im ravin' crazy. I b'lave the docthors do call it puerile faver. Did ye niver heer av ut?"

The woman was too much concerned even to realize that he was jesting.

"Wad 'e sayce to you?" she asked, eagerly.

"Sure an' he sez he wants to name the yungshter afther me; but I'm that proud I won't allow ut. Ye see, the shtyle av beauty in the Rooney family has been preserrved through thick an' thin wud great pains, an' I'd niver consint to take a risk on Socola's f'atures, wud no promise av relafe from her loyal accidency the madam. Ye see, a proud man must protect his name as well as his fame."

This bantering, really only a ruse to gain time to reflect a little on the situation, was becoming very trying to the signora. Pat became suddenly conscious that there were genuine tears in her eyes.



"Niver mind, now, niver mind," he said, with real feeling. "Don't fret yersilf because a couple o' cranks do sind me a valentine. Faith, there's northin' in ut but mebbe a thrick o' the shoe thrade to dthrive me out o' the competition."

He then briefly reviewed his two visits to the old Sicilian, omitting the occasion of his going, and laying special stress on all the pleasant features of their meetings.

But she was not to be so easily appeased. She lowered her voice almost to a whisper when she spoke again:

"Tell-a you thrue, Meester Pad, me an' Carlo ees-a been hear somethen."

"Heerd something, did ye? An' whut was ut?"

"Plenny young mans ees-a tell me an' Carlo you ees-a say somethen 'boud-a C'lotta an' Signor Socola. All-a peoples ees-a talkin' 'boud."

"They are, are they? An' whut if I did? An' whut did ye say?"

"Me? Of a coze I sayce ees-a no true: Socola ees-a neva was-a lova-a C'lotta."

"Ye did, did ye? An' whut did 'er father say?"

"Carlo sayce you ees-a just a mague-a lill fun: 'z no true."

Pat scratched his head. "An' betune the two av yez ye've made me out a bloomin' liur, now,—haven't yez?"

"'F I mague you oud a lie, I mague you just-a pardners fo' myselve. Fo' God sague, lis'n ad me, Meester Pad. 'Z no time fo' talk 'boud lie. 'Z-a time fo' business. You muz-a go just-a so quig as you can-a go an' tell all-a doze young mans you was-a just-a play'n."

Even the strong friendship evinced by her intense anxiety failed to palliate the affront of her proposition in Pat's eyes. He looked at her, bit his lip, and, without a word, turned on his heel and left her.

As he passed out the door the sound of a sob reached his ear. He was back in a moment.

"Fo' the love o' shad, ma'am, don't—*don't fret*. Niver mind, now, I tell ye. If ye cry anither dthrop I'll howl out a high tenor mesilf to match ye. Sure it'll be all right, now, I'll promise ye. I'll shtep out by an' by till I do find the crowd, an' I'll make a bit av a spache that'll silence thim, an' they'll niver lay a hand on me. I'll promise ye that. Come on out, now."

"Tell 'm ees-a no true, Meester Pad. Say you was just-a mague fun. An' anyhow, I b'lief ees-a bedder you go 'way."

She sobbed again.

"Well, I declare, ma'am, I'm that ashamed av ye! Ye're frettin' yersilf about northin',—an' Socola an' me like two peas, a green wan an' a dthry wan, in wan pod. Come on out, now. Sure the crowd around the shteps are all half ashlope, an' they'll have no fun till ye do come an' wake thim up wud a good laugh. Come, now. The royal consort an' all yer majesty's loyal subjects'll not dare open parliamint till the queen does arrive."

With a comical bobbing courtesy he made way for her to pass out. Sniffing and wiping her eyes, she escaped to her own room for a

moment, but it was not long before she joined the circle on the *banquette*.

It was a sultry summer afternoon, and the scene about the doors was drowsy enough indeed. The little father Di Carlo nodded on his barrel. The baby, a mosquito-netting stretched over her face, lay sleeping in her willow cradle at his side. Several men lounged on the benches, talking lazily in Italian, and fighting the flies with their red cotton kerchiefs.

Within the shop, the boy Pasquale stood languidly opening oysters for a black girl, who, leaning with half her tall length spread over the counter, indolently chewed a cud of gum as she waited with bovine patience while her bucket was slowly filling.

Half-way down the block, a chattering group of neighborhood children, among whom was a generous sprinkling of Di Carlos, were playing in the doubtful shade of a tallow-tree. Some sat with their laps piled high with china blossoms, which they strung on threads into fragrant purple necklaces. A pair of girls played "jack-stones" on the fronts of their dress-skirts lapped one over the other on the ground, while others, arm in arm, promenaded up and down, shading themselves, after the fashion of Paul and Virginia, with tall green banana leaves, purloined from over a neighboring fence.

Somewhat apart from the other children, and nearer the shop, two taller girls sat crocheting cotton lace, while their toddling charges slept at their sides.

Pat, whose seat commanded a view of them, was not long in discovering that the smaller of these two was Carlotta, and, while he passed idly from one subject to another, challenging conversation at random with his drowsy company, he delighted to watch her as the oblique rays of the sun revealed her each moment more clearly to him.

"Five times thim two childer have dropped their nadles to measure their lace, or fringe, or whatever ye call it," he said, presently, laughing. "Sure I'm goin' to watch thim now, an' the seventh time they do measure ut I'll up an' be off. I've a call to make a spache to some o' me constituents, an' I must hunt thim up. I do fale as lazy as the fly on the banana here at me elbow. See him walk like a bug from wan black ind to take a sup at the ither, too lazy to raise his wings an' fly. There they go again, the childer, God bless thim! measurin' again! Six times in forty minutes. Sure they've hardrly time to put a tuck in ut, betune the two measures."

The signora laughed heartily: "Lis'n ad-a Meester Pad! Pood a tug in a lace! I swea' you would-a mague a dead dog laugh."

Her laughter did Pat good. "Sure a tuck or a him are all wan to a tailor in leather," he replied, unconsciously coming into the domain of Carlyle's thought.

"But tell me, ma'am," he continued, "how do ye ladies him fringes, onyway? I eudn't forr the life av me him a fringe, nor scallop it nayther."

She screamed with laughter now. "My God! Hem a fringe! Nobody can-a hem a fringe."

"Is that so? An' d'ye fringe the hims? I'm not jokin'. Faith I niver so much as fringed a scallop in me life, let alone a him. Tell me, now, d'yez dthraw threads, orr dthrop stitches, or pucker it on the bias? Och, there now! I must go! the two girrls beyant are measurin' their scallops again. Well, so long, ma'am! I'll be back in the autumn, plaze God, 'whin the l'aves begin to fall.'"

She was laughing so that she could not speak when Pat rose to go.

"Since ye do insist upon ut," he added, as he turned away, "I b'lave I'll change me summer plans an' come back be supper-time. Put an exthra sup av coffee in the dthripper, plaze, an' dthrop the name av Rooney promiscuously in the pots."

"All-a righd! Muz-a be shore, shore come to supper. Prormus you somethen good."

This was a thing Pat rarely did; and she was delighted. Even had she not known that he would come in laden with paper bags full of good things to add to the supper-table, she would have been just as glad to set his plate in between little Pat's and Carlotta's.

Pat had no trouble in finding the "constituents" whom he wanted to meet. He knew that at this hour certain Italians would be sure to congregate at their favorite rendezvous, a coffee-house near the levee. He was glad to find Tramonetti, and others who were present on the former occasion, already there.

It took but a few moments to repeat his former account of the Socola wedding, which he colored with new drolleries in the narration, and to add—and this was the object of his visit—the item carelessly omitted before,—viz., Socola's threat that the Mafia would avenge a betrayal of the affair.

This, he carefully explained, was the reason his good friends the Di Carlos had felt constrained to deny it. They were afraid of the Mafia. They couldn't understand how he and Socola understood each other perfectly now, and, after all, it was a small matter whether Socola had been jilted or not: who cared? It was a thing of the past. For himself, he only mentioned it again to prove that he hadn't lied before. The whole business was, he finally declared, "a timpest in a tay-pot," and the sooner forgotten the better. He ended by begging them not to "worry the madam" by saying anything more about it at the Di Carlos'.

"Sure the madam's been wapin' an' wailin' for feer I'll be kilt entirely. She thinks I'm out this minute tellin' ye all I was jokin' an' thryin' to back out av the whole shtatemint. Sure I'd back out in a minute if I knowed a back-shtep; but when I tuck dancin'-lessons in Paris whin I was a yungshter, I niver learned the crawfish movement, an' faith it's too late in life now to dthrag me wooden peg into a new figure. There's but three-quarrrters av me left, onyhow, but it's three-quarrrters av a *man's shape*, praise God, an' I'll not disgrace the fraction, for the likeness it does bear me mother, God rest her."

The crowd were rather still and subdued for some time after Pat left them.

"I'm sorry I ever opened my lips about Socola's business," said one, finally, in Italian, "but, anyhow, I told where I heard it."

"I never said anything to anybody," said another, "and I'm glad. I don't want any of his flock of vampires following me in the dark."

"But I'd hate to be in that Irishman's shoes!"

"In his one shoe, you mean. And me too. So would I."

## CHAPTER VI.

FOR several months after this, things seemed to drift along as usual.

Pat's prosperity, already assured though plodding, had been unexpectedly accelerated by the sudden death of his partner, whose widow had preferred a settlement in cash to the possible risk of an investment subject to the vicissitudes of trade. This left Pat in sole possession of a promising little business, and he was doing well.

He still went "home" nearly every Sunday; and, as Carlotta had of late been especially kind to him, he began to feel that the materialization of his hopes was not far distant.

The youth Rubino still hung about the shop with his accordion, and once Pat had found him and Carlotta out walking together when he came on Sunday afternoon. He said to himself that it was all right for her to be happy in her own youthful way, and he tried to feel glad. Indeed, if he were not wholly so at the time, her hearty greeting when she came home in a little while made him forget it all.

So the winter passed,—a second since the Socola affair. In a month Carlotta would pass her eighteenth birthday. Things were coming very close.

Pat feared no opposition from the Di Carlo parents. Indeed, the signora, in her relation of unconscious mother-in-law elect, was a joy to his Irish heart. She had evidently no suspicion of the truth, and, in the face of Pat's blossoming out into a successful gentleman, had been unable to refrain from throwing out occasional hints recalling his early fancy for Carlotta. And Pat, the while laughing in his sleeve, kept her in continual suspense by hinting at other possible alliances, as when he said,—

"Sure an' I wush ye cud see the widder Schmidt, how purrty an' yung she is since the ould man's gone. Troth an' ye may heer any day av an elopemint in high life. Sure I tould 'er we betther wait till the Bermuda is firmly rooted on the ould gentleman's grave,—God rist im!—an'—wud ye bel'ave?—she does northin' but shprinkle it wud a watherin'-pot since."

"Oh—h—h, 'z-a shame fo' you, Meester Pad, talk like thad! Can get plenny pritty young-a woma'yed."

"I've not fully made up me mind yet, ma'am, sure, till I do see wull she turrrn back all the capital she dthrew out av the thrade an' promise me a day off once a wake from cinnamon-cake till I do fale me pulse an' startt fresh."

It was no wonder the signora missed Pat out of her daily life. He made so much fun. Was it strange she wanted to secure him?

It was at last Carlotta's birthday. Pat had come to town rather

earlier than usual, intending to take her—alone for the first time—out for a ride. They would go up to the Carrollton Garden and sit on one of the little benches together under a tree; and when they came home they would tell “the madam” and ask her blessing.

He knew just the funny things he would say as he would present the little bald spot on his head for her maternal blessing. And then they would have to tell—or rather to ask—the father. He scratched his head a little nervously at this thought, and wished the ordeal were over; yet he would get through somehow, and “carry it off” with whatever inspiration the moment should bring.

He was dressed in his very best, and would have given much to wear his artificial leg for the occasion. He would have liked to appear as a whole man walking at her side to-night.

It was just merging into twilight when he approached the shop, and the family sat, as usual, about the doors.

“An’ where’s Lottie?” he asked, as he joined the circle.

He had never called for her in this way before, but he was too near the edge of things to-night to care or think.

“C’lotta ees-a just now gone oud-a walk weeth Giuseppe Rubino. Sid down, Meester Pad.” And the signora lifted her foot from the rung of a stool and pushed it toward him.

He sat down, but he was uneasy.

After a little while, during which, the signora afterward said, he had never been more lively or more witty, he rose and left them.

For the last three Saturday evenings Carlotta had been out with Giuseppe when he came, but he had thought nothing specially of it. But to-night! Had she not remembered? Did she not realize that to-day meant much to him—and to her? He would pass the hour until he should be *sure* to find her at home, in his favorite retreat on the river-bank, alone. There would be no demand upon him here, and he could get himself together again; for he was keenly hurt.

As he left the Di Carlos’, he could not see that two men—Sicilians they were—who stood together in the shadow of the wall across the way moved slowly after him until he stopped the car, when, quickening their paces, they also jumped aboard, one seating himself within, while the other passed out to the platform with the driver. Neither could he know when he crossed the wharf that these two men watched and by separate routes followed him at a distance as he disappeared among the shadows between the piles of freight along the pier.

The river was high, and when he reached his accustomed seat the floating wharf which was chained to the heavy timbers attracted him. He had never been down here, but a pair of hanging steps invited the folly of his descent to-night, and he had soon hobbled down and seated himself on the inner edge of the raft, and thus within the shadow of the pier above. It pleased his mood to get thus near the turbulent restless waters for a while.

To sit in a little black shadow while he waited for Carlotta to come home with Giuseppe suited him to-night; while the booming, swelling, resistless river that lifted him upon its bosom and seemed threatening to submerge everything was typical of his love.

His thoughts had hardly begun to cool and shape themselves when, first vaguely, as at a distance, and now nearer, clearer, came the sound of an accordion.

On summer evenings, almost anywhere along the river bank one may expect to find a sprinkling of accordion-players,—usually German kitchen-courtships out for an airing,—and there should have been nothing very startling in the sound: yet its first note made the Irishman's heart stand still. He knew the most distant reach of Giuseppe's accordion. It had come out to meet him too often in the evenings for him to mistake it now. It was coming very near, and soon he began to hear voices, Carlotta's and the youth's. They were sitting down on the wharf just above his head. Broken snatches of tunes proved that Giuseppe was toying thoughtlessly with his instrument, and while he played he was earnestly talking. Soon the music stopped altogether, the voice fell lower, more serious, more indistinct. It seemed to Pat that the boy talked for an age; but he could distinguish nothing.

But presently Carlotta spoke, clearly:

"No, no, Giuseppe. Hush! I can't lis'n at you!"

Then again Giuseppe muttered in a tone indistinct as to words, but full of pleading.

And now Carlotta again:

"Hush, I say, Giuseppe! I *mus'n't* lis'n at you! I wish I was dead! I hate you!—I hate myself!—I hate your music!—I hate everything. Before you came, I was satisfied. Everything was promise good, an' I never knowed no better. Now, when I put my finger in my ears, I hear you sing,—I hear that music. Oh, I hate it all! To-night I ought to be home, and I am here with you,—always with you."

He spake more clearly now, in Italian: "But why do you speak so, Carlotta? It is not true that you hate me. You love me,—I know it, I feel it. Since first I saw you, I knew we were for each other."

"But no, Giuseppe. Hush, I say! I can't be for you. Since two years I am promised. My word is passed."

"And who is it that holds a child by her word when she loves him not?"

"Oh, hush, Giuseppe! He don't hold me. I hold myself. He is the best man in all the world. He loves me more than even my maw. Since I was so big, he loved me, and I loved him good; but since you came, I am not the same. I am not fit. I run away with you, and then when I see him I am sorry, and speak kind with him, but all the time I see you. He trusts me, Giuseppe, same like I trust the blessed Mother,—he even put my name by her name once,—and you have all broken me hearted, Giuseppe, an' made me turn away from him. I wish I was dead!—and you!—and him!"

There were tears in her voice.

"But listen, Carlotta. You don't understand. Nothing is true but love. Everything else comes after,—promises, mistakes, all,—everything! Love is from God Almighty. He never sends love like mine but he sends the answer too. For two months I have read my



answer in your eyes, and was satisfied; but it was sweet to wait, to sing, to play, to laugh all around it, making believe I was not sure. But *I am sure. You are mine.*"

"Oh, but no, no, no, Giuseppe! I am not for you. If I was that mean, God would never bless me nor you. It would bring a curse. You cannot understand."

"Who is this coward who holds you?"

"But hush! He is no coward, Giuseppe. Me, I am a coward,—but not him. It was me what made him speak love. You talk about God! For what does God let us make mistakes! How can we be *sure*? I was crazy for him, and in my heart I felt *sure*—*sure* it was love, and I told him, Giuseppe. I made him to love me. And now—if only you go away, Giuseppe! If you love me true, go, and let me have peace and not trouble. Go far, and let me forget the sound of your music,—let me forget your eyes,—let me not see your shape in the air which way I turn. Then it will all pass away, and I will be like before. I love him good, Giuseppe. I am not a liar. Only now I am like in a dream, and in my dream I see only you. Now I see, I know, what you meant, Giuseppe, when you said in your sleep I stood before you. But soon I will wake. I will see his kind eyes, and it will pass. He will never know."

"And who is this man for whom you put me away?"

"It is time enough, Giuseppe; but better if you never know him. Go far away."

"I go not away without you, Carlotta. Every day I will come till I get you. I will walk by your side before this man, and when he looks at us he will see he is a fool."

"I walk with you no more, Giuseppe. To-night finishes. Come, let us go. I heard a noise, and just now over there a shadow moved. I am afraid. Come."

As they rose to go, the accordion, which Giuseppe grasped hastily in rising, opening by its own weight, sent out an attenuated discordant wail. And to Pat, sitting alone in the shadow beneath, it sounded like a weird Banshee's shriek coming from far over the seas.

The tender tremor in Carlotta's voice when first she spoke Giuseppe's name had struck his heart like a death-knell, and the words which followed were but as clods falling upon a coffin. The girl's loyalty through it all seemed to mock him, like a hymn at a grave. It was as the silver sheen upon the silken fabric of a shroud,—the smile upon the face of death.

For a long time after they had gone, the heavy timbers about him were not more still than he.

Once he thought he heard soft steps above him. If he had risen, he might have seen two dark figures peering stealthily about as if looking for some one. They might have been assassins in ambush.

But Pat did not even glance upward.

Can any one, by simply imagining, be sure he half understands how this man felt? or must he have passed through the shades of a like sorrow to know its black bleak depths and the hopelessness of it? It is hard to say.

His first movement was to cast his eyes about him upon the water. It was all around him,—so near,—so inviting. It seemed almost to call him. It would have been so easy, from where he sat, just to lean over and over, like Maupassant's little blue and red soldier, as if he were trying to drink. There would be only a few bubbles,—fit emblems of his life and its story,—and so it would end.

Had he not promised her his grave whenever it would be a safe bridge over her troubles? The time had come. Or had it come? Would the plunge be for her sake or his own? Was he, after all, a coward,—he who had never run from a foe in his life,—who had even fought and vanquished his *potheen* with a flask in his pocket?

Distinct rapid footsteps above startled him, and he raised his eyes. As he did so, a bundle fell at his side into the water, and the steps retreated.

He seemed to see a struggle as the dark object twisted for a second within the rings of the eddy that swallowed it down; but he could not be sure. In a moment, however, he heard, quite near, the thin wiry cry of a young kitten. He looked about him and above, but could see nothing of it, though the sound came again and again. Finally, however, a desperate wail located the sufferer.

On the outside of one of the heavy timbers, caught in its fall by a protruding splinter or spike, the wretched little creature hung suspended, its own weight and struggles imprisoning it more securely each moment within the notch.

The struggling contents of the whirling bundle were explained. This little unfortunate had slipped out of the open bag in its fall, to perish high and dry in the night wind, or to be scorched by the sun should it survive the night.

Pat regarded the writhing little form a moment only.

"Sure we're in the same boat, kitty, you an' me," he said aloud: "we're having too many in a crowded world. But, plaze God, I'll give ye the same chance I'll take meself,—in the name o' Him that shaped the two av us."

With this, seizing the fragment of a broken oar, he swung himself outside the timbers.

At the sound of his voice, two black shadows rushed noiselessly across the wharf, and, quickly reaching the edge, peered over.

What they saw was only a whining young kitten crawling feebly along the raft.

The upward reach with the oar which liberated the little beast and sent him back to life had thrown his deliverer accidentally backward. The grip of his one leg about the post had served only to let him down, down, gently, noiselessly, into the eddying current which sucked him under the raft without even a twirl or a twist. There was not so much as a gurgle of the waters as he sank.

The black figures waited a long time, lying on their faces and listening, and two stiletos were drawn and ready. When the voice should speak again, they would do their work quickly; for the emissaries of the Mafia are wont to use despatch.

It was past midnight, and the moon was rising, when at last,

despairing and mystified, they separated reluctantly and by different routes went to report another failure to old Pietro Socola, their chief.

The Di Carlos wondered with great anxiety why Pat did not come home, and all during the night the signora started at every sound, fancying she heard his wooden peg ascending the stairs.

It was on the second day afterward when a boy in the shop read from the daily paper that the body of a one-legged man had been washed up against a coal-barge floating in the river near Canal Street.

The father Di Carlo went immediately to investigate the matter, and when he came home an hour later, and the family gathered about him, anxious to hear the news, he only shook his head sadly, and, taking from his handkerchief an old red baby shoe, he said, "It was in his inside pocket."

Customers who came in at the time, and people passing by, thought from their distress that a member of the family was dead.

Carlotta, trembling and white as marble, went away alone.

An investigation of Pat's affairs and effects disclosed a will, made some years before, bequeathing to Carlotta all his worldly goods.

A large proportion of this—which proved quite a neat competence—she expended, despite her mother's frugal protest that it could do him no good, in a handsome marble shaft to his memory. In its unique inscription, which was of her own dictation, she sought to make some sort of reparation for the sin of which she accused herself.

The monument still stands in the corner of St. Patrick's Cemetery, and reads,—

IN MEMORY  
OF  
PATRICK ROONEY,  
INTEND OF CARLOTTA DI CARLO,  
AGE, 42 YEARS.

And on any All-Saints' Day, Carlotta and Giuseppe, with their flock of beautiful children, may be seen to stop there for a while, leaving a bouquet of plush-topped coxcombs and a cross of white chrysanthemums.

THE END.

## JULIA MARLOWE.

IT was Colley Cibber who said, writing of Mrs. Bracegirdle, that "of her audiences at least one-half were her lovers." This he explains as not arising from her art entirely, but from her personal attractiveness and magnetism. These two qualifications have been almost invariably the requisites of a great actress, and the last is undoubtedly the most important of the two. It is that subtle essence with which Nature assists her ever-dependent offspring, Art, and which in unison with Art causes us to forget all outward inconsistencies and holds us spellbound, responsive to the every touch of the artist. It is not enough that the Art be perfect, if that mysterious and undefinable force which we, for lack of a better name, term magnetism, serves not to weave a web of sympathy extending across the foot-lights.

Upon Julia Marlowe, Nature, with her other lavish gifts, has bestowed a vast amount of this inestimable boon of magnetism. Whatever this strange quality is, we know that it has made men and women great in every walk of life. Madame de Staël, the plainest woman of her age, with all her brilliancy, would have died forgotten had she not possessed it. Indeed, an analysis of the world's greatest successes would show that it has entered largely into the achievement of them all.

It is difficult for us to imagine the heroines of Shakespeare portrayed by beardless men and boys, as they were in the poet's own time. Shakespeare's women are replete to a greater degree than any other characters in fiction with that vague though potent attribute of *womanliness*. Surely the players must have lacked sympathy with their parts, or the audience with them; for an effeminate man or a mannish woman are both abominations, just as a womanly woman is a delight. In the delineation of women the master's hand has never faltered; in all the phases of their lives and the broad range of their foibles and emotions he has limned them with an unerring brush: they are always true to their sex.

To this sacred gift of womanliness, together with her magnetism, Miss Marlowe is indebted for much of her success. Not that it could have been attained without genius, but both must unite to make the finished artist. Where the art of actor reaches its limit, the personality of the woman must take up the thread, uniting as the two arcs to form a perfect circle.

No other actress in coming before the public has ever attained success under the circumstances that Miss Marlowe has. She has never yet been seen in a play written especially for her, as has been found necessary in most cases, but she has taken the hackneyed round of characters, adapting herself to them and stamping each with so much of her own individuality as to make them breathe anew. She seems particularly fitted for the portrayal of Shakespeare's heroines, and achieves her greatest success in them, chiefly because of that quality of woman-

liness which I have mentioned. How deliciously effeminate is her Rosalind! Her words, "Dost thou think I have a doublet and hose in my composition?" and again the arch command, "Come, woo me." Her Rosalind is accorded by critics the place of honor above all her contemporaries in that part, with the single exception, perhaps, of Modjeska. Certainly it is a charming and conscientious portrayal of this the loveliest of Shakespeare's creations.

In Juliet, that unhappy child-woman, Miss Marlowe's personality again aids her in creating sympathy. Yet it must be owned that of all her parts her Juliet leaves the most to be desired. It has been frequently regretted that an actress rarely attains the force and power which are needed in Juliet until she is too old to play the part with propriety. Miss Marlowe has the advantage of many years to come, however, before she reaches that point, and her Juliet may yet surpass all others, especially as it is her favorite character, and this will probably goad her ambition to its perfection.

Her Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" is a careful and delicate creation, and her Viola in "Twelfth Night," although that part is somewhat subservient to the comedy itself, is very satisfactory.

Outside of Shakespeare she has been very successful as Parthenia in "Ingomar," considered by some her best attempt, and in "The Hunchback" and "Pygmalion and Galatea." These constitute the list of her repertory. "Cymbeline" is in preparation, and will be produced by her next season.

In her delivery Miss Marlowe courageously defies stage-tradition and takes an unusual departure. She does not *declaim* blank verse, as has been customary, but divides her words by sense and punctuation, as in prose. In justification of this course she quotes Hamlet's advice to the players, which she holds as the highest authority: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue." The purpose of acting is, she justly claims, "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature." Her characters are never marred by over-acting; she never rants nor "tears a passion to tatters." Moderation, good taste, and repose ever mark her methods.

The personality of an actress "off the stage" is always a matter of interest to the public, and perhaps because of her sudden success Miss Marlowe's is particularly so. In private life she is quite as interesting and delightful as she appears to her audiences in the mimic world of the stage. She is a bright and charming conversationalist, wielding again her magnetism and her natural cleverness with great effect.

She loves her profession, does not look down upon it, and is glad at all times to talk of it or to do anything to advance it. Most wonderful of all her virtues (for a woman) is her charity and admiration for her contemporaries. In her manner she is simple and unaffected: the actress is never betrayed in the woman.

Born about twenty-five miles from Carlisle, in the north of England, she came to this country at a very early age, and received her education, as she asserts with pride, entirely from the American public schools. Her first public appearance was in a trial *matinée*, October 20, 1887, at the Bijou Theatre in New York, acting Parthenia in

"Ingomar," and later in the regular repertory on December 12 of the same year, for two weeks, at the Star Theatre in the same city. Then came her Philadelphia engagement of the following autumn, and her subsequent success, of which every one is well informed.

Considering her youth, Miss Marlowe has won an unprecedented success; but there is work before her; she has won the public admiration, but to retain it—the greater part of the battle—she must labor long and conscientiously. Our age is a capricious one where art is concerned, and as a people we are ever ready to be "off with the old love and on with the new." This young artist, however, has everything in her favor. She has come out of her recent battle for life stronger physically than ever; moreover, she possesses beauty and undoubted genius, which, with her fund of that mysterious force of magnetism, would seem to indicate a noble fulfilment of her present promise.

*Alfred Stoddart.*

### WHERE LOVE HATH BEEN.

DEATH stooped one day to Love, a little child,  
And lifted him, and laid him 'gainst his breast,  
Hoping to see the merry god oppressed  
By the grim aspect of a nurse so wild.  
Naught said the boy, but still serenely smiled,  
Whilst on the sable robe his head did rest,  
As 'twere the white down of his own smooth nest,  
His eyes upturning ever, tranquil-mild.  
"Child," cries Death, hoarsely, "art thou not afraid?"  
Love laughs aloud. "Nay, thou shouldst be," he saith.  
Then on the flaming eyes his hands are laid,  
And warmed the chill lips by his glowing breath.  
"Lost are thy terrors now, thyself dismayed:  
Where Love hath been, none fear to come, O Death!"

*Susanna Massey.*

### SEPTEMBER.

ALL golden in the autumn sun  
The waving corn-fields shine;  
Purple and full of ruddy juice  
The grapes hang on the vine.

A blessing hovers in the air,  
As Earth, from toil released,  
Holds, with a hush upon her face,  
Her sweet Communion feast.

*Bessie Chandler.*



## REAL PEOPLE IN FICTION.

WHEN the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was asked why he did not write a novel, he answered that, in the first place, he should tell all his secrets (and he maintained that verse is the proper medium for such revelations), and, in the second place, he was terribly afraid he should show up all his friends. "I should like to know if all story-tellers do not do this. Now, I am afraid all my friends would not bear showing up well, if they have an average share of the common weaknesses of humanity, which I am pretty certain would come out. Of all that have told stories among us, there is hardly one I can recall who has not drawn too faithfully some living portrait, which might better have been spared."

One of the torments of authorship is that so many people are possessed with the idea that the hero or heroine of a story or poem is the author's own self, or that such and such an unpleasant character is copied from his neighbor. In Dr. Holland's "Bitter-Sweet" one of the characters was a man of good birth and education who fell so far from grace that his wife one day beheld him about to make a balloon-ascension with a woman a great deal worse than she should have been. He was subsequently reclaimed, but the author often wished he had allowed him to die, for some readers, who did not know Dr. Holland, imagined the author was the original of this sorry character. Thackeray was continually identified with Pendennis, who, if he resembles him at all, resembles him in his less pleasant traits. Other authors have been identified by turns with their own romantic heroes and their desperate villains. Amélie Rives, it has been persistently asserted, drew her own portrait in the morbid, hysterical heroine of "The Quick or the Dead?" In the preface to that novel she insisted that the critics had done her a great though unconscious honor in assuming that she intended Barbara for herself, as in doing so they had attributed to her an absolute honesty and an absence of vanity such as few mortals have been credited with. Barbara is beautiful in face and form, but all her idiosyncrasies are such as no woman would care to accuse herself of.

Such experiences are unpleasant enough, but they are no more unpleasant than to be accused of having unconsciously caricatured your friends and relatives. In his article on "The Critic on the Hearth," James Payn probably draws upon his own experience when he makes a country cousin write as follows: "Helen, who has just been here, is immensely delighted with your satirical sketch of her husband; he, however, as you may imagine, is wild, and says you had better withdraw your name from the candidates' book at his club. I do not know how many black balls exclude, but he has a good many friends here."

After the publication of "The House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne was worried by people who insisted that they, or their families

in the present or past generations, had been deeply wronged by his book. One man wrote complaining that his grandfather had been made infamous in the character of Judge Pyncheon. Now, his grandfather, Judge Pyncheon by name, was a Tory and refugee resident in Salem at the period of the Revolution, whom the correspondent described as the most exemplary old gentleman in the world. He therefore considered himself infinitely wronged and aggrieved, and thought it monstrous that the virtuous dead could not be suffered to rest quietly in their graves. "The joke of the matter is," says Hawthorne, in a letter to Fields, "that I never heard of his grandfather, nor knew that any Pyncheons had ever lived in Salem, but took the name because it suited the tone of my book and was as much my property for fictitious purposes as that of Smith. I have pacified him by a very polite and gentlemanly letter; and if ever you publish any more of 'The Seven Gables' I should like to write a brief preface expressive of my anguish for this unintentional wrong, and making the best reparation possible, else these wretched old Pyncheons will have no peace in the other world nor in this." A few weeks later he wrote again, "I have just received a letter from still another claimant of the Pyncheon estate. I wonder if ever, and how soon, I shall get a just estimate of how many jackasses there are in this ridiculous world. My correspondent, by the way, estimates the number of these Pyncheon jackasses at about twenty. I am doubtless to be remonstrated with by each individual. After exchanging shots with each one of them, I shall get you to publish the whole correspondence in a style to match that of my other works, and I anticipate a great run for the volume."

Thackeray drew down upon himself the indignation of the whole Irish public by taking as the heroine of his story of "Catherine" a famous murderess named Catherine Hayes, which happened to be exactly the same name as that of a famous Irish songstress. Professor Maurice was, in early life, the author of a novel called "Eustace Conway, or the Brother and Sister." He sold the manuscript to Bentley about the year 1830, but, the excitement caused by the Reform Bill being unfavorable to light literature, it was not issued until 1834. The villain of the novel was called Captain Marryat, and Professor Maurice had soon the pleasure of receiving a challenge from the celebrated Captain Marryat. Great was the latter's astonishment on learning that the anonymous author of "Eustace Conway" had never heard of the biographer of "Peter Simple," and, being in holy orders, was obliged to decline to indulge in a duel.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers tells the story of how one day George Eliot and her husband were making good-humored fun over the mistaken effusiveness of a too sympathizing friend, who insisted on assuming that Mr. Casaubon was a portrait of Mr. Lewes, and on condoling with the sad experiences which had taught the gifted authoress of "Middlemarch" to depict that gloomy man. "And there was indeed something ludicrous," says Mr. Myers, "in the contrast between the dreary pedant of the novel and the good-natured self-content of the living savant, who stood acting his vivid anecdotes before our eyes." "But from whom, then," said a friend, turning to Mrs. Lewes, "did

you draw Casaubon?" With a humorous solemnity, which was quite in earnest, however, she pointed to her own heart.

Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," it will be remembered, was dedicated to William M. Thackeray, who had only recently published his "Vanity Fair." A critic surmised with infinite ingenuity that Currer Bell, whom he assumed to be a woman, might be the original of Thackeray's Becky Sharp, who in revenge had turned around and portrayed her caricaturist as Rochester. This of course was simply laughable. But Charlotte Brontë got into more serious difficulties with regard to her too life-like local portraits in "Shirley." Mrs. Gaskell says of her Yorkshire sketches in this book, "People recognized themselves or were recognized by others in her graphic descriptions of their personal appearance and modes of action and turns of thought, though they were placed in new positions and figured away in scenes far different to those in which their actual life had been passed." The three curates were real living men haunting Haworth and the neighboring districts, so obtuse in perception "that, after the first burst of anger at having their ways and habits chronicled was over, they rather enjoyed the joke of calling one another by the names she had given them." Yet Charlotte Brontë had never supposed they would be recognized. In a letter to a friend she expressly says, "You are not to suppose any of the characters in 'Shirley' are intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*."

Dickens's "Bleak House" almost lost him the friendship of Walter Savage Landor, who recognized himself as Boythorn, and Leigh Hunt, who was deeply wounded by the only too evident portraiture of himself as Harold Skimpole. Dickens indeed printed a very lame apology for the caricature, in which he disclaimed any intention of pillorying his friend. As a rule, he was successful in avoiding too marked a resemblance to the lay figure which had unconsciously posed to him. His method was to take some strikingly singular trait of character, some phenomenon in human nature, and surround it with qualities totally different from those found in the original. Thus he preserved the reality without exposing his model.

We are not told whether the elder Dickens descried himself in Micawber, but it is certain that very few people did until after the publication of Forster's biography. And was it of his own mother that Dickens says, in the preface to "Nicholas Nickleby," "Mrs. Nickleby, sitting bodily before me, once asked whether I really believed there ever was such a woman"? Forster, who is grave over the complications which grew out of Harold Skimpole, was unconsciously the model of Kenny Meadows's portrait of Master Froth.

All writers have not been so anxious to spare the feelings of their victims; indeed, many of them have purposely used the novel or the drama as a medium for satirizing their enemies. Perhaps the earliest instance in the history of literature is that of Aristophanes, who brought Alcibiades, Socrates, and Euripides upon the stage in their own proper persons in order to heap sarcasm and ridicule upon them. Dante, it is

well known, put his enemies into hell. He was imitated by Michael Angelo in his fresco of "The Last Judgment." It is said that a cardinal, who had found his portrait among Michael Angelo's damned, hastened to complain to the Pope. "Are you sure that he has put you in hell?" said the latter. "Yes," cried the cardinal. "Then there is no hope for you. If he had put you in purgatory, I might have obtained your release; but out of hell there is no redemption."

The Elizabethan dramatists, as a rule, adopted the transparent veil of a fictitious name when they brought an adversary upon the stage; and this custom has been generally followed up to the present time, the only recent exception being that of "Cape Cod Folks," a novel which had more or less kindly caricatures of living people under their actual names. It will be remembered that this novel brought on a lawsuit, which advertised the book very extensively and which was eventually compromised.

Dryden's satires, which were avowedly directed against the statesmen and literary men of whom he disapproved, always veiled their names under some transparent disguise; but this was done rather to add piquancy to his wit and verisimilitude to the allegorical form which he adopted, than from any desire to spare the feelings of his victims. Pope occasionally, but not always, followed Dryden's example. "The Rape of the Lock" and the Imitations of Horace need a key; but not so the "Dunciad," which brings all the Grub Street authors upon the stage under their own names. In the original poem the criticaster Theobald had been pilloried as the monarch of the dunces, but in the mean while Pope had fallen out with Colley Cibber, and the vengeful little poet gratified his spite at the expense of justice by substituting the name of that very clever man for Theobald's in his second edition.

Byron, who was always an admirer of Pope, and began life as an imitator, was equally free with the names of the supposed critical foes whom he attacked in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is interesting to note that most of them (even Jeffrey, with whom he fought a duel) became subsequently his warm personal friends.

Bulwer's passage at arms with Tennyson is one of the curiosities of literature. In an early poem Tennyson had depicted Bulwer under the title of "A Character." Here is one stanza:

Most delicately, hour by hour,  
He canvassed human mysteries,  
And trod on silk, as if the winds  
Blew his own praises in his eyes,  
And stood aloof from other minds  
In impotence of fancied power.

Years afterwards, in his anonymous satire of "The New Timon" (1843), Bulwer attempted to pay Tennyson back in some foolish lines in which the laureate was styled "School-Miss Alfred" and his poetry was attacked as

The jingling medley of purloined conceits,  
Out-babbling Wordsworth, and out-glittering Keats.

"Miss Alfred," however, made a very masculine surrejoinder in that vigorous bit of invective, "The New Timon and the Poets," which first appeared in *Punch*. But Tennyson and Bulwer made up their quarrel, and the poem does not appear in the English edition of the laureate's works.

Bulwer had always shown a predilection for hitting back. When the *Athenæum* attacked his "Devereux" he retorted in his next novel, "Paul Clifford," by satirizing it under the name of the *Asinæum* and its editor under the name of Peter McGrawler. In a rather good-natured review of "Paul Clifford" the *Athenæum* said, "The character of the editor, McGrawler, is skilfully and delicately drawn. This luckless gentleman, failing to live by the *Asinæum*, turns pickpocket, then highwayman, then king's evidence against his kindest friend, then hangman, and lastly a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Our limits do not allow us to dwell longer on this painful subject, so we must leave the public to applaud the refinement and judiciousness of this attack, and take leave of our assailant with a confession of the overwhelming confusion we feel."

This novel of "Paul Clifford" is Bulwer's most serious offence in the way of exciting vulgar curiosity by burlesques of living notables. Thus, Gentleman George, the keeper of a low boozing-den, is intended for the reigning monarch, George IV., Bachelor Bill for the Duke of Devonshire, etc. This sort of personalities had been borrowed from the French, and was cultivated successfully by Mrs. Gore, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Trollope, and other lady novelists, and more especially by Disraeli, all of whose novels required a "key" to unlock their mysteries and depended largely on this fact for their success.

Very different was the practice of a true artist like Walter Scott. In his prefaces he has given us full information as to the sources from which he drew his materials, and describes the original of almost every prominent character in his works. But if we turn from Helen Walker to Jeanie Deans, from Andrew Gemmells to Edie Ochiltree, we find that we have really learned nothing of the process by which these originals were transformed into characters more vivid, more real to us, than one-half of the flesh-and-blood people whom we know. Helen Walker is the original of Jeanie Deans in the same way that a block of marble is the original of the Venus de' Medici.

Thackeray, in his younger days, made savage fun of Bulwer, under the name of Bulwig, in a full-length portrait in "The Yellowplush Papers." And in his later days he was not averse to this method of punishing an enemy. "It was a pleasant peculiarity of Mr. Thackeray's," says Edmund Yates, "to make some veiled but unmistakable allusion in his books to persons at the time obnoxious to him." During the awkward episode at the Garrick which lost to Yates the friendship of Thackeray, the seventh number of "The Virginians" came out with what Mr. Yates calls "a wholly irrelevant and ridiculous lugged-in-by-the-shoulders allusion to me as young Grubstreet in its pages." But Thackeray's portraits were not always meant to be ill-natured. Foker, for example, was drawn from Andrew Archdeke, who was reproduced, says Yates, "in the most ludicrously



life-like manner, and, to Archdekne's intense annoyance, an exact wood-cut portrait of himself accompanied the text." Though Thackeray meant no ill nature here, Archdekne never quite forgave him. One night, just after Thackeray had delivered his first lecture on "The English Humourists," Archdekne met him at The Cider-Cellar's Club, surrounded by a coterie, who were offering their congratulations.

"How are you, Thack?" cried Archie. "I was at your show to-day at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there,—yes! But I thought it was dull,—devilish dull! I will tell you what it is, Thack, you want a piano."

That Thackeray meant no unkindness was evidenced by the facts that in the same book some of the sketches of Arthur Pendennis drawn by the author artist are recognizable portraits of Thackeray, and that the side-face of Dr. Portman in the wood-cut which represents the meeting of the doctor and his curate, Smirke, was said to strongly resemble that of Dr. Cornish, who was evidently the original from whom the good Portman was drawn. In the main, there is no doubt that what Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie says is true: "My father scarcely ever put real people into his books, though he of course found suggestions among the people with whom he was thrown." Perhaps a good idea of his method may be gained from his own letter to Mrs. Brookfield, in which he tells her, "You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife *y est pour beaucoup*," or from the "Roundabout Papers," in which he said that he had invented Costigan, "as I suppose authors invent their personages, out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters."

Robert Browning has attacked Wordsworth for what he considered his defection from the party of progress in "The Lost Leader," just as Whittier attacked Daniel Webster in "Ichabod." Browning has also endeavored to expose the inner workings of Cardinal Wiseman's mind under the guise of Bishop Blougram, and of Napoleon the Third under that of Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau. He has made a more direct attack upon the spiritualist John Home in "Sludge the Medium." Home recognized the portrait, and in revenge used to tell the following story. Some months before the poem was written, Home met Mr. and Mrs. Browning at Ealing, when a spiritualist séance relieved the tedium of a morning party. Among other manifestations, a wreath of clematis was lifted from the table by an invisible power and conveyed through the air in the direction of Mrs. Browning. Mr. Browning hastily left his seat on the opposite side of the table and moved to a spot behind his wife's chair, in the hope that even at the last moment the spirits might place on his brow the coronal, which he held to be his due; but the spirits knew what they were about, declined to gratify his vanity, and settled the crown on Mrs. Browning's head. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*: hence "Sludge the Medium."

Goethe says that all his writings are a confession. And this is probably true of all great authors. They have dipped into their own hearts to write. Consciously or unconsciously, they have unclothed their own minds. It is comparatively easy to trace their likeness in their works. They all have some character which obviously repre-



sents themselves or some part of themselves. Thus, Shakespeare is "Hamlet," and he had strong mental affiliations with the melancholy Jaques. Milton is his own Satan, or at least in Satan he has drawn the proud, arrogant, self-assertive side of his own nature. Molière has sketched himself in "Alceste," the hero of his "Misanthrope," a man whose originally generous, impulsive, and sensitive nature had been soured by contact with the coldness and insincerity of conventional society and incrustated itself behind an external appearance of cynicism. "Alceste" is the "Hamlet" of the artificial eighteenth century,— "Hamlet" drawn by an observer who keeps a keen eye upon the humorous possibilities of the character. As the character represents a type, it is not extraordinary that other originals were suggested, especially the Duc de Montausier, who in his native kindliness and acquired moroseness resembled both Molière and his hero. It is said that the duke, being informed that his portrait had been taken in the "Misanthrope," went to see the play, and only said, "I have no ill will against Molière for the original of 'Alceste,' who, whoever he may be, must be a fine character, since the copy is so."

Goldsmith has shown an equally keen insight into his own foibles in the character of "Honeywood," the hero of "The Good-Natured Man," whose aim in life it is to be generally beloved, who can neither refuse nor contradict, who gives away with lavish liberality to worthy and unworthy alike, who allows his servants to plunder him, who tries to fall in with the humor of every one and to agree with every one. How admirably suited to his own creator is "Honeywood's" confession when he determines on the reformation which Goldsmith, alas, could never make! "Though inclined to the right, I had not courage to condemn the wrong. My charity was but injustice, my benevolence but weakness, and my friendship but credulity." Fielding has undoubtedly painted himself in "Tom Jones," with all his foibles and his weaknesses, and also with a fine manly want of bashfulness in the display of his own perfections. Farquhar in "Sir Harry Wildair" originated the character which Richardson afterwards perfected and made immortal in "Lovelace,"—the gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young gentleman, who throws the witchery of high birth and courteous manners and reckless dash over the qualities of the fop, the libertine, and the spend-thrift. In Sir Harry Wildair, Captain Farquhar drew his own portrait.

What is known as the Byronic hero, the Grand, Gloomy, and Peculiar soul, who shrouds himself in his own singularity, was first brought into literature by Jean Jacques Rousseau, who in his "Nouvelle Héloïse" obviously painted himself in the dreary sentimentalist who poses as hero. But Childe Harold and Lara are great-grandchildren of St.-Preux. They trace their lineage directly through Werther and René. Werther, although the incidents closely resemble the sorrowful life and story of a young man named Jerusalem, really represented the "Sturm und Drang" period of Goethe's own youth. "Werther," says Carlyle, "is but the cry of that deep-rooted pain under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing. It paints the misery, it passionately utters the complaint, and heart and voice all over Europe loudly and at once responded to it." Among those who responded and who

echoed the cry in a succeeding generation and in another country was Chateaubriand. "René" is as grand, as gloomy, and as peculiar as any of Byron's characters, and it is not at all surprising that Chateaubriand, forgetting his own indebtedness to Goethe, should have accused Byron of plagiarizing from himself; but as truly as "René" is the ideal which François René de Chateaubriand had formed of himself, "Childe Harold" is the ideal which Byron had formed of himself. And this ideal Byron is continually repeating in his succeeding poems, for his was essentially the lyrical and not the dramatic mind. As Macaulay says, Byron could exhibit only one man, "a man proud, moody, cynical, with defiance on his brow and misery in his heart, a scorner of his kind, implacable in revenge, yet capable of deep and strong affection. Harold, Lara, Manfred, and a crowd of other characters were universally considered merely as loose copies of Byron, and there is every reason to believe that he meant them to be so considered. . . . Whether there ever existed or can ever exist a person answering to the description which he gave of himself may be doubted, but that he was not such a person is beyond all doubt." Nevertheless, most of the young men of the period strove to imitate him, and sought to describe themselves in prose or in poetry as beings of dark imaginings, whose souls had been seared, and the freshness of whose hearts had been dried at its source. For years the Minerva Press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer.

Something of this affectation survived in Disraeli, and in Bulwer (known sometimes as Byron with a small "b"), who in one of his last works, written long after the Byronic fever had spent itself,—in "Kenelm Chillingly," in short,—seeks to draw his own portrait as a great and mysterious soul in uncomfortable and uncongenial surroundings. But Byron's gloom is far more sincere than that of the young Disraeli or the superannuated Bulwer. Senancour is, however, the sincerest of all the contributors to the "Literature of Despair," and in "Obermann" he has done what Byron and others have failed in,—he has presented a true nineteenth-century Hamlet, he has given voice to the *mal du siècle*. Musset came very near doing the same thing in his "Confessions of a Child of the Age," but he is a little too lachrymose. He lacks the masculinity of Senancour.

Julia von Krudener has sometimes been called the female Werther, because in her novel of "Valerie" she has veiled in the garb of fiction an episode in her own life,—the story of the love which her husband's secretary conceived for her, and which he was too noble to confess until he had resigned his position and fled from her side. But in truth she had been preceded by another famous lady novelist, who not only preceded her but Werther himself. This was the Countess de la Fayette, whose "Princess of Cleves" was published in 1677. It relates the story of the love of a married lady (the princess) for the Duc de Nemours, a gentleman of the court of Henry the Second of France. She acknowledges her love only to her husband, and flies from temptation into the country. When, as the result of a series of misapprehensions, her husband dies of a broken heart, she refuses to marry the duke. The principal personages here are all drawn from the authoress's own

experience, herself being the heroine, her husband the Prince of Cleves, and Rochefoucauld the Duc de Nemours.

Madame de Staël followed in the wake of these ladies. Both in "Delphine" and in "Corinne" she painted herself as she desired to appear,—the passionate, generous, self-sacrificing, and somewhat hysterical personage whose love was her life. In "Delphine," by the way, she ridiculed the Machiavelian subtlety of Talleyrand in her sketch of Madame de Vernon, and Talleyrand's *mot* has often been recorded. "I understand," he said to the authoress, "that we both appear in your new book disguised as women."

One of the most extraordinary episodes in literary history is the love-affair between Alfred de Musset and George Sand, and the three novels which resulted from it. The bare facts seem to be as follows. In 1832 Musset met George Sand and fell desperately in love with her. Next year the pair went to Italy together. Musset returned alone, broken in health and spirits. Rumor was of course busy with inventing reasons why they quarrelled, but for a time neither spoke. "The Confessions of a Child of the Age" came out in 1836, and in them Musset painted George Sand in glowing colors under the name of "Brigitte Pierson," attributing to the hero, obviously drawn from himself, all the blame for the rupture in their relations. Thirteen years later, when he was dead, George Sand published her celebrated romance of "Elle et Lui," and this was followed almost immediately by Paul de Musset's "Lui et Elle." "She and He" was meant by George Sand as her vindication. It tells how two artists are thrown for a brief period into ill-assorted union. The man is all selfishness, the woman all self-sacrifice. At last his egotism, capriciousness, and brutality revolt even her tender love and patience, and she finds comfort elsewhere. Substantially the same outline of story is told by Paul de Musset, only the man is all that is amiable, devoted, and self-sacrificing, while the woman acts throughout as a heartless and abandoned, though diabolically fascinating, creature. In conclusion the author states that the victim of this woman's wiles in his dying hour called his brother to his bedside and enjoined him, if ever she should calumniate him in his grave, to vindicate his memory against her slanders. "The brother made the promise," says the narrator, coolly, "and I have since heard that he has kept his word."

The overstrained sentimentalism which the first portion of this century inherited from the eighteenth naturally brought about its own reaction. The sense of humor reasserted itself; the ridiculous side of the grand, the gloomy, and the peculiar became painfully conspicuous. The persiflage of Heine, the satire of Thackeray, were the natural results. In his deepest anguish Heine never forgets to ward off the ridicule of the uninterested on-looker. Thackeray denies his highest self and paints his lower qualities in Pendennis. In his hatred of posing he will not draw himself up to his full height. Hawthorne, who also hated cant, has depicted himself in Miles Coverdale, a faint, colorless reflection of one of the strongest and manliest figures in our romantic literature. Such *nuances*, however, were unknown to the robust self-complacence of Charles Reade, who in his "Terrible Temp-

tation" has painted himself as the author Rolfe with his very best foot foremost. The portrait, it will be remembered, called forth a storm of ridicule, but Reade boldly acknowledged that he was the original of the sketch, and that he had a perfect right to describe his own virtues. Charlotte Brontë, it is very evident, was her own Jane Eyre, and to a certain extent her own Lucy Snow. And George Eliot has drawn largely from herself in Maggie Tulliver, Romola, Dorothea, and all that group of characters whom Leslie Stephen classes together as women in need of a confessor.

*William S. Walsh.*

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## A MURDERER FOR AN HOUR.

### I.

#### LINKED TO A TERRIBLE CRIME.

"YOU'LL kill me yet!" was my wife's parting taunt.

It was the end. Rising from my own dinner-table, at which I had been seated prior to this sudden outburst of frenzy, I stepped into the hall, drew on my overcoat, and, with these bitter words ringing in my ears, stepped into the street.

We had been married ten years, and this was not by any means our only quarrel. Never before had my wife manifested such an intensity of hatred. It was my first awakening to the fact that Anna despised me. As she had glared at me across the table, with her cruel eyes, it would have been hard to tell whether she feared or coveted assassination.

The insinuation was meaningless to me, at the time, for I never had harmed her in the slightest respect. To a stranger, however, her vicious language would have indicated that dreadful scenes had preceded this one. In her eyes I saw burning keenly the latent fires of wrath that once enkindled in a woman's heart are never quenched. She thoroughly hated me, for the time, though she might repent her words before the sun rose. But, poor girl, she had been ill for some days, and our family physician, Dr. Stanage, had warned me that her mind was not as strong as when I had first known and loved her. Such was the apology I made for her.

And still I was a very unhappy man, as I slowly made my way toward the Juniper Club. When I reached the door of the club-house my face had such a worn expression that the old porter departed from his customary frigid civility far enough to say,—

"I beg pardon, Mr. Jasper; are you ill?"

Glancing at the mirror across the hall, I was myself startled by the wild visage I there saw reflected. I was indeed ill,—heart-sick.

I tried to avoid my friends that night as much as possible. I went into the supper-room and drank a cup of black coffee. I next lit a cigar and strolled into the library. Nothing there to divert my mind. Seeking the card-room, I found a vacant place at a poker-table. For

four hours I played mechanically, without sense or skill, and with varying fortune. The stakes were not high, and my recklessness saved me from heavy loss. At midnight I quit the game, slightly behind.

The recollection of my domestic unhappiness did not leave me for an instant.

Descending to the smoking-room, I found a vacant chair at one of the windows, and, throwing myself into it, I gazed out upon the avenue. Lonely as was the thoroughfare, it seemed merry with conviviality when I studied my own heart. A 'bus-driver passed up-town on his last trip. Ah! he was going home,—a place I no longer possessed. How I envied him!

I arose to leave the building: I would go to a hotel to pass the night.

At the door, likewise taking his departure, I met Harris, a near neighbor. We lived in Thirty-Seventh Street, in the same block, just out Fifth Avenue.

"Well, Jasper, going home?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, mechanically, though I intended to say "No." It was not an act of aphasia, this. I had become such a creature of irresolution that in the brief interval between the question and the reply I had resolved to return home and make peace.

We walked slowly up-town, my neighbor and I. What we talked about, I cannot recall, because my mind was fully occupied with my own thoughts,—my overmastering sorrow. We separated at my door, and, as we did so, the clock in the great brick church at the corner of the avenue struck the hour.

"One o'clock!" exclaimed Harris. "I hadn't any idea it was so late." Then we said good-by.

Here stood my home, all in darkness,—its family skeleton shrouded like the dead of night. Everybody was in bed.

I had not decided on a course of procedure that would insure the restoration of my happiness. Something of the kind was imperative. I stepped into my library and dropped into an arm-chair before the dying embers in the grate. It was the very place for such deliberation.

We had quarrelled, Anna and I, about a very commonplace matter, as I have said. There was no limit, however, to her indignation. Doubtless, on some forgotten occasion, or in some unrecognized way, I had provoked her. It was the part of manhood to assume the blame, anyhow. I'd do so. For the sake of our home and our daughter, I would not leave her alone, even for one night. I had loved Anna very deeply, and nothing but her recent uncontrollable outbursts of temper had estranged me. Why should it alter my affection,—especially as she was sick and physically distressed?

This apologetic line of reasoning quieted my mind for the time, and I absolutely ceased to think. Perhaps I dozed for a few minutes. When I resumed my self-communing, I was rather surprised to find that my argument had taken an antithetical turn. The provocation was certainly hers. She was very unreasonable. Why should I humiliate myself by the further sacrifice of self-respect? Though this



line of thought was repugnant to my better impulses, I could not divert my mind into a channel that accorded with them. Several times, to my surprise, I detected myself speaking aloud, and with bitterness.

After a little time, my manhood reasserted itself; my duty as a husband and as a father became clear, despite all conflicting impulses, and I decided to restore the harmony of our household.

I sat very still, watching the fire burn out, as had my happiness.

I must have fallen into a troubled sleep, for when I again looked into the grate its coals were dull, the room was chilly, and a ray of moonlight that had not been there earlier entered from the window, crossing the heavy Persian rug at my feet.

I shivered. I was conscious of a feeling that something had happened in the house while I had slept. Stepping to the window and getting in the sheen, I looked at my watch.

It was almost three o'clock: I had been home two hours!

I quietly ascended the stairs to my room,—our room. It was a large apartment at the front, just over the drawing-room.

I opened the door cautiously. Within was darkness, except for the moonlight that streamed through one of the windows across the bed. The bed was empty, and undisturbed! Had Anna fled? No. How stupid I! she had doubtless gone to some other room to sleep.

I called her name in a low voice, once—and, again, louder.

No answer.

I found a match in my clothes, struck a light, and discovered my wife lying, dressed in a white wrapper, on a sofa in the centre of the room.

How pretty she was! What should I do? Was she sleeping, or shamming? Asleep, of course. The storm had passed, she was calm now: the gently-parted lips told me, without moving, that she was penitent and longed for forgiveness. I wouldn't wait for her to ask. I'd sit down beside her on the couch, and awaken her with a kiss. I'd rehearse the nursery-tale of the Prince and the Sleeping Beauty. Dear heart, the old love should be ours again.

I approached on tiptoe, having still some doubts as to the way in which my offer of affection would be received. Would she resent my caress? Heaven only knew.

I knelt by her side on the edge of the wide sofa, and, bending slowly over her, pressed my lips to hers. Oh, God!

I sprang to my feet. The mouth was damp with the nameless moisture of death,—the ooze of the tomb. I clutched her wrist—no pulse. I placed my hand upon her heart—no throb. I tried to raise her to a sitting posture, but her limp form escaped from my trembling grasp and fell in a heap upon the floor. The eyelids slowly opened, revealing the cold gray orbs, now stony in their stare.

Dead!

Remorse-stricken, that Anna had died before forgiving me, I sank to a kneeling posture beside the corpse. I was utterly incapable of reasoning, or of comprehending the awful calamity that had come upon our household.



How had such a fate overtaken her? Could it be that she had killed herself? Surely that was preposterous.

Staggering to the light, I turned it higher, and saw on my shirt-cuff a great bright-red blotch, like a peony. Her blood! Looking more closely now, I saw a similar spot on her bosom.

Murder! My poor Anna murdered!

Again and again, in the anguish of my woe, did I clasp her limp corpse to my breast. Next, seeing the blood-spot on her white dress, I tore it open, and found, just over the heart, a wound—not half an inch long, but deep as a stab from a sword-cane. Oh, whose work, this? I had loved the lost one, after all. As I lay there by her side upon the floor, I recalled the gentleness of her youth, when our love was young—

Was I mistaken, or didn't the hall door, that I had shut, open slightly and as silently close?

I sprang to it and flung it wide.

Silence: darkness.

A dozen different lines of thought ran through my mind simultaneously. And yet my will to shout for the police and to alarm the inmates of the house would not assert itself.

## II.

### AM I INNOCENT?

THE tears that filled my eyes suddenly dried. My cheeks became covered with a cold dew.

That I would be suspected of this awful crime was certain!

How should I act? An error would ruin me forever. I must be calm, for this was a crisis in my life, a crucial test of my judgment. Suspected? Didn't I even suspect myself? I had been conscious of just such a vague fantasy every instant since the appalling moment of discovery. Unless the murderer were found at once, the least I could hope for would be a long imprisonment and the disgrace and dangers of a jury trial for the murder of my wife. Think of my position! The circumstantiality of the evidence against me was crushing. It was sufficient to hang me.

Let me analyze it, hurriedly, beginning with the theory of innocence (though the public and the jurymen would entertain a presumption of guilt the moment after my arrest) and concluding with the opposite view. Here's the defence, for example:

I had left home to avoid a quarrel, and had successfully restrained my feelings, under the utmost provocation. Never at any previous time had I struck, or threatened, my wife,—“in the presence of witnesses,” the district attorney would add. Her exclamation was an idle taunt, uttered in anger, but without significance or reason. She was ill, and had been for weeks. Dr. Stanage, our physician, could settle that. Many witnesses could doubtless be found to testify that,

to the best of their knowledge and belief, I never before had been accused of murder or other crime. Then I'd take the stand and tell the story of the night, in a frank and unreserved manner.

But, God save me! a prisoner in the dock charged with murder cannot hope to clear himself on his own testimony! The events of the night would be pieced together from the statements of other and often unfriendly mouths.

How different everything would be, presented in that way! Here's an outline of the State's case against me, as it ran through my mind:

To begin with, the moral weight of a grand jury's indictment.

The prisoner—for I'd be in the criminal dock, remember—had left home in a rage. This, on the testimony of his servants. His wife had certainly been in terror of her life, as attested by the last words she was known to have uttered to the prisoner,—“known to have uttered,” remember. Robert Bowers, the butler, possibly well disposed towards his late master,—“his late master,” because the scandal would alienate even my servants,—might give the words of the deceased the gentlest possible rendering—as, for example, “You'll worry me to death;” but Maria McCandlass, maid to the deceased, would repeat the prophetic words with thrilling accuracy,—“the prophetic words,” understand. She would doubtless disclose other language from the half-crazed woman sufficient to convince a jury that her life had been repeatedly threatened. What the maid omitted, the prosecuting officer would assuredly supply during his final address to the jury. Next would follow the testimony of the porter at the club and several of the prisoner's former friends therein,—“former friends,” you know. Immediately on the arrest of their late member—for, of course, I'd be quietly dropped—they had recalled, even on their slight acquaintance, remember, his haggard face and aimless conduct, his *distrail* manner at the card-table, and his disinclination to go home. Had they known the prisoner well enough,—ah me!—they would have asked him over what he meditated so moodily. As for Harris, Mr. Anthony Harris, neighbor of the accused,—why, his testimony would complete the chain of guilt. Yes, I've heard these very words applied to a man in the prisoner's dock many times. It would show, at the very least, that the man at the bar had been in the house of the crime more than two hours before he gave an alarm. “Could anybody be expected to believe the story of the sleep in the library, recounted as an after-thought by the learned and brilliant counsellor who so ably defends this indicted wife-murderer?”—exactly how the prosecuting officer would dispose of the facts about my foolish stay in my own house, stated as they would have to be through my attorney in opening the defence. The policeman and the private watchman on the beat would testify that not a ray of light was seen in the library of my former residence; for you know how observing such gentlemen always prove to have been after the discovery of a great crime. They'd declare, however, that they had noticed the gas burning brightly in the room where the dead woman lay, some time before an alarm was given,—fool that I was, not to have thought of the glowing chandelier over my head! [It was only the work of a moment to close the inside shutters and draw the thick drapery curtains.]

"Even the prisoner's explanation regarding the delay in notifying the police, as made on the night of the murder to officers and reporters, was too flimsy for serious consideration"—and I readily imagined a dozen twists that the lawyer, and the witnesses before him, might give to the conflicting emotions now torturing me. It would be proved that a District Telegraph call-box was in the very room in which the accused claimed to have discovered the murder,—“claimed to have discovered,” you hear, and the judge would listen. The line-men of that company would swear, most positively, that on the night in question the wire was in perfect order. Then, too, the night-operator at the Telephone Exchange would appear, prompt and chipper as he ever is known to be, and testify that the prisoner had not called up police head-quarters on the alleged discovery of the awful deed, though an instrument—in good order, as his record of tests showed—was in the hall, just outside the bedroom door. The blood on the suspect's hands and clothing, if not removed, would suggest to the prosecutor a horrible bit of Poe-like oratorical realism. The prisoner's explanation that “the damning spots” were got in the act of awakening his supposed sleeping wife with a kiss, in the light of the unimpeachable testimony regarding their angry separation, must necessarily be rejected by judge, jury, and everybody in the court-room.

A spotless record of previous good character would amount to little in view of the logical conclusion,—save that opposing counsel would employ it to enlighten this generation regarding the cases of Eugene Aram, Professor Webster, and John Hunter.

Weighed by the deductive method, the conclusion in the minds of bench and jury would be that the prisoner had returned home at one o'clock, full of rancor, determined to renew the quarrel and to crush the rebellious spirit of his wife; that the library incident was a fiction, one of those silly blunders of invention that the guilty often make; that the intending murderer had gone directly to his wife's chamber, stealthily, too, because the child's-nurse in an adjacent apartment had not been wakened; that the poor victim had thrown herself upon the sofa, dressed,—presumptive evidence that she feared to go to bed and that she had hoped to keep awake; that the husband had noiselessly entered the apartment, feeling that there this weak woman was completely in his power; that he had found his victim asleep, and, acting on a demoniacal impulse, he had stabbed her to the heart; that the absence of the weapon of death disposed of all thought of suicide; and, finally, that this was one of the most atrocious cases of wife-murder in the whole range of American criminal history.

An appalling position, truly. My child, Madge, asleep with her nurse in an adjoining room, was motherless, and I dare not waken her! I have no time for grief, just yet; the living must be saved from infamy. Less than a minute has been required to reach a conclusion, to review the past, to grasp the present, and to forecast the future. Now, I have decided. I will seek my family physician and life-long friend, Dr. Oscar Stanage, and bring him to this room of horror. His acumen will aid me to reach a conclusion. His advice shall guide me.

But I cannot send for him: I must go myself. Nor can I leave

the room unlocked. Suppose my child, or a servant, awakens and visits the apartment during my absence! Terrible; but it must be risked.

I turn down the light, open the door into the hall, listen intently, change the key to the outside of the door, and close the room. Then begins my slow, cautious glide along the hall toward the head of the stairs. How hopelessly craven and guilty I feel! and yet my motive is the noble one of shielding my own good name and the honor of my family. Candidly, the jeopardy to my own neck no longer terrifies me. But I am thoroughly prostrated mentally, and feel the need of a strong arm, such as Stanage's, to lean upon.

Before I have descended many steps I stop again to reflect. If I am heard, if I am seen, I'm a lost man.

I know it.

For a moment, I repent that I have not rung the alarm-bell at once and allowed all consequences to take care of themselves. But now I dare not draw back. I fear even to retrace my way to the room in which my dead wife lies, because there is a loose board in the floor between me and that Bluebeard chamber that I shun the hazard of repassing. No, I must go forward.

The descent is resumed, when I am startled by a noise. I certainly hear something. I am watched! I am detected! Or is the murderer still in the house? To take him red-handed were my salvation and my vengeance. *My* life is worthless; I shall grapple with him without weapons, armed with nothing but despair. Anxiously I await a recurrence of the sounds, intending to act with all the fabled strength of a madman. While awaiting this signal for a deadly combat, my irresolute mind reflects that the key to my room is in my pocket, and that an explanation of this fact would be difficult should the guilty person escape me. Why have I locked that door? Perjury alone will save my neck, if I be charged with the crime: the truth will hang me.

Straining to the uttermost my two senses of sight and hearing, and following two separate trains of thought, I wait. That's the sound again, near the top of the stairs behind me! It begins with a low moan, but ends in one sob-like utterance, "Mamma." Ah! My poor orphan Madge is moaning in her sleep, doubtless grieving in her dreams over the troubles between her parents. Alas! my almost baby girl rises as another of my accusers.

I hesitate no longer. Several minutes have been occupied in descending the stairs. At last the inner hall door is opened, and I stand in my own vestibule. I am about to step into the street, when there comes a foot-fall on the stoop without, and somebody tries the door. My blood ceases to run; terror congeals it. Am I to be entrapped like a rat in a hole,—I trembling and blood-stained? Oh that it were my poor Anna's murderer returning to complete the family slaughter! I would yield and thank him for the welcome token of death and forgetfulness. My courage has utterly gone. The door is tried again. A heavy hand clutches the bell-knob, and I realize that it is about to be pulled. If it be, I am undone. That bell must not ring! I grasp the wire leading to the interior of the house and hold it resolutely. The person without listens intently for a few moments,

evidently undecided whether to waken the household or not. Does he detect, by that strange influence known as human sympathy, my presence inside the door? I hold my breath. The visitor retreats to the edge of the step, stands there a few moments, probably looking upward at the windows recently aglow but now in darkness. He then slowly descends to the pavement, and I hear his foot-fall die away as he recedes. He is the patrolman, who, having seen the lighted room at so unusual an hour, has feared that his services might be needed. But he has reasoned himself out of an inquisitive impulse that I alone can account for.

Waiting until he has left the square, I emerge into the street and make a dash for Dr. Stanage's house, near by.

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III.

"ET TU, BRUTE!"

I AM back at my own door, and I have Dr. Stanage with me.

We enter the house; but, despite all my caution, my companion stumbles on the stairs and makes considerable noise. I hear the nurse-maid moving in her room, and realize that she has heard us enter.

I have not dared to tell Stanage all the facts. Briefly, I have indicated that my wife needs immediate attention. We are in the hall before the door of the death-chamber. I manage to unlock it so skillfully as to deceive my companion into believing that the delay is occasioned by groping for the knob. We enter the apartment,—to me so chilly and ghostly. The next moment I lock the door and turn up the light.

Instinctively, the physician—no longer my old school-fellow, Oscar Stanage, but a ministering angel—goes toward the recumbent figure. He takes three very quick steps, then checks himself and exclaims,—

"Dead!" Then he slowly turns his face toward mine, and repeats, interrogatively, "Dead?"

"Yes, doctor,"—for I do not call him Oscar, as I would under almost any other circumstances. "That is where, and how, I found her."

"Are you sure?" he asks, in a tone of awful gravity. He may have meant to ask if she had been moved, or if anything in the room had been changed, but I detect in his query the very suspicion of me that I had feared. He grows pale as he stares at me!

"I am positive. I found her dead on the sofa when I came into this room, and in attempting to raise her she fell to the floor. I replaced her in exactly the same position which she first occupied. Then I went for you." My voice sounds harsh and heartless even to my own ears as I conclude,—

"What do you think?"

He does not answer. I never have seen Stanage act so strangely. He throws off his overcoat, and sets his hat, which he holds respect-



fully in his hand, upon the bureau. Then he carefully surveys the room, as I had done before him. Not a feature, even to the blinded windows, escapes his keen scrutiny.

He realizes that he is entangled in what will be, beyond any doubt, a celebrated murder case.

I need not say that in that moment of scrutiny and retrospection he grasped and combined every incident of my visit to his house, my guarded language to him through the speaking-tube which communicates with his bedside, the poverty of my explanations when he appeared at his door, my nervous, though resolute, purpose to compel and hasten his progress, the stealthy entrance to my own home, and the final crushing surprise—coupled with my then stoical conduct—in finding my wife dead. That he beheld a corpse, his practised eye told him at the first glance. Professionally, he can be of no service to me. His interest in this woman's death is that of friend and neighbor. How had she died? is the first question which suggests itself. Stanage glances at the blood on Anna's breast and on my clothing, but attaches less importance to its presence on my shirt-cuffs than had I. He then carefully examines the wound. The blow had been given with an instrument long and keen, but sharp only on one side. A distinct discoloration begins to appear, as from a bruise, at one end of the cut. The doctor then makes a discovery startling in the extreme. There is still a faint trace of warmth in the region of the heart, where is the gaping wound. *Rigor mortis* has not been established, and, as we stand silently deliberating, the jaw of the dead woman begins to fall.

"When did you come home?" asks Stanage. His manner is strange and thoughtful.

"At one o'clock."

"And you have been here since?"

"Yes,"—feeling that something dreadful is coming.

"Why, man, your wife has not been dead an hour and a half, and it is now after three."

"My God! then she was murdered while I sat in the library!"

"And you heard nothing? Tell me the truth, now, John. Go on, speak!"

As calmly as I am able, I repeat the story of my visit to the library, the sleep, and the subsequent journey up the stairway, at about three o'clock, to my wife's room. No detail is spared, though I feel that I am further entangling myself.

"What, in heaven's name, caused you to lounge in your library at that hour of the night?"

Then I go back in my narrative and tell him of our quarrel, of my misery during the evening, of my wish for a reconciliation, and of my final determination to ask forgiveness. As I add each detail, my friend's face grows more grave. He is gradually reaching the conclusion, already accepted by me, that I shall have to stand a trial for my wife's murder. His thoughts are clearly indicated by his next query:

"Do you ever walk in your sleep?"

What could I answer? He does not give me time to frame a defence, but asks, abruptly,—



"What hat did you wear to the club to-night?"

"A tall, black Derby."

"Have you more than one such?"

"No." I am in much perplexity. What is he aiming at?

"You came to my house in a Scotch cap, did you not? In this?"  
—he concludes, stepping to the table and taking up the worsted cap that I had thrown there.

"Certainly."

"Then whose hat is this on the dressing-bureau?"

It is in my hand in a moment; and I answer,—

"Mine."

"How did it get here?"

"I don't know."

"Could you have worn your hat for two hours in the library and carried it here when you first came up?"

"I certainly never did before."

"That's bad,—very bad."

"What do you mean, Stanage? Do you think——"

"No; not yet. Come, there is one thing left. We must search this house from cellar to garret. We must decide whether the murderer is within its doors before we resolve upon a policy. The perpetrator of this murder must be found at once, or he never will be."

"But he is not in the house."

"Oh! you have made the search, have you?"

"No, I—have—not."

"Then, sir, how do you know the murderer is not here?"

"I merely assume it; I now see how unwarranted my expression was."

"Indulge in much careless talk of that kind, and your fellow-citizens might 'assume' to arraign you as a murderer. I say, lead the way to the cellar. Matches, candles, tallow dips,—anything that will make a light! No more darkness. You've indulged in too much of it already; by far too much."

We light matches. We descend to the butler's pantry, where a half-dozen candles are found. We peer under every table, into every closet, in the parlor and the dining-room, and then turn to enter the library. Stanage touches me on the arm, ere we cross the threshold, and whispers,—

"Look closely, now, and tell me if everything here is as when you left."

I carefully survey the desolate apartment. Apparently, yes.

#### IV.

##### ON THE TRAIL.

I HAVE been away from this room less than an hour, so I recall the location of the chair and table vividly. There is the chair, exactly where I sat. The coals in the grate are now white and soulless: the embers, fast expiring when I departed, have burned completely

out. Back of the chair should stand the table. Yes, here is the table, with ormolu top, exactly in place. I lay my hand upon it to emphasize the certainty with which I speak; but, on doing so, I am conscious of an indescribable shock. My sense of touch tells me that something about it has changed, though I cannot tell what or in what manner. My consternation is visible on my face, for Stanage's attention is attracted. He steps to my side, and asks, in a low voice,—

"What do you see?"

It is a moment before I answer,—

"I see nothing; but this table feels differently."

I know that I have found a clue. My heart is beating as if to liberate itself from my poor, tortured, torn body. I have been on the rack so long!

"Speak, man," Stanage commands: "what's the matter with you?" He stealthily takes my wrist and seeks the pulse of the arm whose hand is not upon the table.

I am still silent, but hopeful. Gradually my thoughts are collecting themselves. I am on the way to clearness. Suddenly, it all comes to me. I exclaim,—

"When I was here, two hours ago, this table had a cloth upon it."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive; at least, I felt it when I came in."

"Ah! not as you went out?"

"Can I recollect? Yes, it was as I entered that I ran against this table and laid my hand upon its top. I did not feel the chilly bronze then. A soft raw-silk cloth covered it."

"How did you leave the room?"

"I rose from this chair, thus, and went directly through into the hall, to the left."

"From this side, away from the table?"

"Unquestionably."

"Well, I have convinced myself that you are right, for, see, here is a table-cloth on the floor, and on the opposite side from that on which you passed out."

"I could not possibly have brushed it off," is my rejoinder, though I am rather abashed at the apparent destruction of my clue.

"No, that cloth is the starting-point of the trail that leads to the assassin," exclaims the doctor.

"I fail to understand."

"The murderer of your wife was hidden under that table when you entered this room. [Ah! thank God! he no longer suspects me.] He had probably heard you come into the house, and ensconced himself here until you should go to bed. But, becoming anxious at your long stay, and finally conscious of your sleep, he crawled out on the side farthest from you and your chair, dragging the light cover to the floor. Then he went up-stairs and committed the murder."

"No, Stanage, that's not plausible."

"Plausible or not, it's the only evidence of the murderer's presence in the house, beyond the corpse. Now for the kitchen and cellar," says Stanage, as he leads the way with feverish enthusiasm.

Every lock, catch, bolt in the cellar, kitchen, pantry, billiard-room (which had been the breakfast-room in front of the kitchen), is tried and found secure. Every means of egress from the lower part of the house is just as it should be. Had the chain and bolt on the front door been fastened when I went for the doctor? Yes. I am positive that they were, as I had fixed them on my first entrance to the house; and I recall my anxiety lest the patrolman should rattle the chain when he shook the door.

We search every room and corner of the hall-ways, until the attic is reached.

"The murderer must have escaped to the roof by the scuttle. I hope, for your sake, we shall find it open," says the doctor.

He is still doubtful of my innocence, after all. Or has he forgotten?

The attic is dark and dusty, and full of bad air that has risen from every part of the house below. While I climb the short iron ladder leading to the roof, and try the scuttle door (only to find it securely fastened on the inside), the physician is exploring every nook and cranny of the vast expanse of the floor and partitions close under the rafters. He passes rapidly, stealthily, and cautiously from one small apartment to another. In one he remains longer than usual. Guided by the light from his candle, which, like me, he holds in his fingers, I make my way quietly past trunks and boxes of outlawed wearing-apparel to a small low-ceilinged room at the extreme rear end of the house.

Has Stanage really made a discovery, or has he forgotten the purpose of this search because he sees sleeping there a strange swarthy Italian girl that our cook found in the street several weeks ago and brought to the shelter of our home as her "slavey"? She has been allowed to dwell up here among the wasps and sparrows. I had forgotten her presence in the house. Here she is, however, and I am about to call the doctor away in order that the minx be not awakened, when I perceive a strange action on Stanage's part. He does not know that I am so near and watching him. He holds the candle before the eyes of the woman as she lies stretched out upon her straw mattress, on the low bed. I step closer and pull the doctor's sleeve. I am very fearful we will awaken the girl and that she will arouse the house with her screams. When I jerk his coat, an accident happens. A few drops of the scalding wax from the doctor's candle drop upon the closed eyelids of the girl. She does not awaken! The doctor listens to her breathing. It is natural and regular.

We are both amazed. Among all the horrible and unaccountable events of the past three awful hours, this one is certainly the most strange and unnatural. We stare into each other's eyes like two lunatics.

It is then the doctor's turn to clutch me by the shoulder, in the half-standing, half-stooping posture we have both assumed. He leads me out into the hall, and hisses in my ear,—

*"That thing is awake!"*

## V.

## BEYOND THE PALE OF THE LAW.

WE look at each other in amazement. If awake when the crime was committed, this girl may possess its secret. Ah! she may have admitted the assassin to the house.

We re-enter the low room, and, by a dexterous act, the doctor thrusts a handkerchief into the girl's half-open mouth. I pinion her arms, and we force her to sit up in bed.

"Open your eyes!" It is the doctor who commands.

The girl stares into our faces, and then makes frantic efforts to release herself. She is very strong, and we have to conquer her by sheer force before the doctor can explain that we do not intend to harm her.

"Will you answer my questions?" the physician asks.

The girl nods her head sullenly.

Not comprehending my companion's purpose, I am not in favor of trusting her. Dr. Stanage, however, is willing to take any risk in the vague hope that this creature can furnish a clue to the perpetrator of the horrible crime still hidden in this silent, still-sleeping household. Before he removes the handkerchief from the girl's mouth, he asks,—

"Who killed Mrs. Jasper?"

We study the effect on the face of the swarthy creature. She evinces neither surprise nor terror. The physician darts at me a glance full of meaning. We understand each other. The woman knows of the murder! We are agreed on that. But the woman's countenance is devoid of further hope. Will she scream? Or will she tell us what she knows? It is a problem. We are taking a great risk. But Dr. Stanage does not hesitate. He snatches the cloth from her mouth as he repeats the command, more peremptorily than before,—

"Now, tell us, who killed Mrs. Jasper?"

The answer does not come immediately. Have we been deceived? Is she really ignorant? Have we placed ourselves in her power, and is she capable of comprehending the fact? No. She is about to speak. Her lips begin to move, and, after two or three efforts at articulation, she answers slowly,—

"I keel 'er."

Her words are almost incomprehensible. The unexpected shock causes me to gasp for breath. My collapse is chiefly due, I confess, to the sudden lifting of the veil of suspicion from me. Dr. Stanage is mute. I doubt if he believes her. I tighten my clutch upon the girl's arm and find voice to exclaim,—

"You?"

She looks me full in the eyes and mutters, interrogatively,—

"Ah? You no tank-a a me!"

"Thank you? Are you mad, girl?" I did not understand then; but I did later. Then Dr. Stanage took her in hand, now coaxingly,

now savagely aggressive in his questions, and bit by bit we finally got the whole story of this dreadful night's work.

The confession, in all its details, is as void of conscious sense of crime as is a child's admission of the pettiest fault. The woman's gestures prolong the narrative and increase my agony; the shrugs of her shoulders give one the idea of a reptile; but the story is a horrible and curious one.

Ever since she came into the house, more than a month ago, it has been this girl's habit to prow about the open rooms during the night, when others were asleep. She was in the library to-night,—wretched, homeless creature,—seated on the rug before the fire, watching the castles of her beloved Italy as she, alone, found them among its embers, when I came home. When she heard me hang up my coat she knew I was the master of the house; and, as my footsteps approached the library, she had barely time to crawl under the bronze-top table. She declares that in my half-awake condition, as I sat in the chair, I talked aloud of my unhappiness. I fear she speaks the truth. When I finally fell asleep, she made her escape and crawled up the stairs. The door of my wife's room stood open, she says, and within, on the sofa, Anna lay asleep. The swarthy Italian peasant was entranced by the sleeping woman's beauty and the luxury that surrounded her. She stopped a moment to gratify the covetousness of her heart. Ah! what did she see on the stand at the head of the couch! It sparkled, ay, it was radiant as the sun in her envious eyes. If she could only take the "deedamon" in her fingers for one moment. Without intent to steal, she protested, she stealthily glided into the room. Her visit may have been an innocent one. Who shall say? I don't know. Perhaps it was her first temptation.

Just as she took the necklace in her hand, "the signora" opened her eyes widely. There could be only one thought in her mind. A thief was about to despoil her!

Anna was a resolute and courageous woman. She did not scream. [I wonder why not. Could it have been—alas! could it have been because she thought I had returned home and she repelled the thought of my rescuing her from the dilemma?] She probably overestimated her strength, but she sprang at the swarthy woman unawares and clutched her tightly by the throat.

As she tells the tale, the girl suddenly seizes the doctor by the neck to make her meaning clear,—for we have both relaxed our hold upon her, from loathing and horror. He savagely untwists her chubby, greasy fingers, as he says, "Go on!"

"Signora s'e queek, ver' queek." And the murderess shakes herself and her eyes flash with aroused passion. Then, in wildly rapid language, almost unintelligible in parts, she tells how my wife bore her down to her knees before she could offer a word of explanation. She was strangling! Her head was thrown back,—and she shows us the posture,—but her swimming eyes saw a slender, keen steel pin, with a jewelled head of silver, thrust through her antagonist's hair. It was a small dagger, an ornament that I had bought for Anna, as a souvenir, at the sword-works of Toledo. She rarely wore it. Oh! sad mischance

that she had done so on this awful night! But while my thoughts are so busy the murderess tells how, her hands being free, she had the stiletto-like weapon in her grasp. The struggle was no longer an unequal one. It was ended in an instant. With her left hand, as the murderess tells us, she felt carefully for the heart of the woman who towered above her. No trouble in finding the spot, the poor heart was beating so violently. Here it was! One savage thrust, deep, deep! The words are thrilling in which she concludes:

*"Sono liberata! I am free!"*

She did not realize the fact that she was a murderess then any more than she does now. After all, if her story be true, she too has been a victim of circumstances. She cannot substantiate her innocence of intent any more than could I my innocence of act an hour ago. Her story is ended; but we are forced to listen further.

With great difficulty, as she explains, did she place the dead body upon the sofa. She even speaks of a smile upon the dead face. Her calmness is horrible. But she continues:

The diamonds were picked up and replaced on the small stand,—just as I had found them. She was about to escape from the house, she says, when she remembered my presence in the library. The opening of the door would awaken me. She must wait. She hid herself behind a door on the upper floor. Then a horrible curiosity seized her. She must know if her mistress were really dead. Noiselessly she descended. Those stairs were very many, she says. The door, when she reached it, was almost closed. A slight push disclosed me bending over the corpse, in the first bewildering agonies of the awful discovery. Instinctively, she clutched the knob and drew the door towards her. But I had seen the movement, and she had barely time to fly, headlong, to the bath-room. Thus had she escaped me, I mentally comment, because, in my despair, I doubted the evidence of my senses.

The weapon?

She had drawn it from the wound, carefully wiped the dagger, and replaced it among the brown tresses of my poor dead wife. There it was afterwards found.

Such is the awful confession. Stanage and I are mute with amazement. A clock, somewhere in the house, strikes four!

I am no longer a suspected assassin: we have the culprit.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What happened then?" you ask.

Tell the gentle reader, my dear Stanage, because you know the rest is a blank to me. Tell the sequel, and let not any fears of anticlimax distress you. Let those who write by rule say on.

"There isn't much to tell," said Oscar Stanage, with professional reserve. "John and I locked the girl in the room, which was without windows, while we went to police head-quarters. We laid all the facts, even to the minutest details, before the officers in charge. We returned to the house accompanied by the Inspector and two detectives. To them the girl repeated her confession, and, in the presence of the corpse of her victim, minutely described the struggle and the death-stroke.



I believed her. The household was awakened; the murderess was taken away, gagged, in a carriage—for she began to show signs of fear and terror of the law. Hardly had the officers left the house before you, John, fell in a faint and were put to bed in a raging fever. I did not leave your side until eight o'clock in the morning. As I was descending the stairs, an officer informed me that the wretched murderess had been found dead in her cell at daylight, strangled with a lace from one of her shoes. Do you know, that information frightened me more than any event of the night?"

"Why so, doctor?" we all ask.

"Suppose she had committed that act before we returned with the police and before she had repeated her confession to them: where would I have been? Here was John, a raving madman for six weeks. My testimony would have been utterly unsupported by corroborative evidence. My position would have been trying in the extreme. The woman's suicide brought the whole matter within the pale of the coroner, and I was a very inconspicuous figure at the inquest. But for her self-obliteration, the Jasper murder would have been one of the celebrated cases of American criminal history."

*Julius Chambers.*

### LIFE.

IF life were one dance in a torch-lit hall,  
 If life were sweet music and that were all,  
 It would be as gay as a summer day.  
 But music ceases and lights die out,  
 And what of the darkness of night without?

If live were but lover and lady gay,  
 No armor to wear and no riding away,  
 It would be as bright as a wedding night.  
 But Morning bugles and Honor calls,  
 And, oh! the silence of widowed halls!

One rare brief moment they fight no more.  
 The sailor is home from the distant shore.  
 Away so long! and rest but a song  
 Begun by a bride in the dead man's ears,  
 And lost in the tempest or shock of spears.

*Douglas Sladen.*

## A PLEA FOR HELEN.

IN these days of so-called "advanced thinking," when the claim of woman to every right and privilege under the sun is discussed and hardly so much as questioned, it strikes one curiously to find in a popular monthly this inquiry as the heading of an article: "Is Beauty a Blessing?" Not a blessing in the abstract, as relates to the whole human race, but a Blessing to Woman, with a large W.

One woman, who has lived many years, and had much to do with other women, begs leave to answer the question from her own standpoint; and her answer is "yes," very decidedly. Why, pray, should it not be? The Supreme Ruler of the universe, whether you call him Zeus or Jehovah, God or Cosmic Force, is under all circumstances and conditions the great Beauty-Lover and Beauty-Giver. Whatever he makes is beautiful, until man has marred it by his blunders or his sins. Can it be that the beauty with which, for very love of it, he has clothed the useless lilies of the field, is aught but a blessing to any creature on whom he has bestowed it? A beautiful soul in a beautiful body is a jewel fitly shrined.

"But," it is said, "beautiful souls and beautiful bodies are seldom wedded." Now, can this be proved? Is it true? We would like to have statistics on this point. Perhaps it may be possible to introduce a new feature into the next census, and to decide beyond a peradventure just what proportion of Helens—taking Helen as the type of beautiful womanhood—are greater fools or greater sinners than their plainer sisters.

It is the easiest thing in the world to make an assertion. Consequently there is no difficulty in saying, as a modern sage does say, that the possession of great personal loveliness is incompatible with an equal amount of good sense and good feeling. But might one be allowed to ask why? Wherein lies the subtle connection, or disconnection, between these qualities? The question is certainly an important one. If it is true, as has been asserted, that, in addition to being a dunce and a virago, Helen as a rule marries unhappily, then certainly it is time something was done about it. Helen's mother should take the matter in hand at once. Fortunately, or unfortunately, personal beauty is easily gotten rid of. Nothing on earth is more fragile, or more illusory. It is possible that this may not be true in a state of savagery, where standards, tastes, and habits are quite unlike our own. But I venture to say that in this quarter of the globe, and in our day and generation, any mother who fears that *petite* Mademoiselle Helen will, as she grows older, be harmed by her beauty, can easily put an end to the danger if she wishes. Persistent recklessness, disregard of the laws of health, carelessness and bad taste generally, will soon make this *un fait accompli*. If hereafter Paris and Menelaus contend for her favor, there is little fear that it will be her beauty that calls them to arms.

Helen is surely to be pitied if the gods in dowering her with the

so-called fatal gift of beauty have handicapped her for life. Anent this question of unhappy marriages, some one says that Helen plays and palters with fate and her lovers, till only the crooked stick is left her at last; while—who is the exact opposite, the antipodes, so to speak, of our fair Helen? shall we call her Ariadne, simply for the sake of convenience?—while Ariadne, then, having but one lover, appreciates him at his true worth and takes him thankfully for her lord and master.

Now, would it not seem as if the woman who had several lovers to choose from might possibly make a wiser selection than she who had but one, thus being compelled to Hobson's choice? This is one way of looking at it. Another is this. The cases are very rare in which Ariadne marries Theseus because he is her one sole suitor. She is not in the least haunted by the fear of being doomed to perpetual maidenhood. Ariadne, as well as Helens, have their importunate wooers. The whole history of the race shows this.

It is said that Helen is a mere butterfly; that because she has so fair a body she neglects her "immortal powers" and spends her idle summer days sitting from flower to flower, sipping a little honey here and there, but laying up no stores for winter. It would be interesting to have some statistics on this point, too. Come to the front, O Vassar and Smith and Wellesley, and tell us whether it be true that even in her callow days Helen, as a rule, neglects her lessons and by a natural law gravitates to the foot of the class. It is not possible to believe that a girl's only incentive to study is a desire for admiration. Yet this is certainly implied in the statement that as Ariadne knows she has few, or no, personal charms to depend upon, she cultivates her brains, while Helen, because she has a pretty face, refuses to study!

Is Helen in greater danger than her less favored sister of falling a victim to an unholy passion for fine feathers?

Very doubtful. It is not safe to affirm on this point as to all Helens or all Ariadnes. The former can wear homespun and yet seem to be arrayed like the Queen of Sheba. The latter (if she be wise and womanly) studies herself, knowing that she needs whatever aid the toilet can give; and the chances are that she devotes more time and thought to purple and fine linen than Helen does.

Is this heresy? Nay, it is only truth and reason. If Ariadne does not care for "dress," she ought to.

But we are not talking now of babies, or even of school-girls, except incidentally. Let the embryo Helens have their day. Pink-and-white prettiness may for a while walk hand in hand with absolute silliness without shocking our tender sensibilities past endurance, prettiness and silliness being in most cases self-limiting diseases that cure themselves if let alone.

Beauty is quite another thing. Helen is a woman in the full maturity of her powers,—not a golden-haired child with all a child's inconsequence. Does she know that she is beautiful? Doubtless she does; and she rejoices in her beauty as she rejoices in the sweet fresh air and the sunlight.

Is she vain of it? That depends. Character settles that question,

like so many others in life,—character and training. She may be vain as a peacock, if that much-maligned bird is indeed any vainer than its fellows. What I claim is only this,—that beauty, *per se*, has nothing to do with vanity. If a woman is vain, she is vain whether her name be Helen or Ariadne; and when she has no beauty to be vain of, she is sometimes vain of the very lack of it. Among all the astounding surprises of life, there are none greater than lie hidden in the infinite variety and exceeding paltriness of the food on which poor human nature feeds its vanity. I know one woman who finds her sole and all-sufficient cause for self-glorification in the fact that she has never crimped her hair; and she looks at Helen's fluffy waves of shining splendor with a certain contemptuous pity, wondering how a woman with an immortal soul to save can so waste her precious moments. Madame A. is vain of her fine house, with its perfect appointments and its retinue of well-trained servants; while Mrs. B. in the next block plumes herself mightily because she "has never kept a girl," not she! but "does her own work," as her blessed grandmother did before her. Silas Lapham brags of his small beginnings, and is only too eager to exploit the fact that he is a self-made man, owing his fortune to Mineral Paint and Persis; while Bromfield Corey is quietly conscious that he is made of finer clay than his fellows, by virtue of grandfather and great-grandfather, Copley portraits, and bric-à-brac.

There is such a thing as being vain of one's humility, and pleasantly aware of a subtle superiority in being above pomps and vanities, to say nothing of weak indulgences. With what a complacent air do the early birds exalt the Spartan virtue of him who rises with the dawn! If your breakfast-bell rings at six o'clock promptly, are you not more virtuous and worthy to be praised than your neighbor who breakfasts at eight? Who is the sluggard, if not the man who composes himself for another nap after you have felt it incumbent upon you to get up?

I have said that Helen knows that she is beautiful. How can she help it? Nature keeps many secrets, but this is not one of them. You may break every mirror of man's making, and the All-Mother will still hold up before her favored child magic mirrors that tell the story more clearly than all the bronzed, mysterious disks of old Japan. Nay, if every stream were to run dry, and every lake and fountain were to be drained, the wandering airs of heaven, the very winds that bend the tree-tops and trifle with the rose, would whisper to Narcissus and tell him he was fair. But this knowledge does not harm Narcissus if he has a modicum of reason and common sense. If he becomes so enamoured of his own beauty as to drown himself, you may be pretty sure he would have been weak enough to die of despair if the image the fountain reflected had been distorted or uncouth.

Being glad of a possession, even rejoicing in it, is a very different thing from being vain of it. We are not vain of real things, high things, true things. When genius soars like a skylark into the far blue heavens, beating the air with its strong, glad wings, and rejoicing in the sunlight, the swift, free motion, the onward, upward sweep, the far-reaching, unobstructed vision, is there aught of vanity in its exultation? Heaven forbid! Vanity is the foible of little minds, of

small natures. True genius is simple, unassuming, unostentatious. It does not exalt itself or put on airs. It is humble because it knows much and sees far. It is unaffected because it is real.

Now, far be it from me to put genius and beauty on the same plane. Yet in one respect, at least, they are not unlike. The higher the type of either, the less likely is it to be fettered by the bonds of a petty vanity or the enthrallment of weak self-consciousness.

A modern journalist says, "Of all the beautiful women I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind."

He (or she) has been singularly unfortunate. What does he mean by a beautiful woman? If by that expression he refers only to the cold, classic perfection of a Greek statue, why, then it must be admitted that there are but few beautiful women in the world—or men either, for that matter. Neither the Venus of Milo nor the Apollo Belvedere stands in waiting at the street-corners. Perfect beauty is as rare as its opposite, perfect ugliness. Most of us are in what the old woman called "a state of betweenity." And what does he mean by superiority? If he had not said superiority "of any kind," we might suppose he referred to some supernal grandeur of character or achievement to which no mere common woman, of mortal mould, might ever hope to attain. But that unlucky addendum spoils his argument.

Even a woman who is pretty enough to be called beautiful may possibly be a "superior" housekeeper, ruling her small realm well and wisely. And how about the army of lovely mothers? "Charley and I think our mother is the most beautiful woman in this whole world," said a gallant little fellow not long ago, as he threw loving glances across the room to a fair, sweet face, now, alas! immortal in its loveliness. Then he added, under his breath, "and she *scorns* to do a mean thing!" Surely she whose young sons speak thus of her must have had some kind of superiority, if not "any" kind.

History, both sacred and profane, embalms the memory of a long line of beautiful and noble Helens. Of Sarah it is written, "The Egyptians beheld the woman, that she was very fair." There is a pretty story in the Talmud relating to the beauty of this Helen who turned to dust four thousand years ago. It runs thus:

"On approaching Egypt, Abraham locked Sarah in a chest, that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he came to the place of paying custom, the collector said, 'Pay us the custom.' And Abraham said, 'I will pay the custom.' They said to him, 'Thou carriest clothes,' and he said, 'I will pay for clothes.' Then they said to him, 'Thou carriest gold,' and he answered them, 'I will pay for gold.' On this they further said to him, 'Surely thou bearest the finest silk.' He replied, 'I will pay custom for the finest silk.' Then said they, 'Of a surety it must be pearls that thou takest with thee,' and he only answered, 'I will pay for pearls.' Seeing they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said, 'It cannot be but thou open the box and let us see what is within.' So they opened the box, and the whole land of Egypt was illumined by the lustre of Sarah's beauty, far exceeding even that of pearls."



Yet through her long life this woman reigned in Abraham's tent, his chief friend, his chosen counsellor. He loved her well enough to lie for her and to sin for her; and when she died in her extreme old age, he buried her with tears in the cave of the field of Machpelah, where he slept at last by her side.

"The damsel was very fair to look upon," is the testimony that comes down to us of Rebekah,—Rebekah, strong and proud, with her jewels of gold and jewels of silver, her camels and her maid-servants. "Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful and well-favored;" and the seven years that Jacob served for her seemed to him but a few days, "for the love he had to her." She seems to have been quite a woman of business, for all her beauty, and to have made a fair success of life, even though, poor soul! she died on the way to Ephrath, calling her just-born son Ben-oni.

Solomon does not tell us directly that his "virtuous woman" was beautiful, though he implies as much. Certainly she must have been magnificent, with her coverings of tapestry, and her clothing of silk and purple. Was not Ruth fair—Ruth the faithful, the steadfast—when she found grace in the eyes of Boaz? Vashti, with her proud, imperious loveliness, was strong to resist wrong and indignity, even at the loss of her crown. Esther, the fairest of the young virgins, proved even in that far-away day that "the loving are the daring" when she made her piteous appeal to her lord the king: "For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish."

Cleopatra, star-eyed Egyptian and glorious sorceress though she was, could not have held Cæsar and Mark Antony in thrall if she had been a weak woman. There must have been something strong and genuine underlying her beauty and her crimes.

What shall be said of her of whom Dante sang,—

"But so fair,  
So passing lovely Beatrice showed,  
Mind cannot follow it, nor words express  
Her infinite sweetness"?

Nothing, save this: that her spirit led the man who loved her past the flames of hell, and through the darkness of purgatory, to the ineffable light and glory of Paradise.

The descent is swift to later days, to the Helens of the French salons, the brilliant beauties who thronged the *chambre bleue* of Catherine de Vivonne, Marchioness of Rambouillet, the grand dames who made illustrious the court of Louis XIV., the beautiful women who faced danger and death with Marie Antoinette.

Not the highest type of womanhood, perhaps. Yet it is not the record of their beauty only that has come down to us. In every case there was something added to the personal loveliness, some charm of character, some strength of purpose, even if unholy, some sparkle of wit, some trait of womanly sweetness. The Helens whose memories have lived through all the ages were no weaklings or idiots.

Good taste and good feeling both forbid the naming of names here. If they did not, there is a long roll of living women who might be



summoned in evidence. Every great gathering of which women make a part shows this,—from the majestic beauty of stately, silver-crowned matrons, down to the young women just beyond girlhood, who are as fair to look upon as the Rachels and Rebekahs of old, yet strong and noble in the dignity of high thought and lofty purpose.

"Beauty is only skin-deep"? On the contrary, it is so deep that it strikes to the very root and marrow of the whole nature. The Helen of to-day is a complex being. She does not hold her sway merely by virtue of pink-and-white prettiness, bright eyes, and regular features. She is a composite photograph in which are intimately blended the strongest and most vital characteristics of the women of many eons and many races. With limitless resources of mind and heart, she must have the divine tenderness of the Mater Dolorosa, the graciousness of manner that adorns a throne, the fine tact that is more precious than rubies.

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

### THOU OR I?

ONE of us died, but was it thou or I?  
 I ask myself as days go slowly by.  
 If I am dead, then thou art left to woe;  
 If *thou* art dead, why do my tears not flow?

Dry are my eyes, and deathly still my heart;  
 Some said 'twas death to both if we should part.  
 It may be there was truth in what they said,  
 It may be, then, that both of us are dead.

But no, my love, 'twas only one who died;  
 Else were we wandering happy side by side!  
 But one remains, who prays and longs to die;  
 Which of us is it, darling, thou or I?

Yet, as the weary seasons come and go,  
 One of us, darling,—which, I do not know,—  
 Stands at a head-stone ever whispering low,  
 By a green mound, where red-tipped daisies grow.

A name is on the head-stone plainly writ,  
 But eyes grown dim cannot decipher it:  
 One moment and I think it must be mine,  
 Then grows my heart so cold, *I know it thine.*  
*Jeanie Gwynne Bettany.*

## DERBY DAY ON CLAPHAM COMMON.

THE Derby is the great popular racing festival of the year in England. Ascot is royal, Goodwood is the ladies' meeting, but the Derby is the race of the great democracy. It is John Bull's feast of Saturn.

There are various ways of seeing the Derby. You can go down to the course on a four-in-hand, wearing a white hat with a blue veil fluttering in your neighbor's face. That is the conventional way which is familiar to all readers of English fiction. But you can see the Derby—the Derby people, not the races, which no sensible person, philosopher, or sportsman, cares a rap to see—you can see the real sight without going down to the course at all; from a window, say, on Clapham Common, that point of London at which the traveller to Epsom gets the first breath from the open country beyond. It is thus I witnessed it this year. Nine times out of ten this is the plan to be recommended to the wise and to the indolent,—and the wise are always indolent. As a rule, it rains going down to the Derby; it did this year; and if it rains you have no disappointments, you are only impressed all the more with your own profound wisdom in providing yourself with a shelter. If it be fine you can ramble forth amongst the thimblerriggers and the try-your-strength machines,—your window being within practicable distance should a change in the weather necessitate a retreat. In any case, rain or shine, you can see rattling along this sylvan road, or halting to give man, woman, and horse a drink at the "Plough" or the "Alexandra," pretty nearly everybody who goes down to the Derby: that is to say, everybody who drives down; that is to say, everybody worth seeing. Who cares to see a crowd of people in a railway-carriage, packed and trampling each other like cattle?

The Common is lively from early morning with festive sights and sounds. The "Alexandra" has laid in a stock of extra hostlers for the day; you can see them furbishing up their buckets as you start for your constitutional stroll. Breakfast-hour is scarcely past when the blare of coaching-horns and the choruses of hilarious parties in drags singing "The Bogie Man" salute the dewy morn. The Common becomes amazingly animated. It is as nearly *en fête* as an English neighborhood can ever be said to be. The road on either side—it is the high-road to Epsom—is lined with throngs of spectators, while in the centre a rapid and jovial procession of nearly every class of vehicle in existence spans merrily along,—a constant break taking place for a halt at the big wayside public house which occupies an almost irresistible coigne of vantage, with its wide space in front under the trees and its corps of bustling hostlers ready to look after the "traps" and bring the horses a drink and rub down their legs, while the humans regale themselves with a draught of cool ale or whatever they please to name inside. A busy time have the "Alexandra's" hostlers to-day running about with their buckets of water and sponges and pocketing

tips and winking at each other as they lead their charges on to the road again and send them on their way with the procession, rejoicing to all appearances. The "Alexandra" calls itself a "hotel;" the "Plough," the more ancient establishment on the opposite side of the green, feels prouder of the title "inn." In reality both are nowadays simply thriving suburban public houses, where there is entertainment for beast as well as man, and to which the proximity of the open common gives a certain wayside air. There are many such hostelrys on the road from this point on. You remark them by the pleasant-looking space in front, the long trough of water for the horses, the sign-board on a high stake, flowers very often in the windows, and names of their own instead of names of their owners emblazoned on their swinging shields: thus, the "Swan," the "Plough," the "George," the "Nag's Head," the "King's Head," the "Salmon and Ball," the "Bull and Mouth," the "Lord Nelson," the "Duke of Wellington,"—names that have a sort of cosey and romantic suggestion of old coaching-days which they owe to Dickens. There are parties who, driving to Epsom, make it a point to stop at every one of these public houses on the way. What they are to see when they get to the Downs, or whether they are to see anything at all by then (except snakes), must be to them a matter of profound and progressive indifference as they approach their destination. They are most of them passably sober now, here at the first halt,—sober, but unmistakably merry.

In fine weather this is really a jolly scene, one of the most characteristic English scenes it is possible to witness. Let us look at the procession of vehicles a minute. Behold the proud four-in-hand, with liveried servants, a footman who haughtily tootles on a silver-mounted horn, the team of handsome thoroughbreds, groomed to perfection. The party of men on top are just as well groomed, and, let us imagine, just as thoroughbred; there is a calm indifference about their look such as we know the gods wear in face of the vicissitudes of mortals; they smoke, they chat quietly to each other, when they smile their smile is faint. Beings of another clay, they seem to have nothing whatsoever in common with the occupants of the lower types of vehicles, of whose existence they appear to be wholly oblivious. And yet they have, and that is the curious part of it. As a matter of fact they are our friends Sir Bill and the Honorable Johnny and Captain Baccarat and party, on their "public form." And they are going down to the Derby just the same as the costermonger with his "moke" galloping and roaring beside their sparkling wheels; they are part and parcel of the day's sight for the spectators, like the gentleman in burnt cork thrumming his banjo, or the venders of squirts, tin bugles, false noses, fantastic hats, paper feathers, "Derby dolls." Some of the vehicles are wonderful indeed. Some might have been in service before the battle of Waterloo,—two-wheeled constructions with great straight shafts higher than the horse's head, which threaten to lift the animal into the air every minute. The washed coal-cart makes a commodious family trap in which the owner appears invariably to pack not only his children and his wife, but his wife's relations and as many of the neighbors as can find room on the shafts. There are plenty of busses which have

knocked off regular work for the day and sported themselves four horses and rosettes and a white hat for their conductor and an enormous bouquet for him to wear on his chest. Hansom cabs, which you may hire for the day for the sum of two guineas, are a favorite vehicle for parties of two. When one of the party is a lady you may sometimes see her, in order to be in full rig and to have every sail set, hoisting her sunshade, although inside the hansom. A suggestive hamper is usually fixed on the roof of this turnout, and cabby on his perch looks uncommonly well pleased with his job, for doubtless he does not get a job so much to his taste every day. Persons driving little gigs with gorgeous females by their sides in red velvet and white hats and with plenty of powder on their faces are very numerous. Countless are the long brakes with canvas roofs which can be fitted up in case of rain. You will look in vain for Mr. Pickwick's shay, with Sam Weller on the box, and Bob Sawyer on the roof eating those enormous sandwiches, and a bottle in his other hand. Bob nowadays usually goes down to the Derby by rail, taking a third-class ticket at Waterloo Station and travelling in a first-class carriage, to the exclusion of "toffs" who have paid the higher fare. "Toffs" is the term Bob Sawyer *fin de siècle* uses where he would use "nobs" *tempore* Pickwick.

In the absence of Bob and his friends, I confess the people who interest me most driving down to the Derby are the costers and their girls from the East End. It is they who enjoy the feast with most thorough gusto, with the truest understanding of the laws of pleasure. Whether they go in exclusively male or "stag" parties or are accompanied by their ladies, whether they drive mokes, mules, ponies, cobs, or extraordinary beasts apparently snatched by reprieve at the moment of execution from the hands of the knacker and possessed of weird capacities of speed (a common attribute of all Whitechapel horse- and ass-flesh is that it goes like the wind on all occasions, the gallop being its only pace), or whether they ride in the dainty carrot-cart or in the vegetable-dray fitted up *en char-à-banc*, they are always delightfully enthusiastic and quite individual and unique. Look at their costumes. They have fashions of their own, these costers, male and female; they are almost the only class in England who have preserved the individuality of their dress in spite of the levelling influences of fashion and the old clo' shop. The dress of a coster dandy is as distinctive in its way as that of a Mexican vaquero or a Texan cowboy. The material is a species of fustian; flat mother-of-pearl buttons cover it in all directions; they are in rows upon the waistcoat, they run down the leg of the trousers, which is cut into a bell-like sort of cuff at the end overhanging the boot; flaps of an elaborate shape and adorned with buttons cover the pockets.

The distinctive feature of the toilette of the costeretta (if I may coin the word) is her enormous hat and feathers. Though she may wear an apron over her gown, and usually does, she must always and unfailingly be adorned with a hat of tremendous height protruding far over the forehead and nodding with plumes more fearful than Hector's helmet. Feathers for their hats are to the fair sex of Whitechapel, as their lovers know, what parures and tiaras are to their sisters of

Belgravia. Sailors (Whitechapel is a sailors' as well as a costers' neighborhood) know that the best way to propitiate their lasses is to bring them rare feathers from dusky shores; and thus you may often see very valuable feathers in the head-dress of the East End beauty. See the feathers tossing in this typical coster-cart careering past; there is but one girl, she is therefore queen among the five or six men who fill the light cart; one gentleman, his legs thrust out stiffly over the flying wheel, is playing an accordion; another, standing up, the tips of his fingers leaning on the shoulders of the one who drives, his head thrown back, is singing with all his soul; they are all singing. As they pass you catch snatches of the lively refrain:

Soy, Billy, who's the bleedin' toff?  
He's got the bally whatsisname, I knew 'twould make you loff.

There they go, true Epicureans, neither Stoics of the Porch nor Cynics of the Tub, determined to enjoy the day, and doing so with a superb *abandon*, in spite of the whirling mud, and the rain which is already beginning to spoil her ladyship's plumage.

An old man driving a load of tiles, a pathetic figure seated on his toiling cart, crosses the procession, like the death's-head appearing at an Egyptian banquet. He has no part in this giddy rout: he is the grim reality of weary daily labor and of old age. The stream of pleasure passes him by, leaving even his feet unlaved. As he looks after it his expression is pensive and sad. What does he think of it? Does it appear to him vanity of vanities, or does he sigh for the *beaux temps perdus—perdus au grand jamais*? Does he pity or does he envy?

The return from the Derby as witnessed from Clapham Common is, naturally, even a more exciting spectacle than the *Anabasis*. The revellers have been quaffing their fill of the blushful Hippocrene. They care less for the morrow than ever; louder they sing; the plumed nymphs of Whitechapel, flushed and dishevelled, are now Bacchantes indeed. Men have "Derby dolls" stuck in their hats, some wear fantastic bonnets like Polichinelles, there are false noses and false beards, some men wear women's hats and some women men's, they squirt water and shoot peas at each other. This return from the Derby is the nearest approach to a Carnival procession that England attempts. And they do enjoy it, young and old, in spite of all the drawbacks. I was deeply interested by a more-than-middle-aged party that pulled up opposite the "Alexandra." Two of the elderly ladies on the back seat were decorated with paper feathers and played on mock musical instruments, —a tin frying-pan arranged as a single-string banjo, for example. A little boy of about eight sat between them. The man who drove wore a woman's bonnet; he looked about fifty. A third jovial matron sat beside him, and there was a younger man. When they alighted, the spirit of the occasion was so strong within them that the women began to shuffle their feet and jig their banjos, then the men joined, and spontaneously they were all footing it in a nondescript dance for the benefit of the throng outside the hostelry, who indeed were more or less like themselves.



There is in fact a suggestion of paganism about all this scene, especially when the night falls. The crowds of spectators are vastly greater than in the morning. There must be scores of thousands in this *coup-d'œil*. The lights come out and shine here and there over the heads of the people,—the electric lights and the gas-devices of the public houses which have gone into illumination for the occasion. Wandering minstrels make their voices heard. Flower-girls bind the narcissus and the maidenhair and offer them to the revellers. A swelling chorus bursts from the road, and through it pierce the blare of trumpets and the shriek of bacchanalian laughter. For a moment, with a little imaginative effort, one could fancy one's self far away in the past, and in the warm South, witnessing some Dionysiac festival. An occasional red fire gleaming out shows us groups dancing; and to the song, the laughter, the dance, the music, there is added the ground-bass of rolling wheels and pounding hoofs which drowns in a sort of harmony sounds otherwise cacophonous. The scene has its impressiveness, and almost, for a moment, its beauty. The yellow-flaring naphtha lamps under the trees yonder, like sacrificial fires, throw into relief the young foliage, with suggestions of a grove and altars beyond.

But these illusions—illusions of myopia—last only a moment. Approach a little nearer, and you see that there is no beauty anywhere in this scene, except it be in those trees and in the eyes of a little deformed child gazing at the sky while his father is selling squirts to the feasters at two a penny. There is no grove of Daphne, nor even a Jardin de Paris (which at least is not to be regretted). Under those naphtha lamps uncleansed and unlovely persons of both sexes are selling and eating whelks, and what we would call in Ireland *crubeers*. In the public houses an evil-smelling gin is the favorite drink. Ugliness, dirt, brutality, squalor, prevail all around. And it rains,—oh, it rains above all; the road is a sea of liquid mud. This does not taste of

Flora, and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.

The climate is in league against beauty in these damp Northern lands. The rain pours down, the mud befouls, the gin besots, and you wonder what will be the sequel of it all to-night over in darkest White-chapel, the country of Jack the Ripper.

Thomas P. Gill, M.P.

### INCENSE.

ON summer eves, in Nature's house of prayer,  
A drowsy incense floats upon the air:  
'Tis from the lily-censer, flawless white,  
Swung by the wind, an unseen acolyte.

Clinton Scollard.



## SOCIETY IN DIFFERENT CITIES.

IT has been my good fortune after a long absence in Europe to come home to see society in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Chicago somewhat as a stranger would see it. Henry James deftly talks of "the point of view," and it strikes me that my new point of view was the best one as to perspective, for we never know how our most intimate friends look until we have left them for a while and have come back to them; we never know how the most familiar landscape will strike us after seeing Switzerland, and the strange composite new departure of our own civilization comes to us with a new meaning and a fresh charm after we have bathed in the calmer seas of the well-organized social order which prevails in the lands of courts and of precedence.

All unknown to ourselves, we who have been educated in New England have always believed in precedence, and have built up the society of our imaginations on the English model. Every village in New England had the "old squire," who enjoyed the title given him by the people from his wealth, his respectability, and his rather manorial style of living. People had grandfathers, then, whom they had not ordered from Fortnum and Mason, and, whatever might have been the simplicity of demeanor, the idea of *caste* was there. Strangely enough, the nearer to Jefferson we get, the less democracy we find. There was no idea of the confusion of title between gentleman and common man, in even the new old time.

Certain occupations, in those benighted days, carried with them a loss of social caste. The educated man of one of the learned professions and his family would have regarded a marriage with a rich artisan as a decided *mésalliance*; there was no such thing then as an aristocracy founded on wealth. Such being the facts, all of us who were born "before the war" have found ourselves at a disadvantage in talking with foreigners about our social caste. We could not readily adopt this great law of change which has been slowly but inevitably going on; we could not see ourselves as others see us; we could not all at once disassociate ourselves from our grandfathers and their ideals; we could not believe that the common man was, if he made a fortune, as good as we were, and a great deal better. But he is.

Therefore it was well to pull up stakes, go abroad, see the new arrivals in London and Paris of our own country-people, watch that inevitable preference which London, especially, has for what we consider our least desirable citizens; it was well to come home with purged eyes, and to watch all the landmarks torn away, and to find out the virtues and the faults of the new régime, if for no other result, that we might explain to ourselves the cause of a "certain condescension in foreigners," also their immortal caricatures of our speech, our women, our institutions, and our "society," which we are otherwise slow to understand.

The seclusion of a peaceful garden, with its well-kept paths and its neat palings, its proper defenders, and the jealous gardener who watched its roses lest they should be plucked by unworthy hands, could only faintly image forth New York society as it appeared before the war (and for fifteen years after it) to those who now see it, with all that peace taken away, its paths made into great high-roads, its roses uprooted and thrown out, its seclusion and exclusiveness all gone, a foreign splendor, and a set of false gods reared at every corner, a new and a more dazzling illumination, and one standard of excellence alone admitted, that being *money*, no matter how gained, no matter how soiled, no matter how common the hands that hold it. But it is to be feared that certain soiled hands wield the rod of empire all over the world. If we can judge by the charge of Chief-Justice Coleridge in the Baccarat case, he evidently thinks that the social power of the Wilsons of Tranby Croft was gained by money, and that it had not invested them with either worth or dignity. In that most extraordinary charge, where the social honor conferred upon them by the unfortunate gentleman Sir William Gordon Cumming was the only bit of justice done to him, in that one-sided trial, Lord Coleridge admits that the same state of things exists in Great Britain that we deplore in New York.

Fortunately for us in New York, our millionaires are mostly admirable men, and their wives and sisters are educated, good, and accomplished Christian women. They have been sent to save us from Tranby Croft scandals. It is not they, but their toadies, who are disgusting; it is not they, but their wealth, which is alarming. No thoughtful citizen can help asking himself this question: "What would happen to us if our next batch of millionaires," as it may well occur, "should be less worthy than those who now reign?" It is not impossible that Wall Street may turn out men very much richer, perhaps, than Vanderbilts or Astors, and should they be unworthy men, dishonest, impure, tyrannical, where would then be our Baccarat scandals, our Tranby Croft, our "babbling Brooks, spouting Whales, and William Tells"? where shall we land?

We should need a court, a crown, a hereditary nobility, all of which we have not got, to carry us through so awful an *exposé*, for instance, as that which our mother-country has just suffered. In being a republic we have cut ourselves away from our base of supplies, if we wish to be vicious.

Society will continue to exist in England so long as there is that shadow of a noble name which is called loyalty, and the shadow of a crown to be loyal to. But we have no crown. Ours is a slender thread; we have harnessed our cart to a star, and noble souls need only the ray which shines from heaven; but if we let go that, what have we? Society if it grows ignoble disintegrates, in America. It needs a high standard, to live at all. If the coming scion of a noble name is told that he may know the little Diggsses, because they are rich, and not the little Briggses, because they are poor, what will be the effect on his quality as an American citizen, especially if the little Diggsses are mean, dishonest, and ignoble, and the little Briggses are honest, fair, and gifted?

Fortunately, in America the circles of fashion are limited, the four hundred (admirable synonyme! how did we ever live without it?) so looked up to, those circles so envied, so courted, are but feeble graces, to toss from stick to stick; their laws are changeable, their leaders can be and are displaced in an hour, their power vanisheth, and therefore the nation, strong, pure, and honest, has little to fear from that flower of an hour. Fashion is not dangerous.

But when a whole society and a whole people bow down to and worship wealth, who can forget the baleful story of Tweed? Had not one horse run into another in the Central Park, had not one man who knew too much been killed, had it not been for the Copeland documents presented to the *Times* by O'Brien, had not Tweed worn the stripes of a convict, escaped to Cuba, to be captured in Spain, to die in Ludlow Street jail, Tweed would have been king, the ruling circles of New York fashion would have been far different from what they are now, and who knows what they may be ten years from to-day?

The old society being destroyed, let us see what the new is like.

It is a brilliant garden, far more full of pagodas and cupolas, of gilded domes, than the old one. (Let us forget that "gilt" can be spelt "guilt.") The flowers are brighter and heavy with intoxicating perfume, the artificial water is less pure perhaps than that which revived the faded senses in the old garden, the whole scene is much more luxurious than the former one. Women as beautiful and as well costumed as those in Watteau's pictures make the scene enchanting; men are not effete, they are athletes, strong and handsome. Why, then, is the scene full of *ennui*? why do these glittering people look so bored? where is there alone a group who seem amused? It is a set of old ladies talking about their hosts. "They know each other but little, and ourselves *not at all*: it is as much as ever that *we* know them. But the house is magnificent. Are you asked to the Latestposts' to-morrow?" That is nearly all that the lavish entertainers get; that is the comment of their guests.

But there is one charm which the new garden keeps.

The serpent has not crept in. New York is very decent, and society is free from scandals. Of course there has been here and there that exception which proves the rule. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* can chronicle twelve cases a minute to one a week in New York of public fashionable vice and disgrace. "Is society rapid?" asked one lady of another. "No: it is only vapid," said her friend, perhaps with a falling note of regret. All society can afford some instances of human fallibility, but, as a rule, the saving grace of New York society is that it affords fewer instances of depravity amongst its four hundred than any society so luxurious in the world.

The worst side of it being its tediousness, one can hope for better things. Its leaders are good merchants: they know the laws of trade: where there is a demand there is always a supply: if brains are needed they can buy brains; nothing cheaper. It will be brighter, perhaps, in a few years, this gay society. The traditions of good breeding, the elegance of manner,—they are things money cannot buy: they may come later on,—by intermarriage, perhaps.

The worst proof of the richness of soil is the profusion of toads.

Toadyism is excessively abroad in the new garden, and that destroys society.

A very rich young woman of the *arrivées* lately received a note from another young woman of old family, so fulsome in its tone that she felt insulted.

It read thus :

"DEAR MRS. LATESTPOST,—

"I should esteem it an honor if you would allow your children to study with my children next winter. Would you do me this exquisite favor? I should never cease to thank you, if you would.

"Yours most admirably,

"ALICIA OLDBONES."

Mrs. Latestpost burst into tears, and showed this to a friend. "*Is it an insult*," she asked, "or a tribute to my money-bags?"

"Simply the latter," said her friend.

It is no wonder that the possessor of great purses gets to detest this insincere flattery; no wonder that two of our richest men have gone to Europe to live, hating the sound of their own names.

We do not feel flattered when we realize that men and women follow us not for what we are, but for what they can get out of us. The latter is simple brigandage; and the assassin of the Abruzzi is quite as amiable and complimentary in his attentions, even to the cutting off of ears, as she who writes a begging letter asking for the honor of Mrs. Latestpost's co-operation in "Mangnall's Questions."

In the old garden of New York society there were many summer-houses, where little dinners were given, where conversation was delightful, and where the company was chosen for those poor gauds which men used to call intellect, education, good taste, experience of the world, knowledge and love of art, an acquaintance with the best society, a devotion to the welfare of men and women, a devotion to the state, a recognition of what is highest and most valuable in the human soul. These little retreats have been almost all swept away in the erection of the more gaudy pavilion and the gilded dome.

But the great wave of luxury has come full charged with enormous benefits. It has brought pictures and music, comfort, the scientific discovery; it has brought light to the eye, and air to the close tenement. Every man and woman can live a more healthy, comfortable, and, what is of great importance, a more amusing life, more boys and girls can be educated, and, to do our millionaires justice, they are a most philanthropic set of men.

If, therefore, society for the moment in New York is more full of glare and glitter than of elegance and refinement, it is but the gloss on a new hat: the first shower will make it look better, more like an old aristocrat, for, to tell the truth, the shine has been taken off the old "aristocrat" rather cruelly.

And those who regret the lost arts soon learn to get up new tastes.

Old Timothy Pickering, in a set of laments, declared that this

country was ruined, now nearly a hundred years ago. No doubt every generation as it retires into its shell will look with disdain on the new and awkward little crab who, in putting out his unaccustomed feelers, makes those gestures which are regarded graceless, but which are simply grace in embryo.

Philadelphia has, even with its enormous prosperity, avoided the snares into which New York has fallen. There is still the conservative spirit, the traditional quiet elegance, the charm as if of a beautiful Quakeress, about the Philadelphia hospitality. There is still the reverence for old names. They keep their grandfathers, not, as some wit irreverently said, "on tap," but respectfully emulating their thrift and their virtues.

Society in Philadelphia is very elegant: that word presents itself to the mind always. The women are beautiful and well dressed, but there is a different ideal of splendor from that of New York. Worth may dress both women, but the least observant eye will know which is the Philadelphian and which the New-Yorker. Homes have been perpetuated in the same family, and if they have removed the ugly wooden shutters they have not changed that broad and hospitable door-step and the deep comfort of the ample "back-building."

Philadelphia was better laid out for the preservation of the everyday house, with its sensible back alley for the grocer's cart and its cheap houses for the poor, than was New York. They had more room, and they had two founders, William Penn and Dr. Franklin, who laid broad foundations. Both those worthies would be amused, perhaps scandalized, did any one say that they might both be traced at a Philadelphia assembly of to-day, but they can be. William Penn was a courtier, in spite of his broad brim; Dr. Franklin was a beau and a man of society, behind his Poor Richard. Both knew the value of the iron hand in the velvet glove; both realized how great were the virtues of moderation, self-repression, economy, thrift; and both were remarkably fond of a good dinner.

The modern Philadelphian is worthy of this fortunate ancestry.

In this oldest and most aristocratic of our cities, some of the very noblest characteristics of a republic can be traced. There is no offensive ostentation or love of show. Very rich people do not live in houses so preposterously better than their neighbors. As it was well said of two of Philadelphia's best citizens, Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs, "no one could guess how rich they are, excepting by what they give away." And yet there is no lack of a certain subdued splendor in the luxury of a Philadelphian. It is like that rich yellow of the Castellani jewelry, burnished and then deadened, that it may not overpower the gem whose glory it enhances.

In such a town as this, filled to the brim with science, education, thoughtful and great men, physicians of eminence, lawyers of renown, noble and philanthropic women, conversation flourishes. The talk at a Philadelphia dinner is of the finest quality, made musical by a queer little Southern accent, which from the lips of a pretty woman is the most musical thing in the world. It might almost be said to be the fashion to be poor, or at least in moderate circumstances, in Philadel-



phia,—a fact which commends it to many delightful people, who are over-run, distanced, driven out of New York, because neither their tastes nor their fortunes lead them to the competition which is now about the only excitement between the leaders of fashion, in a city where wealth alone is the standard.

Chicago has a society without *ennui*. It is as fresh as a rose. It has four elements of success,—great wealth, wonderfully large beautiful houses, a very stimulating climate, and a set of educated and refined women, each of whom is an individual. No one Chicago woman is the least like another Chicago woman. Why should she be? They have all come from different States and cities, and they have not yet become a conglomerate. They are great travellers, they return laden with the spoils of every country, they know a great deal, they have the good temper and good will which belong to youth and health and prosperity. There is little envy, little gossip, and no detraction, in Chicago society.

Indeed, the only element wanting to make Chicago society peerless is that they do not take enough interest in it *themselves*. They make it delightful to the stranger within their gates, and then they seem to lose interest in it. I have asked myself how much time the owners of these magnificent houses spend in them. What is the season in Chicago? I think the "four hundred" may spend October and May in these palaces only, but they go to Europe, to Florida, to New York, to Washington, for their "*plaisir*." They love change: the great energy, the ozone from the lake which has made Chicago, drives them away and onward when they have done their work. But what a splendid opportunity for the best social life there is in the second city of the United States,—perhaps destined to be the first,—and, with such a position, who but can wonder that they have not more concentration, such as a fashionable hour for their Parks, a "ladies' mile," a Rotten Row, a Bois de Boulogne? For they have great taste in equipage, and much for horseflesh; they are curiously luxurious in these matters, and very correct as to liveries. The whole outside pomp and circumstance of locomotion is attended to, but they do not drive to meet each other.

Individually, a dinner or a lunch-party in Chicago is the most luxurious thing possible. They have exhausted the whole art of entertaining in their handsome houses, which seem to be all library, salon, dining-room, and baronial fireplace. Chicago was burned down about twenty years ago,—fortunately for art, just as the renaissance of internal decoration and artists' recreation was at hand. Richardson, Burne Jones, William Morris, Eastlake, and Richard Hunt stood ready to blow the bellows which was to fan the flame of this new fire of ambition, which has been as reconstructive as the old fire was destructive.

Chicago has always had a good society. It was very fortunate in its first pioneers. Wm. B. Ogden, its most famous citizen, once told me that none but good people ever came to Chicago to stay. Whether he meant that they pushed the unworthy ones into the lake I know not. But it has secured a very good set who are there now. They are vastly agreeable, accomplished, full of music, fond of art, and devoted to literature. They have endless clubs for all sorts of things, and they



dress well, which is one of the most advanced of the arts. Never was there a town which had less of the invidious and insidious jealousy of *cliques*. Of course they have their four hundred,—one learns that in half an hour,—but there is a gentle and a generous shading off. There is no oppression. Perhaps they have too much of the raw material, and need a MacAllister to shade them and shape them. Perhaps they would enjoy their own wealth more if they had some such leader.

I know that in two months of intimate association, and through a cordial reception, seeing their very best, I always found myself the most amused of the party. The leaders would say, "You see, our society is limited." I never did see that: it seemed to be very full of gifted sparkling talkers, of gentle women who had this individual charm, of energetic and most interesting men, of beautiful girls, and charming young widows, and handsome manly boys growing up; every one was driving, dressing, dining; and yet the best people said, "You see, we have not yet been rated socially." I rate them very high, socially. I believe that there is more enjoyment to be derived from a social life in Chicago, if properly taken and understood, than any city in America excepting Washington.

One reason for this is their great diversity, their unlikeness, their propensity for learning, and their good taste. The fun which Eugene Field makes of his own town amuses them; the outside newspaper criticism touches them not at all. The divorces and scandals seem to belong not to the best society in the least: all this is on the outside—very outside—edge. The kernel is as firm and pure and of as sweet a taste as is that fabled nut which had four shells to break before you reached it. Their hospitality is endless, but it is not indiscriminate. They have much of the exclusiveness of Boston and of Philadelphia, when one really begins to penetrate and understand their society. I do not think it a society where adventurers would flourish, and the toady does not do well at all. His home is New York: he perishes in the healthy air of the Great Lakes.

And among the thousands who do not aspire to be fashionable in Chicago those who are not of the "upper ten thousand" (to return to Willis's classification, which was more benevolent and more correct than the "four hundred" of MacAllister), there is the same desire for improvement, for the advance, mentally and socially, which has marked those who have succeeded in becoming the first.

An army of "deer led by a lion" is said to be more powerful than an army of lions led by a deer: so we may say that the chances of success, as a general thing, are better for an army of aspirants led by such people as the upper ten thousand of Chicago, than is the chance for the same number of aspirants led by the glare of millions. Where "literary culture and philanthropic endeavor" is the motto on the banner, one may suppose the followers would look higher, that there would be more "excelsior" about it, than when the motto is only "half of one per cent."

The only thing which could console one for living one hundred years longer would be to see what Chicago will be then. I trust that I shall be in some friendly planet in the neighborhood, when I can

gratify a reasonable curiosity, for I must confess it is the most promising and most curious social problem ; for we must remember its mixed understrata of Polish Jews, German Communists, and more law-abiding Swedes and Norwegians, all of whom are to be transmuted into American citizens. If it can do all that it has done in one hundred years, what cannot it do in two ?

For we must remember that Fort Dearborn, our outermost post against the Indians, dates back only to 1804, and that was the beginning of Chicago.

Now that it is to have the exciting episode of the "World's Columbian Exposition," all men and women can see its physical advantages and its beautiful houses. All cannot see its best society,—the more is the pity for them, for it is well worth an intimate acquaintance.

Washington has been an agreeable society always. It is very like Rome, a court (however democratic), a surrounding of people who have official station, a large diplomatic circle, then a small intimate circle of residents, and a perpetual change as to its men,—“some new person to invite to dinner,” as a Chicago hostess said rather sadly, “every day.”

Washington is now the most desirable place of residence in the whole continent of America, from its fine pavements, its broad streets, beautiful houses, ample apartment-houses, abundant markets, and convenient access, with the certainty of society the year round. Even in midsummer, with its neighborhood of wooded heights, it is said to be not disagreeable. In spring it is the fairest flush on the cheek of Prosperpine. No spot, excepting the Riviera, is more beautiful. A drive to the Soldiers' Home in May is a darling dream of jocund summer.

Then these stately squares, each of which embalms a hero, with a perpetual benediction of roses, that vision of the Capitol which, like an architect's dream, crowns the hill and finishes one's perspective, all this and more has always made Washington pleasant, and, since prosperity has crept in, now makes it the spot of all others which a rich American should choose as the site of his home, when he does “a stately pleasure-house decree.”

Mr. Bancroft set the fashion in making it a retreat for the literary man, and had a theory that “as one grew older one should go South.” It was a wise choice, for he both gained and gave by it. Mr. Henry Adams and Colonel John Hay have followed his example, and many Senators and officers of the government have brought their libraries and established themselves in luxurious homes in Washington after the fatigues of a political life are over. These, with the learned gentlemen who wear the ermine, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, the officers of the army and navy, who are our only nobility who always hold their rank,—these are always there ; and there are said to be nineteen old admirals, retired, in the clubs of Washington who have nothing to do but talk, which they do very well ; they talk as well as they once fought. So you have the core of an excellent society, independently of the gentlemen who in the Capitol are straightening out the nation. Thus society has in Washington what it needs in other cities : it has a recognized head, it has its social laws, it has its very great and immediate necessity for being, and with this head it is like a kingdom or a

church. Who does not remember the dictum, "No church without a bishop, no state without a king"?

The ruling powers in this fair city are very lenient, however, and its rich and luxurious new inhabitants need not busy themselves much about them; they have all the advantages of the arrangement, and then amuse themselves as they please. Even when Congress has departed, Washington hospitality keeps up.

Thus a society is created in which the individual is still of great importance; nor is any one rated by the tax-collector. It is a city where money has nothing to do with social importance. Intellect, agreeability, and personal magnetism have everything to do with "a position in society."

Dinner-giving in Washington has always been a sort of religious duty, since the first stately days of General Washington. Then for fifty years the colored cooks continued to make terrapin and fried oysters a sort of glorified inspirer of conversation. Then came the confusion of the war, and almost immediately followed a certain luxury, first in the house of Governor Morgan, and afterwards in the house of Governor Fish, which has spread with an almost alarming contagion. It was feared at one time that luxury was stealing away Washington's best charm, and a poet wrote a very clever set of lines of the past day, when electricity, and champagne, and all of Edison's inventions, were unknown, but, although General Washington had seen none of these, yet the nation had unluckily now no General Washington.

But the Capital City has not been spoiled. It is of vast extent, and it can stand a great deal of luxury. Nobody is crowded out in Washington. It still is a happy retreat for people of small means. It does not disdain or ignore the widow of a brave officer, nor does the man who has failed to make a million get crowded to the edge of the pavement, nor do the four hundred "cross over on the other side" when he passes. Washington is true to its traditions in this respect, and it has what New York has not, it has repose. The days are long, and sweet, and quiet,—if one is not in the House of Representatives.

One may well be proud to have a foreigner introduced to society in Washington. It is not to be expected that an Englishman can ever see the best that we have, one reason being that he doesn't wish to see it.

Oh, he was an Englishman!  
And the flaws that he could not scan

In our elections,  
Our church collections,  
Our girls' confections,  
Our tariff protections,  
Our moving defections,  
Our building erections,  
Our family affections,  
Our railroad connections,  
Our creed defections,  
And our objections

To insular infallibility  
Unscared by faintest dream of meek humility,  
Were such as never microscope could see  
Nor man discover through eternity.

Even Englishmen find something to admire in Washington. Even Mr. Hamilton Aidé excepts Washington from his adverse criticisms. He found New York horribly vulgar, and no good dinners there (a point wherein we do pride ourselves), dirty streets (we are guilty there), and yet even so good a judge, so cosmopolitan and so fair a critic as Mr. Aidé, one of the most amiable and intelligent of travellers, falls into the old mistake, that mouldy English chestnut, of supposing that we say "bunch" for bouquet. It is amazing, this "insular infallibility" with which they all follow old Mrs. Trollope. Yet he did enjoy Washington, and see much that was agreeable in its cosmopolitan circles.

Washington has no commerce and few theatres. One would suppose that it might be dull to a person accustomed to the rush of New York. But several New York gentlemen have taken up their residence there after an active life in the great city, and seem to be entirely repaid by the charm of its society for the greater excitements of New York.

Society means variety,—or should. It also means that the individual should be of more consequence than his surroundings.

Of course luxury is admirable, and money is necessary. As well send a jockey to the races without a horse, and expect him to win the race, as to expect a person to achieve celebrity as an entertainer without money. Diamonds are very good things if there were no better.

But no society that has ever achieved celebrity in the past or present was ever wholly dependent on money. Vulgar wealth did not even in the days of Molière escape a wholesome bit of criticism, in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," nor did Thackeray fail to paint his London snobs and toadies in the "Yellowplush" correspondence.

But in our new and fresh society we have no excuse for either snobs or toads.

Poetical justice has overtaken many triumphant sharpers, many successful rogues have been unmasked, during even this last year, and right feeling, and a sincere belief in what is best and noblest, is the birthright of an American, and it will in the end prevail. An American can copy the manners of the court of Louis the Fifteenth and escape its vices; he can look at England's long story of nobility and honor, he can remember Agincourt and forget Tranby Croft. It is the privilege of selection which we as a young nation possess, and it is our own fault, and it will be our eternal disgrace, if we choose the lowest model rather than the highest.

*M. E. W. Sherwood.*

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#### LOVE'S CALENDAR.

LOVE knows no past nor future, you declare:  
 Look in that magic globe, your lady's eye,  
 And see your answer deeply mirrored there:  
 In Love's rich present past and future lie.

*Charles Morris.*

## COUNTRY ROADS AND HIGHWAYS.

"OUR country-folk wallow in the mire of their ways, pay excessive tolls, endure, in a word, a grinding taxation, generation after generation, without appreciating the burden which rests upon them." Professor Shaler, who wrote the statement quoted, said in the same article, "If we take the misapplied expenses of our country ways, if we count at the same time the mere social disadvantages which they bring to the people, it is probable that the sum of the road-tax is greater than that of our ordinary taxation."

It would be a waste of space to attempt to prove that the common country roads are as a very general thing in this country as bad as they can be. They are so generally bad, indeed, that I have met native-born Americans, who had never travelled abroad, who could not be brought to believe that good roads were possible. The common roads are at once the means and the measure of civilization. Such being the fact, it seems a little strange that we who boast that our civilization is of a higher type than that of any other people should have worse roads than any other country enjoying a stable government. It may be that our bad roads are due to a weakness of our communal system just at this point, and it may be that our industrial progress has been so rapid that we have not had time to give proper attention to other highways than the railroads and watercourses. Whatever has been the cause, we have long been paying a very heavy penalty for this neglect, and at this time, in many parts of the East at least, this tax upon agriculture is so great that the farmers are getting behind more and more every year and are generally dissatisfied. And, moreover, very few of them know what is the chief cause of this lack of prosperity. They have never had good roads, nor did their fathers and grandfathers. They decline to look at home for either the cause or the remedy, but seem satisfied to believe that the "railroad monopolies" have done all this damage to their industry.

Fortunately, however, many of the best and most active men in the country are keenly alive to the importance of improving our country roads, and in several States such laws have been passed as will enable any enterprising county to build good hard Macadam or Telford roads. Such roads properly built can be kept in order without much expense, and if they are not neglected they get better with age. The work, however, of making such roads is so expensive in the first instance that few counties or townships feel able to undertake any large or comprehensive system of road-improvement of this character. In several States an effort is being made to have each State build the roads in the first place, and, for a time at least, maintain them. The governor of New York and the strong State society devoted to road-improvement are in favor of the State building two roads across each county, and the governor in his recent message advocates the creation of a public State debt



for this purpose. He says, "The State roads would serve as object-lessons in each county, stimulating local authorities to the improvement of other highways by presenting examples of substantial construction, and by illustrating the material advantages which accompany ready and satisfactory means of communication. Except in the case of these two State roads, local control would be as complete as it is now. The present condition of our highways is disgraceful. For a great part of the year many of them are almost if not quite impassable. The fault has been in ignorance of construction, in lack of responsibility, and in waste of energy and money in maintenance."

I have quoted what Governor Hill has said on the subject because the same steps which he recommends for New York, or similar ones, might be taken with advantage in nearly every State in the Union. And then, again, his description of the common roads in New York is a pretty faithful picture of the roads all over the country, with the possible exception of some parts of New England and the Blue Grass section of Kentucky, where the roads have been built and maintained by the abhorrent turnpike toll-road system.

In Massachusetts a law has been passed creating a road department in charge of a civil engineer, whose duty it shall be to visit the towns and counties of the State and give free advice as to constructing roads and bridges. But, as the local authorities are not obliged by the law to adopt the advice of the engineer, it is not certain that he will be able to accomplish any very great good. It is certainly true that ignorance of the principles of road-construction has contributed more largely to the wretched condition of our highways than anything else, but it is also true that the country-folk are not generally willing to admit that they are ignorant, even in a matter like this, requiring technical and scientific knowledge.

In Pennsylvania a commission has been appointed to revise and consolidate the laws relating to the construction and improvement of the roads and public highways of the commonwealth, and to consider the advisability and practicability of the State's assisting in the construction of the same, with power to prepare and present a bill providing for the construction and maintenance of high-class roads. It is likely that liberal legislation will be the result of the report of this commission.

In Rhode Island, Maryland, Ohio, and Connecticut, agitation for better roads is most active. A gentleman in Connecticut who is a zealous advocate of better roads has said, "What we complain of under the present condition of affairs is that all four wheels of our wagons are often running on different grades. This kind of a road, if a body tries to trot any, is apt to throw a child out of its mother's arms. We let our road-menders shake us enough to the mile to furnish assault-and-battery cases for a thousand police courts." This same gentleman, who is very much in earnest, has also said on this subject, "How can we expect civil service reform in high places, while with outrageously false pretences we are continually taking the people's money in these mud-holes? We need to behave, you see, so that we can be forgiven in this world for what we do, but I'm afraid some of our road-menders rely



too much on the future. The Church has a deep interest in Connecticut roads,—much too deep between country churches.”

Donald G. Mitchell, in his “Rural Studies,” published in 1867, gives a picture of an old-style farm in Connecticut on which he lived twenty years before. His description of the farm and the roads thereabout reminds me very much of that neighborhood in New Jersey where I have my country home. The township is one of the very few in New Jersey which has within it no railroad. The people are entirely dependent on the ordinary country roads for communication with the outside world. It is an old settlement as age is reckoned in America, and the principal roads were laid out more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Upon what design they were planned I have been unable to find out. It is likely that the highways follow pretty closely the hap-hazard paths and trails which ran through the woods before any clearings were made. From the township village to the county town the distance is about seven miles and the difference in elevation about two hundred and fifty feet. There is a valley running nearly all the way between the two places. Had the highway been located in this valley the distance between the points would have been less than it is, and there would not have been a heavy grade on the whole route. Instead of this the highway has been placed variously over the hills, on the hill-sides, and in the valley, so that whichever way one goes it is always up or down hill. All the produce not consumed in the township has during a century and a half been hauled over this dreadful road. The tax that this unskilfully-constructed road has entailed upon the several generations that have lived in the township has of course been enormous. And the roads are not merely badly laid out, they are wretchedly built and maintained. Yet the people have always had at hand the best kind of material to make good roads, for the surface of the fields is covered with stones which need only a little breaking to be just what is needed. And then there is limestone in abundance all about, and gravel too. For many years past the township has levied a tax of sixteen hundred dollars each year for repair of roads. Only about one-third of this amount is paid in money. The rest is paid in labor, and that, too, at the rate of one dollar and a half per day, when the prevailing rate of labor for much harder work is only one dollar and a quarter per day. When the farmers have finished their spring ploughing and planting they go out on a kind of picnic frolic on the road. They plough up the grass along the sides of the road and put the sods and the muck from the ditches into the centre of the road, and very carefully throw all the small stones up against the fences on either side. I need not tell what the consequence of this is. When the weather is wet the roads are six inches deep with a heavy and adhesive mud; when the weather is dry, as it is apt to be in summer, the roads are fetlock-deep in dust. What should go on the roads so as to make them hard is left lying loosely in the fields, and what if put upon the fields would make them rich and fruitful is put in the roads to hinder traffic.

I have described this system of my own township because I am sure the same system prevails in many other localities in the country.

In the whole township there is not a rich man, and there are not more than two or three who are moderately prosperous. Nearly every farm is mortgaged, very many up to their full value, while each recurring census shows that the population is getting smaller. And this is only thirty miles from New York, and in a section for which nature has done most liberal things. Nowhere is there more beautiful scenery or a more healthful climate. The farmers say that their lack of prosperity is due to an absence of railroad facilities. I am sure that if they had ever had good highways, or had even spent with any kind of wisdom and judgment the money each year levied for roads on the highways as they exist, they would not have felt the want of railroads as they do.

But there is a much larger scheme for highway improvement under advisement. General Roy Stone, an engineer and inventor of New York, and a man very fertile in resource, has formulated a plan by which the United States government shall assist the various States, so desiring it, in the construction of comprehensive systems of highways. This he does not propose that the government shall do by direct appropriations, but by loans, upon which the States shall pay a small rate of interest and which they shall in time repay. I have not the space to discuss this plan, and I only mention it to show that the question of road-improvement is now happily alive and probably will not be put aside without some solution.

*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

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### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR POETS.

NOW hollow rings King René's praise,  
 And Salutati is a shade,  
 Great Al Farabi of Farab  
 A ragged shape that smoke has made;  
 De Coucy is a broken blade,  
 Bright Berni but a drifted sail,  
 And at his music's well-spring stayed,  
 No more shall Martorell avail.

By each in turn (and where was man  
 Who knew or wrote so much as he?),  
 By every glow-worm whom high winds  
 Hold like a star, till hurled to sea,  
 Sing loud a song of fame to be  
 Of place and pomp, of might and light:  
 Oh, fame's a cobweb, grass are we!  
 Dear poetling, sit down, and write.

*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

## MRS. VAN BRUNT'S CONVERT.

FOR many a day John Van Brunt had looked upon the time of his arrival in San Francisco from China as the most unlucky of his married life. It was from then that he dated his unhappiness, just as he dated his happiness from the fall of Ah Chin, although any shock to Mrs. Van Brunt's ambition would, doubtless, have proved as propitious to his domestic peace. However this may be, it was in San Francisco that he first reproached himself for having married a woman of ambition and energy. It was there that Mrs. Van Brunt was first stimulated to action in behalf of some one other than himself.

During the time of his courtship, or rather of hers, it seemed to him now, in the bitterness of his reflections, that she had won him through no end of artifice; he remembered that he had marked her ambition and energy of purpose, but both then seemed to him laudable enough, since both were for him. But she had attained him,—that was his mistake. He shouldn't have allowed her to attain him. Then his pride came to his rescue: how on God's earth should he ever have known that her ambition once satisfied would seek another field? She had been faithful to his comfort for a year; then suddenly, after their arrival in San Francisco (and with the thought the tears came welling into Mr. Van Brunt's small blue eyes), she had given up the planning and serving of those delicious dishes that day after day had been wont to send their savory greetings to his expectant nostrils. Now, when he asked her for them with well-pondered praises, she was in demand here, there, everywhere, in the interest of some other, while his healthy beef-fed stomach groaned and sighed under the weight of their delicious memory.

A distinguishing mark in Mrs. Van Brunt's character will be made manifest when I record that she arrived in San Francisco one Saturday afternoon, and on the following Sunday morning she was seated (although without the escort of her husband, be it said) in one of the centre pews of Christ Church.

A courteous interest was accorded her by those directly about, due doubtless in no small extent to her fine appearance.

Since that Sunday, now three months ago, she had been, we may say, in every sense, and, if we accept Mr. Van Brunt's testimony, to the exclusion of every other duty, a devoted member of the Christ Church congregation.

It was soon discovered that during her long residence in China she had acquired enough of the native methods and manners to render her of undoubted assistance in instructing the Chinese missionary class, and to this direction her chief labors were turned. She entered into her work with a fund of that enthusiasm which is at the root of all untiring ambition. While Mr. Van Brunt sat smoking in the evening, she would remain silent, her mind far away, planning improvements,

generating new ideas for the more rapid progress of her scholars, while in her soul there gradually grew and burned a longing desire to present the school with a convert of her own making,—her own from the beginning to the end. Hitherto she had only instructed those gentle pupils who had been handed over to her prepared and willing to imbibe the principles of Christianity. Even her own little Chinese servant Foong La, whom she had brought over from China, had been approached, albeit with her mistress's glad permission, and guided over the threshold of Christianity, by a certain Miss Martin, who was acknowledged to be skilled in all the labyrinths and by-ways of the heathen character. But this was in the first days of Mrs. Van Brunt's matriculation; now she felt that she was as capable as any other. Bursting with desire to prove this capacity, she one day at luncheon appealed to her husband for sympathy. Mr. Van Brunt was naturally a timid man, and he suffered his privations, for the most part, in solemn silence, but on this occasion, like unto the trodden worm of the proverb, he turned. He hurled forth regrets and recriminations for the sweet-scented past, he reproached her for what he was pleased to call the destruction of their capable little Chinese servant, he called on the four silent unresponsive white walls that surrounded him to witness that he was daily being sacrificed to her glory; her ambition had reached for the possession of his name, and, that acquired, she was now no longer willing to be merely a lady of excellent culinary abilities and pleasant social aspect; she had aspirations, and they were the curse of his peace; so he concluded; but before she could respond, before the affair had culminated in a quarrel, his timidity prompted his heels to make good his escape.

His wife raised her eyes and glanced at his unemptied plate, and in her heart she knew that he was deeply moved. She sighed, and shook her head over the remaining bits of her lunch. Her ambition to convert some stolid, unprepared heathen was still firm-rooted, but at the same time she had heart enough to vow that John should have a steaming *ragoût*, of her own seasoning, for his dinner.

Meanwhile, her appetite being gone, she touched a small bell at her side. In an instant there appeared at the door a small, slight, gayly-costumed Chinese maiden.

Her mistress beckoned her to approach, and, as she stood before her, asked, with sudden question,—

"Are you happy, Foong La?"

"Yeh, me happy, fo' wha' me hab no muchee wo'kee."

"No, no," said Mrs. Van Brunt, interrupting her. "Are you happy now since I have taught you about our Christian God?"

The maiden's eyes grew bright; she gave a joyful little jump.

"Yeh, me likee singee, me likee Melican Clistian Joss. Him makee me goo' time. When me go know him so' mo'?"

Mrs. Van Brunt's eyes looked her pleasure at the girl's enthusiastic thirst for knowledge. She wished Mr. Van Brunt were still present as she watched Foong La removing the dishes with light noiseless step. Certainly her knowledge of the Lord had not yet interfered with her capacity as a servant. She found her still as willing and as

quick to her service as when she was a heathen some months back; and as she worked the girl was positively singing "Old Hundred."

Presently Foong La's work carried her out into the hall, and thence on to the front stoop. There she stood a moment with her dust-cloth in her hand. She looked up and then down the street. Suddenly she caught sight of a figure much bent under a short pole, from either end of which was suspended a cane-bottomed chair, in the fashion of peripatetic Chinese chair-repairers.

She beckoned with beaming eyes, and then ran to announce the man's approach to her mistress. In a moment she reappeared at the side gate, encumbered with a broken chair.

The man meanwhile had lifted down his pole, and stood leaning heavily against the side of the house. It was now revealed that his figure was all bent and twisted out of shape.

Mrs. Van Brunt on her arrival stood a moment looking at him; then, with her eyes full of sympathy, she said, "You poor man!"

"Me poo' man, yeh; me poo' man," answered the Chinaman, with some excitement, while he pulled at the broken straw of the chair.

"Can you mend it nicely?" said Mrs. Van Brunt, and again her eyes rested upon the man.

"Were you born so?" she asked, in a low soft voice.

"Bo'? No, me no bo'. One, two, tlee, foh, fi' yea' 'go me heap stlong man; black hai'—alle black,"—and he straightened up and let go the chair in the earnestness of his recital,— "no whi'; plentee muchee blo' insi' me. My back him alle same stlaight; my arm him heap stlong; my gum him full plenty muchee whi' teeth." He paused and returned to his examination of the chair.

Mrs. Van Brunt watched him in a thoughtful, quiet way.

"And then?" she asked, after a moment.

The Chinaman looked at her and then at Foong La. Foong La smiled at him and nodded her head.

And he continued: "Me sma't; me do heap muchee wo'kee; Melican man likee me; me dlivee one velly big wagon, 'way up countly so'wheh. One day me lun into one damn Melican man. Him swea' an' hit me wi' one ha'd lound i'on ling: me sabbe no mo'. One day, byenby, me betta; me in one stlange big loom wi' velly muchee sick man; me say, wha fo' me the'? So' one say me hoss lun away! me lember, me tellee one big stoly, bu' so' one no ca' muchee." He paused a moment, and passed the back of his hand over his forehead, and then continued in a dispirited sort of way: "Pletty soon me go ou'; me feel velly ti'd; me one sma' man 'stead one stlong Chinaman; me alle twist,—one arm him sma' goo'."

Foong La watched him with big round eyes, as he pointed to his arm. The Chinaman caught her glance, and his own brightened even as he said, "Me cly then; me sit an' cly."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Van Brunt once more. "Poor man! poor man!"

He went on: "One day me ha' flein; him mendee chai', me cally chai'; me do buisin; me velly happree; alle same me no velly stlong; me go velly slow." And the Chinaman cast his eyes back to the chair and fingered its broken straw.



Suddenly he burst forth again, clinching his fist and rolling his eyes:

"Alle same so' day me likee catch one damn Melican man; me smashee him shu'."

Foong La drew back into the recess of the door, while Mrs. Van Brunt stood earnestly contemplating the bent, twisted form, with its large, flat, ugly face and big, protruding mouth. As she looked, a mighty thought went rushing through her mind: since it was good of its kind, who shall question if it were born most of ambition or philanthropy? A smile broke upon her lips, and she turned to Foong La.

"I wonder if this poor man wouldn't like to come and sing with us some Sunday?" she said, in her sweet, low voice.

Foong La smiled back at her, showing all her small white teeth, and then she smiled at the Chinaman.

"Me Melican Clistian," she said, very softly.

"Wha' tha'?" he asked, with a quick glance about him.

"Melican Clistian big man, him live up the'," answered the girl, with the same smile, pointing upward with one small, slender, yellow-brown hand.

The man's eyes followed the direction of her hand. "Whew?" said he.

"The'."

He looked again. "Me no see him. Me no see him."

"Him Melican Joss," she said. "You no see him, you no can see him, bu' him the' alle same." And the girl nodded her head with positive motion.

"How you sabbe him the'?"

The girl kept up her smile and the nodding of her head.

"Me sabbe," she said.

"How you sabbe?" And this time the Chinaman smiled too,—it seemed because the girl smiled.

"Me sabbe, fo' wha' Melican lady she say me 'Yeh,'" said she, with supreme confidence and a glance at her mistress. Mrs. Van Brunt nodded her head with pleased approval.

There was an instant's pause.

"Melican Man him live up the'," asserted the girl once more. "Him do evely ting."

"How you sabbe?" asked the man again, with interested insistence.

"Melican lady she say me she sabbe," repeated the girl.

"How she sabbe? she see him?"

"She no see him; alle same she sabbe." Foong La looked at her mistress once more.

Mrs. Van Brunt deemed it time for her interference.

She stepped forward and placed her hand on the man's shoulder with gentle touch.

"Come and see us, and you will learn all you want to know, with time,—with time. Will you come?" she asked, with a glance at Foong La.

"Yeh," said Foong La, with the smile which was part of her



speech, "you come be Melican Clistian. Me Melican Clistian; me singee alle ti'. Melican Clistian heap goo' fun."

The Chinaman—Ah Chin was his name—showed his big yellow teeth as he answered, "Yeh, me come be Melican Clistian too: she Melican Clistian." And, pointing with one long finger at the girl in the door-way, he swung his pole once more over his shoulder.

As he moved off, Mrs. Van Brunt stopped him.

"Will you come and talk with me on Monday evening?" she asked.

"Yeh, me come Monday, shu'," he answered, with a grin.

The lady smiled as she looked after him. Verily the Chinaman's bitter misfortunes and ignoble thirst for revenge had not left her saddened. One could hear her singing merrily as she went up through the house. In all the history of victorious Miss Martin's conversions she could not recall one of so forbidding, so difficult a subject as this. Under the tide of her ambition the weeks rolled away, while her fancy loitered lovingly about a series of beautiful pictures, in which she saw herself tenderly working upon the Chinaman's unbelieving nature, tenderly replacing his tragic resolves of revenge by devout longings to bequeath pathetic forgiveness, tenderly turning his hatred to love; but in all she failed to paint the dark eyes that had gently glanced and the white teeth that had brightly glistened at her side.

Finally she determined to keep the existence of her new pupil a secret for a few weeks, and to prepare him by a preliminary course for his entrance into the school. His lessons took place in the early evening, for his better accommodation, and after there followed rare minutes, of which Mrs. Van Brunt knew nothing, with Foong La at the side gate under the light of the stars. These were moments when Ah Chin forgot his deformity and his revenge, when he used to feel only that he had a heart, which was as whole and as fresh and as strong as ever. Finally it beat so in response to Foong La's touch or glance that it seemed to him it only beat when one or the other was his.

It was the memory of one of her pretty glances that sent him one day to a shop whence he emerged laden with bundles. Their contents were made manifest when he appeared early one certain morning at Mrs. Van Brunt's, clad in a new shiny blue quilted coat, and a new cap with a big button on the top of it. With all the egotism of love he paused in the hall before a looking-glass in the hat-rack, and stood with a pail in one hand and a rag in the other, slowly turning from side to side, viewing himself from every point. He spoke to himself softly and quickly. He thought he was not so bad-looking after all. His eyes shone bright and black, and one arm was straight and firm. And when he stood so—he threw himself forward on his left leg—the twist was not so apparent; and the bright new cap upon his head hid some of the frightful scar.

It was in the midst of this survey that Mr. Van Brunt was first made aware of Ah Chin's existence. As he came down the stairs the Chinaman turned and grinned at him.

"You sabbe wheh' Misse Van Blun' she is?"

"No," said the master of the house, "I don't. But what do you want? Who are you?"

"Me? Me Ah Chin. Me cleanee, washee window, alle same so. Misse Van Blun' she tell me come Monday mornin' velly early. Foong La she say me Misse Van Blun' hea'."

Mr. Van Brunt examined the man with careful eyes, and as he noted his twisted shape it struck him that his wife's charity was carrying her just a little too far.

"Well, where the devil did she pick you up?" he muttered.

The Chinaman only grinned for answer, and Mr. Van Brunt, reflecting that his question was not altogether seemly, put it in another form:

"Are you one of Mrs. Van Brunt's Chinese Christians?"

"Yeh, me Clistian; me likee Melican Clistian Joss, alle same Misse Van Blun', alle same Foong La. He gi' me heap goo' ti'."

"But do you believe in our God?"

"Me b'lieve alle same Foong La."

"Ah, Foong La is a friend of yours?"

"Flein? Foong La?" The Chinaman laughed and winked. "Yeh, she, me, flein. We so' ti' so'ting mo'. Misse Van Blun' she say me, no mat' how muchee twist, only me Melican Clistian." And the Chinaman showed his teeth and winked his eyes.

Mr. Van Brunt indulged himself in a prolonged whistle. In the midst of it his wife appeared.

"This way, Ah Chin," she called out. He bounded up the steps. She directed him to a back room, and then stood waving good-by to her husband over the balusters. With his hand upon the front door, Mr. Van Brunt turned, and asked, banteringly, if it was a mission of the school to sacrifice pretty girls in reward for a ready submission to Christianity; and then, after his habit, he escaped, leaving his shaft to rankle or rebound.

Mrs. Van Brunt shrugged her shoulders. His meaning was not clear; from the tone of his voice she fancied he meant to tease her. But she was in no mood to be teased just then: she was in the best of humors. She had determined the evening before, after a series of most satisfactory talks with Ah Chin, that the time was ripe for his presentation at the school, where she had already recounted much of his history and her efforts. Now she walked, with a pleased smile upon her face, along the hall to the back room, in order to acquaint him with her decision.

The door was open. She paused on the threshold. Ah Chin was standing, rag in hand, to one side of the back window, looking stealthily out into the yard below. His small eyes were wide opened, his wide nostrils were distended to their full, his lips disclosed his yellow teeth, the hand at his side was tightly clinched. The whole appearance of the man frightened while it fascinated her. She came in upon him.

"What is the matter, Ah Chin?" she asked.

The man turned upon her excitedly.

"Yo' no see, yo' no see Foong La? She talkee alle ti', alle same one Melican whi' man."

Mrs. Van Brunt stepped to the window.

Below, Foong La was leaning over the railing of a small projecting balcony, talking to a fine-looking man, in whom her mistress recognized her baker.

She had seen nothing wrong. She turned back into the room.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"Yo' no see? yo' no see?" he exclaimed, gesticulating and shaking his head. "Foong La she talkee long ti' too muchee."

With a sudden rush the meaning of her husband's words came upon her.

At the same moment Ah Chin threw the window up with a dogged movement, and began vigorously rubbing it.

Mrs. Van Brunt glanced out over his shoulder: she saw that the baker was just moving off.

Foong La looked up at the noise made in raising the window. She smiled brightly, but Ah Chin returned her look with sullen eyes. The girl shrugged her shoulders, and went into the house humming.

This had the appearance of a lovers' quarrel, that under any other circumstances would have delighted Mrs. Van Brunt, but in this instance it rather frightened her. Ah Chin's threatening attitude and the girl's careless indifference might result seriously.

She stood a moment irresolute, and then, determined to make an appeal to Foong La's heart, she descended to the kitchen. The girl was still humming as her mistress entered. She seated herself to her task.

"There is some one who cares for you very much," she began.

"So' one ca' fo' me?" repeated the girl after her, twisting her head to one side.

"Yes, and he is unhappy," continued Mrs. Van Brunt.

The girl moved her head to the other side. "Wha' fo' him no happy?" Then, without a moment's waiting, "Who him?" she asked.

"Poor Ah Chin," answered Mrs. Van Brunt. "Don't you like him?"

"Yeh, me likee—he gi' me tha'." And she pointed to a wide gilt band about her wrist, in the top of which rested a large, dull-green stone. Then she shook her head slowly. "Him no pletty; alle same him goo'."

"But you should be more kind to him."

"Shu' me kine to him. Wha' fo' no?"

"Ah, he doesn't like you to look or speak to other men."

"No lookee? No speakee? Ah!" And the maiden glanced reproachfully out of her round black eyes.

Mrs. Van Brunt saw that this was unreasonable. She paused for thought, when suddenly a road out of the difficulty, cleared with sentimental touch, presented itself. If only Foong La could love Ah Chin because he was good, because he was deformed, if only she would consent to become his wife! The girl would be a heroine, and no new obstacles would stand in the way of that Christian resignation which she had preached into Ah Chin's complacent ears. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," she had repeated over and over with explana-

tory inflections, and each time he had responded with a grin and a prompt "Yeh." "Had he forgiven the man who had struck him?" "Yeh." "Was he resigned to his deformity?" "Yeh." "Did he love his fellow-beings?" "Yeh." And so on. Yet this ready acquiescence, while she accepted it with pleased wonder and flattering congratulations, did not blind her to the importance of happiness in the preservation of his future resignation.

She turned once more to the girl, and said, gently,—

"It is true that Ah Chin is ugly, but he is good, and he has plenty of work, and he makes a nice living, and above all he loves you."

The girl looked at her mistress with wide-opened eyes. "Yeh," she murmured. "Yeh."

"Well, now, if you could decide to become his wife, he would always be good to you, always be faithful, I am sure, and you would make him so happy."

"Yeh, bu' me no happy—me no lo'. Me likee heap muchee betta big, han'some bakah boy; an' him——"

Mrs. Van Brunt interrupted her with an impatient sigh.

"Poor Ah Chin!" she murmured. As she was leaving, she turned on the threshold for a moment. "But you must not encourage him," she said; "you must not smile at him; you must not see him; you must keep out of his way."

"No smilee? No see?" The girl looked sadly at her. Then, "Poo' Ah Chin!" she murmured in her turn.

Ay, poor Ah Chin! Up-stairs he pushed and shoved the windows, he kicked the pail of water at his side, he tore the cap with the bright new button from his head, he forgot to carry himself bent to the left side, he had attention for nothing but the beating of his heart, its savage aching.

After much thought and question, Mrs. Van Brunt decided that separation would be a safer experiment than surfeit, because Foong La had a way of looking—she wondered that she had never noticed it before, she had remarked it that day suddenly, and she had felt like spreading her hand over the girl's liquid eyes—a way of looking—she couldn't quite describe it. She wondered if John could. After all, he had discovered the condition of Ah Chin's heart. Accordingly, that evening on paying Ah Chin she dismissed him until the following Sunday, when he was to make his first appearance at the school. And with his presence she endeavored to dismiss all thought of his love-affair. But she was unsuccessful. Every morning with the coming of the baker and his loitering at the door she was reminded of it. The soft sound of Foong La's cooing voice as it ascended from the kitchen annoyed and worried her. When the girl hummed about the house in the discharge of her daily duties she closed her door, so that she might not hear. Her happiness was a constant reminder of her heartlessness. For the first time Mrs. Van Brunt's eyes were opened to the mighty assistant that had worked at her elbow. She saw at last that Ah Chin had only become a Christian because Foong La was one. It was not for love of the faith, nor from any satisfaction in it; it was only to erect a bond of sympathy between them, to give her of his fancy

pleasure. To-morrow he would as lief, nay, rather, be a heathen, if to be a heathen were somewhat more to her pleasure. And as for Foong La, so long as she could dance and sing, so long as she could smile and chatter—but no; Mrs. Van Brunt arose from her chair; her thoughts were too hard, she was giving herself too much responsibility. She decided to return to Mr. Van Brunt, whom she had left below in the dining-room. It was now the hour after dinner, when she was accustomed to leave him to his cigar and paper. She felt the need of light (she had been sitting in the half-darkness) and of his presence. There was nothing he could do to help her, nothing he could advise her about, although she acknowledged to herself, as she descended the steps, that he often spoke much truth. Ah Chin would still suffer, and Foong La still laugh.

Meanwhile, Foong La had come out with the stars, and was leaning with both arms on the side gate, looking up at the baker. Her long sleeves were both pushed up above her elbows, and her hair shone glossy in the moonlight. It did not require that one should be her lover to call her pretty or amiable.

She was smiling after her habit. "Wha' fo' yo' look at me?" she asked.

The baker put his fingers to his lips and threw her a kiss. "Why do you suppose?" he asked, in return.

"Me no sabbe. Wha' fo'?"

"Sure, you're like the rest of 'em. You want to hear me say you're pretty. Well, faith, an' you are,—as pretty as the prettiest Chinese that ever grew." And the man roared with laughter.

"Yo' sabbe so' mo' girl alle same likee me?"

"No, none like you; but I know some more girls, some *daisies*."

"Wha' kine tha'?"

The man turned and looked at her where she stood in all the glory of her rich amber coloring, shooting gleams of white from her shining teeth, and then he laughed again.

"Oh, they're fair, white, not like you."

"Me sabbe, alle same Melican. Me see 'em, plentee muchee."

"Oh, yes, there are plenty of 'em about. They're nice, but so are you. Your hands are smaller."

"My han' sma', too sma'?"

"No, they're just right, see!" and the man closed one of his own big brawny hands easily over both of hers. Her weakness, which increased his sense of power, gave him a certain gratification. With one turn of his hand he could break her delicate little wrist.

The girl's eyes travelled the length of his long body. "You plentee big, you plentee muchee stlong," she said, finally.

Under her admiring eyes the man stretched himself with dilated nostrils to his full height, showing all the healthful curves of his fine physique. He stood so a moment, filling his lungs with a long breath of the clear air; then, it seemed from the very exuberance of his health and strength, he brought his closed fist down upon the fence that bounded the little yard. It shook and trembled at his touch. He released the girl's hand, and, stooping, picked up some good-sized



stones lying at his feet. He threw one with splendid gesture out into the street, where it skipped and jumped, still servant to his hand, over the rough stone crossing, and finally rolled into the gutter. Another he threw, and yet another. One more, and he must be gone. He raised his arm and threw it high. A small Chinese figure on the opposite side of the street, barely discernible in the pale light of the moon, gave a shrill little scream. It had struck home! The baker roared, and flung another. And—oh, the pity of it!—the girl laughed, too.

When Mrs. Van Brunt entered the dining-room her husband saw at a glance that she was worried, and, with no supernatural gift of mind-reading, having gained during his two years' dwelling in her company a complete if not altogether satisfactory knowledge of her, he guessed at once the cause. For some days past he had marked her petulant manner with Foong La, her ungracious reception of the latter's small attentions, quite unlike her usual manner, the continued absence of Ah Chin, and the studious avoidance of any mention of his name.

"Ah," said Mrs. Van Brunt, "John, was I ever a flirt?"

John smacked his lips dryly after twice puffing his cigar.

"No, my dear, I don't think you ever were."

"No, I had too much heart, that's what's the matter, if I, as perhaps shouldn't, say so. I'm always interesting myself about other people."

Mr. Van Brunt looked at her over the arm of his chair.

"Yes, my dear. Why do you?"

"It's my heart, John; it's my heart." And Mrs. Van Brunt placed her hand over that organ. "Why, you don't even worry over what you suspect is going on under your very nose?"

"I suspect? What, then?"

"Why, the love-affair between Foong La and Ah Chin."

Mr. Van Brunt laughed.

"But, my dear Anna, you quite convinced me that I was mistaken in the matter, and I dismissed it absolutely from my mind. So they're in love, are they?" And I must record that John chuckled.

"No, not that, unfortunately, but him. He is; but she's a flirt, a heartless little flirt. She has smiled upon him, led him on to flatter her and admire her, and now she's doing the same with another. I'll have to get rid of my baker, and in the end I'll have to get rid of Foong La herself."

"Why, my dear Anna, any young Irish or American girl would doubtless flirt as much."

"Yes, but I wouldn't be responsible for her. She wouldn't be in my missionary class."

In Mrs. Van Brunt's tone there lurked symptoms of a dying ardor that caused her husband's stomach to leap with delighted anticipation.

"Ah, it's the missionary class——" He rose from his chair with expressive motion, when he was suddenly stopped short as he stood, by the abrupt entrance of Foong La.



Her face was blanched, her round black eyes seemed rounded to ten times their natural roundness. She gasped out the following:

"Ah Chin him flighten me; him flighten big bakah boy. Him thlow stone alle fo' fun—Ah Chin alle mad like soh." And she struck out in the air with both her little arms. "Him cally one big knife; him lift him alle same soh; bakah boy stlikee him; me selem; Ah Chin——"

With a quick movement Mrs. Van Brunt threw herself upon Foong La. She pressed her hand over the girl's mouth.

"Don't you be the one to convict him," she cried.

Foong La looked at her with wide-opened, uncomprehending eyes, while close on her words came the sound of unsteady, slipped feet, and Ah Chin fell, pale and wounded, into the room.

Mr. Van Brunt hastened to his side, and, leaning over the man, caught in gasping breaths the tale of his love, and jealousy, and Christianity:

"Me tink Foong La she no lo' him cause him pret' no mo'. Me tink him no go stlaight an' me go twist—no mo'. Melican Joss no goo'; him no gi' me Foong La; him no helpee me killee one damn Melican man; him helpee one damn Melican man killee me."

Between these broken sentences Mr. Van Brunt glanced at his wife, triumphant, reproachful. On account of her pale, frightened face, he decided not to say what was in his mind until she should have recovered her color and her composure. But, for your gratification, let me add that for many months she succeeded in warding off all disagreeable allusions with a marked increase of general domestic comfort, and a generous supply of savory dishes, served by a smart, middle-aged Irishwoman.

*Raymond Driggs.*

## NO TEARS FOR DEAD LOVE.

NO tears for dead Love,—neither songs nor tears,—  
 But dry-eyed Sorrow watching by his bed,  
 On which he lieth, stark, at last, and dead.  
 His eyes see no more light; and in his ears  
 Is no more any music of the spheres.  
 Lay roses on his breast, and round his head!  
 Low were our whispers, soft as sleep our tread,  
 When he lay dying,—vexed by hopes and fears:

But now that he is dead none need speak low,  
 Or move with noiseless steps about the room.  
 Dig deep his grave where never man may know,  
 And let the spring flowers hide it with their bloom:  
 Yet, though they make a bower that place of Death,  
 Shall we not know dead Love lies cold beneath?

*Philip Bourke Marston.*

## NOTES FROM AN ENGINEERS' CAMP.

THE travelling public who ride smoothly and rapidly over a railroad can hardly imagine what an amount of brain and muscle has been expended in its construction, nor form an idea of the country in its old, wild state, before the road had made a dividing-line through forests and meadows,—when preliminary lines were run, and men peering through instruments planned where and of what degree this curve should be, and where this tangent should begin and end. Then, following the engineers, came bands of muscular men to put their brawn at the service of the planners, to hew down trees, to tear the stumps and roots from out the earth, to cut through hills, to blow up rocks, to build bridges and trestles, to level and grade, and to lay down rails, until at length the road was ready for travel. The busy denizens of the city know little and think little of all this work going on in the wilderness; but away from the haunts of men, in the forests and by steep mountain-sides, the engineers are at work, laboring in silence and busy as the coral-insects under the sea, their work as unknown, until gradually it is brought into the view of all.

Some time since I had what might be called a smattering of an engineer's life,—that is, about a year's experience upon an engineer corps. The road had already been located and was under construction when it acquired my valuable services: it was an extension of an old line which terminated at a mining village and was now being run onward through a wild and almost uninhabited country. So little is known of the life of engineers, so little has ever been written about them, that these few glimpses of a camp and its surroundings may have some interest.

I shall never forget my first view of the mining village. Imagine a great number of little shanties all of the same pattern, unpainted and grimy with coal-dust, scattered higgledy-piggledy over a barren-looking side-hill; no regular streets, no order. Pigs and goats wandered about in graceful freedom; while at the dépôt were gathered dingy-looking specimens of men and women of all nations, wearing the marks of a grimy and coal-dusty brotherhood.

Among the crowd of wild and uncouth faces that peered at the incoming train I was delighted to recognize that of an old friend who had come to meet me, a former college chum, who was now engineer in charge of the extension. At college he had been somewhat dudishly inclined, but now he looked like a disreputable tramp, and seemed proud of it. He smiled at my civilized garb, at my light fall suit, and at what he scornfully styled my "gum-drop" derby. As it is always an unpleasant feeling to be conscious of being better dressed than those about you, we speedily got my trunk into a little shanty near by, and there I donned a garb more in keeping with my surroundings.

The first part of the walk to camp was comparatively easy: two or three miles of the road had been already graded. Gangs of men were

picking, shovelling, and dumping dirt from wheelbarrows. Swedes, Irish, Dutch, Hungarians in the tightest of tight leather breeches, Italians, Frenchmen,—it seemed like a panorama of the working-classes of all nations. Farther on we came upon what is technically known as a rock cut, and here the grading ended,—a steep mountain-side lined with huge boulders of rock, which had to be blown by means of giant powder from out the path of the serpentine railroad. Progress over jagged walls of this kind is at first naturally rather slow: it is only after considerable practice that one learns to skip from rock to rock with goat-like grace and agility. Down the mountain we picked our winding way until we entered a narrow valley, and, walking through gloriously-tinted forests of birch and hemlock and maple, we arrived at length at the camp, which was pitched by the side of a little stream.

The camp-surroundings were certainly charming; but within there was one great want: there was no cook. There had been a cook, but he had grown weary of his somewhat solitary life and had left with scant notice. However, we were cheered with the knowledge that another was engaged and would appear in a fortnight. Meanwhile, we took our meals at a shanty near by, for there was too much work to be done to think of cooking for ourselves. In this shanty a large gang of choppers boarded, men engaged in felling the trees on the line of the road. They were perhaps of a slightly better class than the ordinary laborers,—rough, wild-looking backwoodsman, clad for the most part in entire suits of very red flannel, which gave them a Mephistophelian appearance, and they certainly ate like devils. Each meal was a wild scramble.

These ephemeral "boarding-houses," as they are styled, spring up like mushrooms along the line of the road, and are pulled down and moved onward to keep abreast with its progress. In them the many gangs of workmen board and lodge. And such board, and such lodging! Forty or fifty men, perhaps, are packed into a small room, the entire floor made into one bed by means of a number of rough mattresses laid side by side. It is a strange sight indeed, the inside of one of these shanties after dark, when the various gangs of men have come home from work,—all crammed into one general room, dining-room, sitting-room, sometimes kitchen, combined; the air thick and misty with the vilest tobacco-smoke, the floor filthy with expectorations; a number of men sitting closely together on long benches, eating supper about a rough table; other men looking on with hungry eyes, waiting for their turn; still others, who have had their fill, lounging about in little groups; a few lucky ones seated on chairs of the cheapest pattern, others squatting about the floor; men of all nations, some smoking, some chatting, some playing cards, all swearing; a confusion of profane tongues, a regular Babel.

In the pale and flickering lamp-light do the faces of these men look hard and bestial? Remember their lives. From early morn until the darkness falls they pick and dig and delve, mere human machines, and then quit work to eat and rest in fouler dens than do the beasts. Can the flowers of life take root in such soil? A few perhaps here and there, but only of the coarser and hardier kind.

The law protects these men from the lash of the whip, but all day long they are lashed by the tongue of their boss, and the harder and louder he swears at them the more work does he seem to get out of them. They learn to respond to profanity as beasts do to blows: perhaps they would hardly understand other language. Immigrant railroad-workers learn to swear in English and acquire a choice vocabulary of oaths before anything else; and no wonder: they hear scarcely anything else.

Any one who has come much in contact with the lives of railroad laborers, who has seen them day after day at their hard uninteresting toil, digging and delving until nightfall, when they go to squalid habitations to eat, sleep, and wake to another hard day's toil, will not wonder if these men feel that somehow there should be something better in life for them. These multitudes of workmen in this land have a giant's strength among them, and sometimes they try to use it like a giant, blindly beating about them. By and by in the slow process of the evolution of the labor question, it is to be hoped, they will learn to use their force wisely, moderately, and to better purpose. They will learn the futility of wasting their strength by hurling it against certain inexorable laws. They will learn what remedies are of avail, and what are worse than useless. Meanwhile, agitation calls public attention to the real pitiable and barrenness of the lives of thousands of our fellow-beings.

The life of an engineer in camp is by no means an easy one; he does not lie upon a bed of roses, but upon a bunk of straw: still, he has always in his heart the hope of better things, and his life is not without its compensations.

We rose at or before daybreak, and worked steadily, with scarcely a half-hour's intermission for lunch, until sundown. This immense amount of out-door work of course gave us huge appetites, which were but poorly satisfied while we sat at the board of the hewers of wood. These men were rough and tough, and likewise were their viands. The man who ran the shanty, however, seemed so pleased with his breakfasts that he invariably encored them twice a day. Nor did a new day bring a new bill of fare, but only unvarying rounds of bread, tea, potatoes, strips of bacon which each man harpooned for himself out of a sea of grease, and very tough apple-pie. At length even the simple-minded children of the forest grew weary of these unique meals. Some time after we had left the establishment upon the arrival of our new cook at camp, they broke out in open murmurs and demanded better fare. But the host had been born and bred in this section of the country, and neither he nor his family were able to rise to any higher conceptions of a "square meal" than the one which they provided. Finding their murmurs of no avail, the choppers decided to seek a new shanty; but, as a mark of their disapproval, and to preclude the possibility of returning to the quarters they were about to leave, they first smashed what crockery the establishment contained, and then razed it to the ground.

There was much joy in camp when the new cook arrived. He had been imported from a small village, and was an unpromising-looking

being, but the scarcity of his kind gave him value: otherwise we could hardly have stood him for three consecutive days. Love, they say, levels all ranks, and so in a great measure does camp-life: it is hard to preserve social distinctions when huddled on a common shelf of straw. To be sure, our sleeping-compartment comprised an upper and a lower berth; but we could not all sleep on the top shelf: some of us had to sleep with the cook. To make matters worse, he was of an exceedingly sociable disposition, and had an endless flow of conversation, which did not cease even when he slept. He was simply a big, gawky, overgrown child, with a heart a great deal lighter than his bread or his biscuits,—fonder of singing than of cooking, though it was difficult to tell which he did the worse. His voice was unmusical and loud as the bellowing of a bull, yet it seemed to please him mightily. We could scarcely restrain him from bursting into song during the nights. Being of limited intelligence and memory, he knew but three songs,—“The Sword of Bunker Hill,” “I’m the Child of a King,” and “Though I am poor, I’m a gentleman still.” These he was wont to grind out in order, after the manner of a hand-organ, and then he would begin anew.

Now and then we left our song-bird in his cage alone and walked through dense woods and tangled underbrush to the farther end of the line, where there was an ancient settlement known by the name of Babb’s Creek. The work of construction was being pushed from both ends of the road. This settlement of Babb’s Creek, which consisted of a few rough, unpainted dwellings, a store or two, and an inn, had been founded—so legend and the oldest inhabitant affirmed—in Revolutionary times, by a certain Babb, a Tory and an outlaw, who had in this wild spot found a haven for himself and his brood. The story of Babb’s flight and settlement in the wilderness was related to us by the oldest inhabitant himself, whom we accidentally came across one afternoon seated before a little cabin on a mountain-side. He proved of a more sociable nature than the general run of the “oldest inhabitants,” invited us into his cabin, and insisted upon our drinking some very hard cider while he poured out his tale. When he had finished his yarn we thanked him for his information and hospitality, whereupon he shook his venerable head with conscious pride, and sagely remarked, “Wall, ef I do live in an old shell, I reckon I’m human.”

My first tramp to Babb’s was made under trying circumstances. A terrific storm overtook us on the way, and, as there was no place to run to for shelter, we were drenched to the skin, and were often compelled to wade swollen streams; for Babb’s lay in a valley which became readily inundated. Glad enough we were to get finally under cover in the best apology for an inn that the place afforded. There was a bright fire in the long, low, general waiting-room, and that, in our wet and shivering state, gave it the comfort of a palace. The room was an index of the place. In one corner stood a rough bar, in another corner a barrel with a spigot, a tin basin, a small cracked looking-glass, and a comb hanging by a single string,—the kind that Mark Twain calls a “hairloom.” But if the room bore a rough appearance, the men seated about it were rougher still. The day being too stormy for work, they lounged



around in groups, men of all nations, most of them laborers upon the road, with a sprinkling of miners and Jew peddlers,—altogether a motley crowd. As the hour of dinner drew near, the various groups gradually merged themselves close to a long narrow hall leading to the dining-room. As soon as the bell rang there was a general rush and scramble for place at the table, which held but about half of the eager crew: so that those who were last in this mad scramble were obliged to wait until the lucky first-come and first-served ones were sated. The meal thus begun in a scramble was continued in a scramble throughout. Truly does Howells say that civilization is not an affair of epochs and of nations, but of individuals.

All that day the rain fell in torrents, and we were cooped up in the long, low waiting-room; for here only was there a fire, the bare bedrooms having no means of being heated. As the day wore on, the effects of alcoholic stimulants began to be perceptible in spots about the room. Two or three incipient brawls were nipped in the bud by the watchful bartender; but finally he himself became involved in a quarrel with a man whose coal-begrimed face stamped him as a miner. The man had apparently been enjoying himself hugely for some time by frequently treating himself to beer, and chanting as he quaffed each glass this exquisitely humorous little couplet, evidently an adaptation of his own:

I'm a son of a gambolier,  
And a son of a gun for beer.

He seemed so delighted with this song and its accompaniment of beer, and encored himself so frequently, that at length he lost his good nature, and drank himself into that condition aptly described as "fighting drunk." A fight soon followed as a logical sequence, and ended by the descendant of the gun being knocked through the door and flat on his back in the mud and rain. Such fights were of such frequent occurrence that they excited no general interest.

After we had had another wild struggle for supper,—a tea-fight with a vengeance,—and when the darkness had fallen, and the lamps were lit, the various groups of men, seen through a dense mist of tobacco-smoke, presented a wilder and weirder appearance than ever. The men of different nations had again ranged themselves in little knots, each bound by a common tongue, and, as most of the men knew but their own language, they were practically as far away from the men of other nations as if they had been in their different countries, instead of all under one roof. We shall never realize the poet's dream of "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world," until we speak one common tongue. However, it is sometimes a blessing that men don't understand each other. There would upon this night most certainly have been a fierce fight could a party of Germans near us have understood the uncomplimentary remarks passed upon them and their language by a group of Irishmen next to them. "There's a language for yees!" said a son of Erin, with a look of supreme contempt at the Germans. "I don't believe it's got any maning at all; for I can't make out a word of it. Why," he continued, "the other day the boss sint me



into a Dutch shanty to fetch the man of the house out to him, and, when I axed the women where he was, divil an answer would they give me, but only just jabbered in that language, an *me a-lookin'* at 'em." Another one of this group was in a rather maudlin state, and frequently wept copiously as he related incidents of his youth in the "ould counthry" with great minuteness of detail, seemingly entirely unconscious of the fact that nobody was listening to him. Finally a young compatriot invited him to take a drink, and the two sat down together. "Tommy," said the older man, still in a reminiscent humor,—"Tommy, you're of a high breed;" this he repeated many times over, patting his young friend upon the knee and shaking his head sadly from side to side, as if mere words could never express the immeasurable height of Tommy's breed, and then in a choking voice, as if about to reach an agonizing climax, he went on: "Tommy, when you were a little boy, only about so high, Tommy,"—here he measured the distance from the floor with a wavering hand,—"*I—I used to wipe your nose.*" This incident, which seemed to strike the narrator as a particularly pathetic one, broke him down completely; but Tommy looked annoyed and ashamed, and, moving away, left his weeping friend to his reminiscences.

The great man at this our occasional abiding-place was a certain sub-contractor who was constructing a portion of the road from that end. He was a remarkably stupid man, and subsequently failed entirely upon his contract, but he had such a preternaturally wise look about him, and used to wink in such a sagacious manner, that he was looked up to in this region as a man of extraordinary parts and acuteness. He became very fond of visiting us at our camp, pretending that this fondness was due to his having been a soldier during the war: the camp, he said, made him feel like a soldier again. Afterwards, however, when, to protect ourselves from others who, like him, had discovered that our table offered better viands than were to be found elsewhere in those barren regions, we hung up a sign stating that a regular charge would be made for meals, his fondness for camp-life suddenly forsook him. Once, indeed, he came back, bringing a turkey with him as a free gift to preclude the possibility of having a charge made against him; he also brought a couple of stalwart sons along with him. The trio remained several days, and not only ate up the major portion of the turkey, but made a fearful inroad into our stores, finally bidding us farewell with the air of men who had laid us under heavy obligations. The old man, indeed, came back after a time and endeavored to board free upon the recollection of that turkey. But turkey in the past tense is not turkey in the present tense. The cook presented our genial friend with a bill at parting: this seemed to grieve him, and with an injured look he put it into his pocket and said he would settle it the next time he came; but he forgot to come again.

One of the best results of our frequent long absences from camp was that our cook got homesick and resigned. We were lucky enough to procure a new cook immediately. He was a Norwegian, by the name of Peter,—"*the Great,*" "*the Good,*" we styled him. He had been a sea-cook for fourteen years, but for some unaccountable reason he had wandered with a gang of his countrymen into these regions.

However, great talent such as his could not remain hidden, for he was a born cook,—cooks, like poets, are born, not made,—and even in that wild country his genius was soon recognized, and his fame spread to our camp. It was under the reign of this Peter the Great that our table became so famous that we were obliged to charge uninvited guests in order to save ourselves from bankruptcy. Peter could neither sing nor talk; indeed, he was a cook of inestimable qualities, and was as regular as a clock, and never got out of order. He rose at five in the morning precisely, performed his manifold duties with wonderful precision and punctuality, and retired each evening at nine o'clock. Before retiring he always smoked a pipe silently in the chimney-corner, and then rolled himself up in his section of the bunk. After getting settled for the night nothing disturbed him. One evening we were playing a game of cards, when suddenly amid the breathless excitement attendant upon a prolonged jack-pot a lamp was upset, and in a moment our wooden flooring was a sheet of flame. Peter, who was rolled up for the night, opened his eyes in a mildly wondering manner and calmly looked at us while we smothered the flames, without evincing the slightest sign of excitement, although the canvas tent might have caught fire in an instant. I really believe this remarkable man would have allowed himself to be roasted alive rather than have risen from his couch before his regular time.

It was Peter's great fame that brought us so many visitors, and sometimes very curious beings these visitors were. One day we returned to camp to find sitting before the fire an uncouth and hairy being who looked as if he had kept away for years from civilization and barbers. It was in vain that we asked him the eternal questions of the whence and whither: he was evidently stone-deaf, perhaps dumb, and was, to all appearances, calmly oblivious of our presence. When dinner-time came he assumed a more cheerful air, helped himself to a seat and to everything that came in his way, but ventured no observations. Seeing him eye longingly some ham that lay beyond him, I hallooed to him to find out whether he desired some. My whoops seemed to have no effect upon him, however, until I made a speaking-trumpet out of my hands, and, placing them close to his ear, bellowed, with all my might, "Will—you—have—some—ham?" He heard me, regarded me rather severely for several moments, and then sternly inquired, "How did you find out that I'm deaf?" I made no endeavor to explain the intricate process. These were the only words that he uttered; and after dinner he disappeared as mysteriously as he came; nor did any one attempt to collect toll from him.

Spring, summer, and autumn have their varied charms for campers-out, but winter can present but few, while its list of positive discomforts is a long one. The sight of snow from a comfortable position behind a window-pane may inspire a song in the hearts of the numberless authors of "Beautiful Snow," but it is not inspiring to push out a flap of the tent at night or early morn and view that long white winding-sheet. Nor is trampling over the white dazzling plains all day, or scaling the steep and slippery mountain-sides, a pleasurable occupation, especially when one is encumbered with heavy instruments.

The life of the engineer in camp is a life of exposure and hardship at best, and of real hard work. In winter, in a cold climate, there is much positive suffering. It is no pleasant thing to rise in the darkness of the early morning, with the thermometer often below zero, and nothing but a few smouldering ashes of last night's fire and a strip of canvas to shield you from the biting open air. Hastily, as one would imagine, we washed and dressed, breaking the ice in buckets for the first-named indispensable operation, and then, with fingers drawn up with cold, we would rush into the little shanty near us which served as dining-room and kitchen. There we would find the good Peter ready with hot coffee and breakfast, which brought a temporary warmth and color into life. Then out into the darkness we went if our field of labors lay afar, and walked rapidly, or often trotted, until the light broke. Magnificent sights and visions one sees, too, from a high mountain-side as the sun rises and gleams over the expanses of encrusted snow and the great hemlock forests covered with shining icicles that sparkle like myriads of gems,—such a bewildering glint and gleam of dazzling splendor as makes one feel as if the gates of heaven itself had suddenly burst asunder and allowed a flood of glory to stream down upon the earth and bathe it with celestial light.

But an engineer has little time for visions; his mind is too full of practical details; he hardly sees the scenery about him; his mind's eye is bent upon one narrow winding road that must divide the face of nature, and before whose progress a long line of forest monarchs must bow. Yet almost unconsciously does he drink in the beauties of nature, and when his work is done they make pictures in his mind. In the darkness of the night one may still feel the glory of the morning.

In the evening the walk to camp was often made through the densest darkness, through hemlock forests that seemed to exude a pitchy blackness. It is curious that one can learn to walk with almost as much precision in the darkness, and to feel as certain of his bearings, as if he were pacing the electric-lighted streets of a city. But at no time does one learn more to love the light. As we neared camp, the gleam that it emitted had an inestimable preciousness. We had built a large stone chimney and fireplace at camp, unsightly from without, but within the great log fire shed a rich glow of cheer and comfort and glorified the rough surroundings. In the middle of the tent we had a stove, so that by getting between the two fires we managed to keep warm and comfortable. Dudley Warner is right,—there is nothing like a large open fireplace; if we are becoming dyspeptic and less sociable creatures it is because the heart-cheering and talk-inspiring institutions of our gran'daddies have given place to the "nasty little holes in the floor."

Early in the winter the earth became so hard and frozen that the workingmen could make but little progress with their picks and shovels, and very soon their work ceased. We spent the winter in staking out a long trestle, which is very slow and careful work, so that often we suffered intensely from the cold. No one hailed the coy glances of spring with more joy than we. As soon as the ground was sufficiently

thawed, work was generally resumed, and rapidly pushed from both ends of the road. In the early summer the ends met; the last and joining rail was laid, and the road was finished. Then there was a general scattering of the hosts, a picking up of bag and baggage, the Italian gangs of laborers marching off with their worldly effects done up in red bandanna handkerchiefs.

For days before the breaking-up of camp Peter had been carefully accumulating all sorts of discarded articles, such as old shoes, clothes, and even a varied assortment of ham-bones. Giving way to a sudden attack of humor, I asked him if he were going to start a dime museum; but he gravely answered that he was going to get married. Upon further interrogation it turned out that he had sent to Norway for his bride, and that she was then on her way to this country. He received my congratulations stolidly, and said that he hardly knew his coming bride, but thought he ought to marry,—seeming to regard the matter as a purely business arrangement. Suddenly, however, his eyes took on a look of tenderness, his lip quivered, and the stolid-looking and imperturbable Peter disclosed that even he held secret in his heart a gleam of romance, the romance that comes but once in the lives of the majority of men. "Ah," he said, in his quaint English, "the beloved of my heart is dead, I never see her again; but I gettin' on now, and I t'ink I ought to marry." Then he related how long ago he had loved a fair neighbor in Norway, and that his love was returned; that he had gone to sea to earn money, and that after years he had come back to his native land ready to marry "the beloved of his heart." The wedding day came, the wedding-feast was prepared, but the wedding-feast grew cold and was untouched; for as some of her companions were decking the bride for the altar she suddenly swooned and died. As he related this incident the man for the moment was transformed; in his face there shone the tenderness of a heart-felt sorrow, into his eyes there came a mist, upon his lips a quiver. He turned brusquely aside, and soon became the stolid and rigid Peter again, and methodically went on adding to his curious collection of camp-remains. He was a thrifty soul, and had a genius for putting to good use seemingly useless things. No doubt out of the ham-bones he made a most excellent soup to serve in the feast that should celebrate his *mariage de convenance*.

When camp broke up we left Peter in the wilds. He was a most talented cook, but he disliked his profession, and gave it up to take a position in a large sawmill which had been built along the line not far from camp. Genius is always wasting itself. As for the dwellers in the camp for whose keen appetites the good Peter had catered, they were scattered by the four winds of heaven.

This road was finished, but there are always others to build; then comes the turn of the kaleidoscope, and a new group of engineers and laborers is formed, who slowly, steadily toil away in silent places, far from the busy haunts of men, yet ever approaching them, reaching them, and passing into the silence again, thus ever binding them together with long firm links of iron and of steel.

Henry Collins.

## TO A CLOUD.

UNDER the bending mountain skies  
I lay, with half-shut, dreamy eyes,  
In the sweetest month of spring,—  
When a little cloud came, so soft and white,  
It seemed but a fleecy streak of light,  
Or the flash of an angel's wing.

I had marked the mountain's fitful mood,  
Its tall head wrapped in a flame-red hood,  
Or its base in a misty shroud;  
But through all its cliffs where sunbeams played,  
And in all its shifting light and shade,  
There was nothing like the cloud.

So fair, so far, it seemed to float,  
With the airy grace of a white-winged boat,  
And the deep-blue sky for a sea,  
It might have been that an angel crew  
Were voyaging the distant blue  
With the Pilot of Galilee.

O winsome ship of the upper sea,  
My fettered thought looks up to thee,  
In thy supernal place,  
And longs thine airy decks to tread,  
Thy cloudland-charted course to thread  
Through realms of trackless space.

In vain does blinded science guess  
The texture of thy dewy dress  
With earthly mechanism!  
I view thee through another glass,  
And make thy borrowed beauty pass  
Through Fancy's finer prism.

But, ah! no cloud-compelling Jove  
Will hear the prayers I breathe above  
To stay thy wayward flight;  
And while I strain my yearning eye,  
Thy trailing banners through the sky  
Are bidding me good-night.

*William Rice Sims.*

*HIS MAJESTY THE "AVERAGE READER."*

THE novelist who studiously concerns himself with the tastes of the average reader is either made or lost, and on certain occasions he is both. If he writes purely for popularity he now and then attains it, but more often quite misses it; and if he writes for popularity and attains it he is not seldom wofully self-dissatisfied. It is a general article of faith that the novelists with plethoric pocket-books are the happiest of their class; but much as the best of us love a fat wage for work honestly done, those of us who possess any literary ideal whatever desire emolument of a less tangible sort. I recall being once greatly astonished to hear a writer of rather cheap tales in a decidedly inferior journal say that the authors whom he chiefly enjoyed reading were Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley. I had never found the least trace of this declared cult in his own compositions, and presently the truth came out. He was a creator who despised his own creations, notwithstanding that he reaped from them a good deal of solid pecuniary profit. His confession pointed, for my later reflections, a noteworthy moral. Perhaps it is not true that there are many neglected novelists in the world who have a happy time of it; but we might feel safe in asserting that these same wall-flowers in the big garden of fiction would not be as contented as they now are if transplanted to a parterre whose associate blooms they did not consider good floral company.

The average novel-reader is, after all, a terrible tyrant. To succeed for him, in a novel, means to bite into his attention, and that psychic part of him is apt to be a very hard and repelling element. He cares nothing for the storyteller himself. Last year Jones may have woven a magic spell over him, but this year Jones's triumph is remembered only in a spirit of despotic comparison. You may, in the past, for all he cares, have written masterpieces untold; what he wants you for now is what you can do for him now in the way of interest and diversion. There is your book, and there is he, ensconced beside his grate, with his slippers on, and his mind at once receptive and capriciously critical. Freshness of subject would appear at all times to be his autocratic demand; and yet somebody will venture to present him with a tale of his own time, his own town, even of his own most hackneyed personal experiences, and he will eagerly devour it, laud it among his neighbors and friends, and effect for it a commercial vogue. He is so illogical in his behavior as a reader of you that you frequently feel justified in ignoring him altogether and spinning your yarns for somebody else.

But that "somebody else" is a most shadowy personage. If a novelist does not "sell" with the average reader he must content himself with a limited circulation indeed. Of course there is always the large though hidden throng of intellectual appreciators, who glance at none except the "best" novels. But you and I who recount the loves of Edmund and Angelica may long have lain in our graves before anything we have wrought has been pronounced a true "classic." And considering the enormous amount of fiction that has been written and is being written, probably it is not far from the truth to state that the deliberate aim to achieve a classic is vainglorious presumption. The most famous novelists have really achieved few.



But there is a kind of steadfast self-confidence in novel-writing, so rare and so fine that it cannot be too highly praised. Its wholesomeness prevents it from showing contempt for the average reader, and yet its quiet dignity of ideal makes any strong heed of him impossible. It works right on, in one sense careless, and in another careful exceedingly. It is egotism of the better sort, and yet it is also modesty of the better sort; for while it relies upon its own powers with a secure persistence, it nevertheless places those powers in an attitude of reverence before the shrine of art. Such work is not necessarily slow work. Fecundity and inferiority are apt, it is true, to hunt in couples, but a novelist may produce much without justly incurring the charge of what is called hasty writing. Nearly all the important novelists have been copious in their accomplishment.

To rebel against the material discouragements of indifference on the part of the average reader, to hold one's self calmly aloof from his freaks and demands, requires that one's head shall be very solidly set on one's shoulders. Sometimes the clearest and most capable heads are not set so, and then may come hours of awful depression, feelings that the pen is a dagger and the ink veritable heart's-blood. Still, fortitude, like other virtues, can be cultivated. We are all of us more susceptible to the exhilarant of praise than we care to admit, and for some temperaments the dogged adherence to an unappreciated standard is horribly burdensome. On others (and these are unfortunately few) the scorn of the average reader acts as a real spur. Such mortals have "the wrestling thews that throw the world," but it does not follow that hardihood of this kind is an unfailing quality of greatness. The average reader has possibly dampened the spirit of more than one genius in fiction. "Advice to authors" nearly always, of course, is received by that gentle guild with the modesty which rates as its most salient characteristic; and yet the present writer somehow feels trepidation in venturing to proffer his own counsel. Still, let it go, and perchance be taken at its worth. The average reader is a foe to the novelist of strong, serious intention, and should thus be considered. Begin by showing him your complete disdain, and he will very often pay court to you through the mere discovery that you condemn him. Do not open your story with two or three pages of "broken-up" type because you have been told that the average reader likes "conversation." Open with ten close-printed pages, à la *Balzac*, if you choose, and if at the same time you believe the plan of your work bestows upon you this right. Never attempt to freshen your chapters with humorous writing because the average reader is notoriously "fond of a laugh." Humor is not to be trifled with that way; it seldom comes at all; it is a muse of rebellious coyness and does not move with slow and sober paces like its sister, Pathos. Introduce as much spontaneous humor into your story as you can. If it is all good there cannot be too much, and you will mark with amazement, on reading over your work afterward, how every little flame-point of genuine wit or geniality has lighted up and accentuated your emotional, sombre, or poetic effects. Above all things do not ignore atmosphere, for which the average reader seldom has much concern, I should say, and does not care whether you ignore it or not. Yet the more you care for it the dearer your work will become to you; for atmosphere in a novel is the proof that you have wrought it with that profound and unflagging enthusiasm whose absence makes all literary performance the merest mechanic task. Atmosphere in your book is some sort of delicious interlinear comment of your own, written, if you will, with invisible ink, but

whose characters are sure to steal forth beneath the glow of your admirers' regards, as in that curious chemic script which only becomes apparent, we are told, when the surface that contains it is held before a fire. . . . And lastly, in the much-discussed matter of realism and romanticism, rest certain that any strain to produce either result may end disastrously; for the flattest kind of realism can be produced by romantic resources lamely dealt with; and realistic intentions, if carried out through the sole impulse of perfunctory theory, are apt to take the tint and flavor of a bad romanticism. Between the two schools there is a far more shadowy barrier than certain fanatics allege. What the realists actually detest is artificiality of method, and what the romanticists at heart abhor is a method too coldly literal. Zola, as already has ably been pointed out, is a great though gloomy poet, while that Hawthorne is a poet (though in pessimistic senses far from a gloomy one) not even his detractors would presume to deny.

*Edgar Fawcett.*

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### THE DAYS THAT ARE TO BE.

FOR the benefit of posterity, one is sometimes tempted to wish that novel-writing might become a lost art, for a season, and then upon its rediscovery it would regain something of the charm of freshness. No one can deny that there is a fatiguing sameness in the generality of modern novels. The hero and villain of each succeeding tale might as well be given the generic names of John Doe and Richard Roe, so much alike are they all in traits and characteristics.

But, after all, the authors are less to blame than the age they live in. We have reached an unpicturesque point in the world's progress, at which everything seems to tend toward the repression of individuality. Civilization has gone very far, yet not far enough. On every side the fierce, vulgar haste to be rich may be noted, but not always the cultivation and refinement that great wealth should bring. We are intent rather upon comfort than picturesqueness, and rapid transit and the saving of labor are apparently more important than the things that add æsthetic beauty to life. Machinery has taken the place of individual effort, and it is difficult for romance to breathe a utilitarian atmosphere loaded with lint and coal-dust and sewer-gas. The disarray attendant upon great enterprises just begun, or in process of completion, adds to the crudities of a transitional period. But this is all in the line of development. Howsoever we may regret some of the things of the past, we cannot turn backward to plough with crooked sticks, or let the trampling feet of oxen tread out the golden grain. Reversing the hour-glass will not give back the hour that has perished and gone down to our account. We shall move forward out of this stage into a better one.

This will be a much more interesting world to live in a hundred years hence; and there is reason to believe that fresh literary possibilities will have opened before the novelists of that age, providing them with material for new plots and incidents. By that time the much-discussed air-ships will be in operation. The perils of this means of locomotion will not only be useful in removing the surplus population, but will furnish the fabulist with a new form of accident,—an agreeable change from the regulation steamboat-explosion or railroad-collision. Courtships in mid-air and aerial elopements will add variety

to the tedious business of love-making. There will be submarine railways, and such rapidity of transit as the human mind in its present state cannot imagine. The discovery of the secret of perpetual motion, that Wandering Jew of science, will give rise to strange developments and complications. Dr. R. L. Garner's bold scheme for the comprehension and translation of "monkey talk" will be perfected, and the conversations in fiction—often too dull, at present—may be enlivened by simian wit and wisdom.

Enthusiasts on the subject of psychical research assure us that the spirit-world is at our elbow, so to speak, and that it is only our fleshly dulness of apprehension, our earthly grossness, which prevents us from realizing the fact. We are, they aver, on the brink of astounding psychic revelations, and shall soon be able to hold communion with the denizens of the, at present, undiscovered country. The phrase "seeing your grandmother's ghost" will then mean something more than a gibing allusion to the nightmare induced by a late repast of mince-pie and Welsh rarebit. Here will be another great opportunity for the novelist of the future. Phantoms may be freely introduced among his *dramatis personæ*, their fine subtlety serving to relieve the heaviness of the more substantial characters. The suggestion may seem *macabre* at first; but custom will abate all superstitious tremors. Spectres will no longer skulk in corridors or lurk in ruined towers, as though uncertain of welcome, but will come boldly forth into the light of day, and, figuratively, make themselves felt. After much association with mortals, have you not sometimes longed to know a few ghosts? There is little doubt that an intelligent ghost would be a most agreeable companion. Being disembodied, he would have no "symptoms" to retail, and, having had unrivalled opportunities to amass treasures of observation, it is not likely that he would indulge in platitudes. As he would have risen to a plane above the small spites, envyings, petulancies, and jealousies which are thorns in the mortal flesh, association with him would also be morally elevating. And another point of interest arises. At that period, the author, upon dying, need not relinquish his claims to the profits of his works, but may assert his right to the income now appropriated by the literary executor. There may be persons who will object to this sensible arrangement; but of course it will end in the passage of a Ghosts' Copyright Bill.

A century from this date, though the inhabitants of our world may not have arrived at the point of "neighboring" with the dwellers upon Mars, some sort of communication will probably have been established between the two planets. Romancers of the present time have occasionally hazarded wild conjectures as to the manner of life upon our sister sphere; but the novelist of the future will be able to speak with authority, and can make literary capital of his knowledge. Judging from recent astronomical discoveries touching the continual shifting of Mars's bodies of water, or what are supposed to be such, it would be impossible to complain of any monotony in the landscape. It would add an element of piquancy, a tang of the unexpected, to the prosy routine of daily existence to be able to make such remarks as, "If the Agathadæmon River remains where it is over-night, we will go sailing to-morrow." In the future, the young people of our world and those of Mars can fall in love with each other by telescope, thus giving the fiction-writer a fine chance to harrow up the feelings of his readers. What unappeasable yearnings would ensue, what wild despairs, what mad efforts, on the part of the enamoured ones, to launch themselves through the intervening miles of atmosphere! Space would be sown with whirling

atoms, the corporeal remnants of frantic lovers who had succeeded in separating themselves from their native spheres. Perhaps, in the end, love would find out the way that now baffles science.

Altogether it seems as though there is a bright outlook for the novelist of the future. Perhaps, however, at that era the worship of the uneventful in fiction will have reached such a pitch that it will be considered vulgarly sensational for the fabulist to mention the world's new and startling developments, or to take any notice of what is going on in Mars.

*J. K. Wetherill.*

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Edward the Black Prince. By Douglas B. W. Sladen. Australian Lyrics. By Douglas B. W. Sladen. The Spanish Armada. By Douglas B. W. Sladen. A Poetry of Exiles. By Douglas B. W. Sladen. New York, The Cassell Publishing Co.—The Lawrence Reciter. By Edward Gordon Lawrence. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Pine Rose and Fleur de Lys. By S. Frances Harrison. Toronto, Hart & Co.—The Story of Charity. By A. H. St. Clair. St. Louis, Mo.—The Question of Copyright. Compiled by Geo. Haven Putnam. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Juggernaut: a Veiled Record. By George Cary Eggleston and Dolores Marbourg. New York, Fords, Howard & Hulbert.—The Lily of the Valley. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston, Roberts Bros.—Peterson's National Cook-Book. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Alfreda. By Emma E. H. Specht. St. Louis, Emma E. H. Specht.—Easy Lessons on the Constitution of the United States. By Alfred Bayliss. Chicago, W. W. Knowles & Co.—The Reader's Guide in Economic, Social, and Political Science. Edited by R. R. Bowker and George Hles. New York Society for Political Education.—Love's Cruel Enigma. By Paul Bourget. New York and St. Louis, Waverly Co.—Hereditry, Wealth, and Personal Beauty. By Jno. V. Shoemaker, A. M., M. D.—The Daughter: her Health, Education, and Wedlock. By Wm. M. Clapp, M.D. Philadelphia and London, F. A. Davis.—Bertha's Baby. By Gustav Droz. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Ursula. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston, Roberts Bros.—Relation of Labor to the Law of To-Day. By Dr. Lujo Brentano. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Chansons Populaires de la France. By Thomas Frederick Crane, A.M. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Looking Forward for Young Men. By Rev. Geo. Sumner Weaver, D.D. New York, Fowler & Wells Co.—Biography of Dio Lewis, M.D. By Mary F. Eastman. New York, Fowler & Wells Co.—A Quaker Home. By George Fox Tucker. Boston, Geo. B. Reed.—Gentlemen. New York, The De Vinne Press.—Fanchon the Cricket. By George Sand. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Bros.—One of the Conquerors. By George Meredith. Boston, Roberts Bros.—Tinkletop's Crime, and other Stories. By Geo. R. Sims. New York, Charles L. Webster & Co.—The Story of an Abduction in the Seventeenth Century. By J. Van Lennep. New York, W. S. Gottsberger & Co.—Charles Darwin. By Charles Frederick Holden. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Glencoonoge. By Edward Brinsley Sheridan Knowles. Baltimore, John Murphy & Co.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE critical reader of current fiction will not fail to note the distinction and conspicuous merits of Mr. Richard Pryce's latest novel.\* There is in it not only the combination, so essential to lasting work, of a story worth the telling told in a manner worthy of the tale, but also a certain freshness of episode and briskness of movement for which we are duly grateful. It is appalling to consider the extent to which the already enormous volume of imaginative literature would be swollen if good writers were as thick as good plots,—if every novelist could handle a mystery with the skill that Mr. Pryce handles his. It is strictly true that, without needless lengthening of the lines of the story, its mystery, always cumulative in interest and provocative of speculation on every page, successfully evades solution until within six pages of the finis.

The author's manner is very happy. In the opening chapter he gives us a panoramic glimpse of the Strand by moonlight, reproducing with startling truth, in a few picturesque paragraphs, its vulgar sights and strident sounds. It is there that Lord Rutherford first sees the beautiful face which will not depart his memory. The wonder of it all is how so much of the manifold life of London has been so vividly represented within such small compass. There are at least a dozen distinct types sketched in brilliantly: the profligate and simple-minded Harvey, cast adrift by his relations and going cheerfully and obviously to the dogs; his actress-mistress, with hair the color of brass, who has two sets of manners and speech, one for her own class and an artificial one for gentle-folks; the satirical and rather saturnine Miss Close; Lord Hurlingham, whose laugh is enormous, whose stories are shocking, and whose candor betrays him into exclaiming, when his daughter is led to the piano, "Agnes! Oh, Lord!" But it is inevitable that the interest of the story should centre in the bewitching personality of the heroine, Esther Wilton. A more charming girl it would be difficult to fancy: she has beauty, and breeding, and naturalness, and sweetness, and—that vague mystery about her to which we have referred. Rutherford loves her speedily, and there is a very pretty scene wherein he tells her so. The purity and the beauty of their romance touch one strangely; the obstacle in the way of its consummation is infinitely pathetic.

Throughout the story are cleverly scattered such pointed reference, such bits of talk, and drolleries, as serve to illuminate its characters far better than could any prolix description. When the actress, for instance, with hair the color of brass, insisted on lighting her cigarette from Rutherford's cigar, "she looked at him steadily as she did so, and then she laughed."

It is not at all remarkable that there should be so soon a demand for a new edition of Mr. Blair's masterly work. † It supplied a veritable want, being an

\* JUST IMPEDIMENT. By Richard Pryce. Series of Select Novels. J. B. Lippincott Company. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

† THE CLINICAL ANALYSIS OF IRON. A Complete Account of All the Best-Known Methods for the Analysis of Iron, Steel, Pig-Iron, Iron Ore, Limestone, Slag, Clay, Sand, Coal, Coke, and Furnace and Producer Gases. By Andrew Alexander Blair. 8vo, 314 pp. Half morocco, \$4.00. J. B. Lippincott Company.

exhaustive summary of all known or needful information in a most important branch of analytical chemistry. It is designed to be a useful laboratory companion, and no iron chemist can afford to ignore it. Every means has been taken in the present edition to keep the work abreast of the times, the notice given to certain new and improved methods necessitating an addition of some thirty pages of text and a number of new illustrations.

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Prescott is not dead.\* In yielding full measure of praise to the latter-day historians—to Green and McMaster, to McCarthy and Adams—one does not forget the aim of these popular writers, or overlook the limitations of their work. Prescott belongs to another class, the class of historians who wrought slowly and for all time, soberly in classic form and perfect dignity of diction. So he remains to-day what Humboldt said he was, “the great historian of the New World, who has scarcely a rival in the Old one.” There is no longer an excuse for those who have neglected him; he is now made accessible to all readers in the four authorized editions before us. That in five volumes is an evolutionary step in the art of book-making; printed from new plates, on excellent paper, with all illustrations and maps, it is sold at the ridiculous price of one dollar a volume, and, with the luminous and interesting notes by Mr. Kirk, the general reader as well as the student will be quick to perceive the advantages it possesses over all earlier editions. A noticeable feature of the sumptuous library edition of the *Conquest of Mexico* is the copious and charming illustration in phototype, many of the photographs in the two volumes differing so slightly from the views which might have been taken in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the time of the narrative, that they add greatly to the fascination and force of the text. Similarly the two elegant volumes of *Ferdinand and Isabella* are appropriately illustrated with photographic views of cities and public buildings, and with reproductions of paintings representing remarkable events during an epoch of unrivalled interest in the history of mediæval Europe.

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\* THE WORKS OF WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, with Notes by John Foster Kirk. “Student’s Edition,” in five volumes, cloth, \$5.00, any volume sold separately; “New Popular Edition,” sixteen volumes, cloth, \$16.50; “Library Edition,” twelve volumes, \$30.00; “Extra Illustrated Library Edition,”—*Conquest of Mexico*, two volumes, half morocco, 8vo, \$10.00. *Ferdinand and Isabella*, two volumes, half morocco, 8vo, \$10.00. J. B. Lippincott Company.



## CURRENT NOTES.

## TO IMPROVE COOKING RECEIPTS.

USEFUL INFORMATION FROM SOME CELEBRATED  
ADEPTS IN COOKING.

As a matter of useful information it may be stated that whenever a cooking receipt calls for a baking powder the "Royal" should be used. The receipt will be found to work better and surer, and the bread, biscuit, rolls, cakes, dumplings, crusts, puddings, crullers, or whatever made, will be produced sweeter, lighter, finer-flavored, more dainty, palatable, and wholesome. Besides, the "Royal" will go further or has greater leavening power, and is therefore more economical, than any other powder.

Many receipts as published still call for cream of tartar and soda, the old-fashioned way of raising. Modern cooking and expert cooks do not sanction this old way. In all such receipts the Royal Baking Powder should be substituted without fail.

The greatest adepts in the culinary art are particular to use the Royal only, and the authors of the most popular cook-books and the teachers of the successful cooking-schools, with whom the best results are imperative, are careful to impress their readers and pupils with the importance of its exclusive employment. Marion Harland, whose "Common Sense" cook-book is authority in hundreds of thousands of American homes, says she regards "the Royal Baking Powder as the best; since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other." Miss Parloa, the most widely known of our public lecturers upon the culinary art, says, "The Royal Baking Powder is as good as any can be; I use it with great satisfaction." Mrs. Rorer, principal of the Philadelphia Cooking-School, and a well-known public lecturer, has announced from the platform "the Royal is the best;" and the *chef* of Delmonico's New York famous restaurant says he finds the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others, and recommends it highly.

The Royal Baking Powder is the greatest help to perfect cooking of modern times, and every receipt requiring a raising ingredient should embody it.

HOW THE CHINESE GET SQUARE WITH US.—It is as possible to "slit the thin-spun life" with a stiletto as with a broadsword, and in the most finished periods a Chinaman finds himself quite able to express either withering contempt or remorseless hate. But he has other ways also of giving vent to his ill humors. The very punctilious rules of letter-writing enable him to convey his dislike by omission as well as by commission. Chinese is, it may be explained, written in vertical columns, beginning on the top right-hand corner of the page. In ordinary circumstances each column is completed to the bottom of the page; but long usage has established the custom that, if the name or attributes of the person addressed occur, the column is cut short, and the characters representing these subjects of honor begin the next column at an elevation of one or two characters, as the case may be, above the general level of the text. The expressions, for example, "Your honorable country," "My benevolent elder brother," and others, are entitled to stand prominently out at the head of the columns,—a position which gives them the same kind of distinction which capital letters confer among ourselves.

It will now be seen what a ready weapon lies to the hand of a Chinese letter-writer. To write "Your Excellency" or the name of the correspondent's country or sovereign in the body of the column is to inflict a dire insult upon him, and is equivalent to the expression of the bitterest contempt in European epistolary style. Occasionally infringements of this rule are made by mistake, and it not unfrequently happens that condign punishment overtakes careless or ignorant officials who forget its application to the titles of the imperial family. Not long since an imperial censor presented a memorial to the throne in which the proper elevation was not given to the name of the dowager empress. The result was doubly disastrous to the writer. Not only was the prayer of his memorial rejected, but he was handed over to the board of punishments to suffer the consequences of his error. On foreigners Chinamen used to delight, and still do to a certain extent, in heaping up this and other insults, trusting to the ignorance of their correspondents in the forms and diction of the language.—*Saturday Review*.

A COLD GREENHOUSE.—A German horticultural journal says that one of the latest inventions in medicine is the use of cold greenhouses in tropical countries as a means of combating yellow fever. This disease, it states, can be conquered if one removes to those elevated regions in which oaks will grow. This fact recently inspired a celebrated Cuban physician with the idea of reducing the temperature of sick-rooms by artificial means, and wonderful cures resulted. Now it is proposed that, in districts liable to the epidemic, each town shall erect a great glass house in which plants of cold and temperate regions may be grown, the temperature being artificially cooled instead of heated, as in our greenhouses, and that they shall be devoted to the treatment of patients suffering from the fever.—*Garden and Forest*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BEDOUIN.—To Adam were born three sons,—a farmer, a hunter, and a Badawi. To the latter, for his livelihood, Adam gave a camel. The Badawi came to Adam and said, "My camel is dead: what shall I do now for a living?" To whom Adam, "Go thy way, and live of what thou canst filch from thy brethren."—*The Saturday Review*.

## LADIES RECOMMEND

Ayer's Hair Vigor to their friends and acquaintances, because it affords greater satisfaction than any other dressing they have ever used. One young lady, in a postscript to her letter, says, "Be sure and get *Ayer's Hair Vigor*. It is perfectly splendid. It restores the natural color to hair which has become thin, faded, and gray, promotes a new and luxuriant growth of hair, frees the scalp from dandruff and troublesome humors, and is, certainly, the nicest, cleanest, and most economical dressing I ever knew or heard of."

"At the age of thirty-four I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever in Monroe, La. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had wellnigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of *Ayer's Hair Vigor*. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles I had a fine head of soft hair."—MRS. S. A. ROOK, *Anderson, Texas*.

"I have been using *Ayer's Hair Vigor* with great satisfaction for more than twelve years. It keeps the scalp free from dandruff, restores gray hair to its natural color, and prevents the hair from falling out. There is no better dressing than *Ayer's Hair Vigor*."—MRS. JOHN A. GRAY, *Walpole, Mass*.

*AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.*

FAIR AS LILIES are the ladies who purify their blood with *Ayer's Sarsaparilla*. Boils, carbuncles, eczema, pimples, blotches, and other skin diseases arise from impurities remaining in the circulation by reason of inactive liver and kidneys. For all blood diseases *Ayer's Sarsaparilla* is the specific. It has been in successful use for nearly half a century, is endorsed by leading physicians and druggists everywhere, and is the most efficacious, reliable, and economical blood-purifier ever discovered. Dr. J. W. Shields, Smithville, Tenn., says, "I regard *Ayer's Sarsaparilla* as the best medicine in the world for the various forms of blood diseases, and know of many wonderful cures effected by its use."

*AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Has Cured Others, will Cure You.*



**THE ILLEGALITY OF BACCARAT.**—That to cheat at cards is a crime is well known. Section 17 of 8 and 9 Vict., c. 109, is perfectly explicit on that point. "Every person," runs that section, "who shall by any fraud or unlawful device or ill practice, in playing at or with cards, dice, or other game, win from any other person, to himself or any other or others, any sum of money or valuable thing, shall be deemed guilty of obtaining such money or valuable thing from such other person by a false pretence with intent to cheat or defraud such person of the same, and being convicted thereof shall be punished accordingly." Is baccarat an unlawful game? This question has been decided, and decided in the affirmative (says a London correspondent), by Sir Henry Hawkins in the case of *Jenks vs. Turpin*. "The unlawful games," said Sir Henry Hawkins in his judgment in that case, "now are ace of hearts, faro, basset, hazard, passage, roulette, every game of dice except backgammon, and every game of cards which is not a game of mere skill, and, I incline to add, any other game of mere chance. Does baccarat come within this category? The description of the game given by Mr. Russell satisfies me that it does. It is a game of cards; it is a game of chance; and though, as in most other things, experience and judgment may make one player or banker more successful than another, it would be a perversion of words to say it was in any sense a game of mere skill. It is, therefore, in my opinion, an unlawful game within the meaning of the statute. It is said that it is a game of modern invention. That may be; and, assuming it to be so, it is just what the legislature intended to include in the phraseology of the eleventh section of Henry VIII., c. 9, as a new unlawful game hereafter to be invented."

**HOUSEKEEPING IN THE TIME OF THE TUDORS.**—The Northumberland Household Book reveals the magnificent scale on which the English nobles maintained their households. The Lord of Warkworth, besides his chamberlain, his treasurer, his constables, his chaplains, supported one hundred and fifty-six persons, and frequently entertained, in addition, fifty or sixty guests. He allowed for his annual expenditure a sum of £1178 17s. 8d., of which nearly three-fourths—£797 11s. 2d.—were spent for provisions and food. The cost of each individual for these two items was fixed at 2½d. per day, about 1s. 6d. of our present money.

Erasmus remarks that the English ate too much salted meat, and from the Northumberland Book it appears that the earl's household enjoyed fresh meat only three months in the year. One hundred fat beeves were bought at All-Hallows Tide at 13s. 6d., and a couple of dozen at 8s. at Saint Helen's, to be fattened for the table between midsummer and Michaelmas. Six hundred and forty-seven sheep were eaten, salted, between Lammas and Michaelmas; and for the earl's own table twenty-five hogs, twenty-eight calves, and forty lambs were killed. The supply of mustard was no less than one hundred and sixty-six gallons; but it was doubtless found necessary as an aid to the digestion of so much salted meat. Capons and plovers occasionally graced the earl and countess's private table. Their appetites, however, must have been by no means squeamish, since their regular breakfast consisted of a quart of ale, a quart of wine, and a chine of beef or half a chine of mutton, the beef or mutton being exchanged on fast-days for a dish of herrings or sprats, fresh or salted.—*All the Year Round*.

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In many towns where this wonderful medicine has been introduced, and given a fair trial, it has abolished the family medicine chest, and been found sufficient to cure nine tenths of the ordinary complaints incident to humanity; and when diseases of months and years are thus removed or palliated in a few days, it is not surprising that

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A Wonderful Medicine  
FOR ALL**

**Bilious & Nervous Disorders**

**SUCH AS**

**Constipation,  
Weak Stomach,  
Sick-Headache,  
Loss of Appetite,  
Impaired Digestion,  
DISORDERED LIVER AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES.**

Prepared only by **THOS. BEECHAM**, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. **R. F. ALLEN CO.**, Sole Agents for United States, 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price, 25c.—but inquire first.

Correspondents will please mention

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.**

**WATER-DRINKING.**—"I am decidedly opposed to the indiscriminate drinking of large quantities of cold water," writes Dr. E. Johnson. "One cannot understand in what manner these large imbibitions are to operate so as to be useful in the animal economy. We know precisely what becomes of the water soon after entering the stomach; we can trace exactly what course all this water must take—what channels it must traverse—between its entrance and its exit. We are perfectly well acquainted with certain physiological effects produced by it after it has been received into the system. It dilutes the blood, it lowers the temperature, and therefore diminishes the vital power of the stomach; it puts certain systems of capillary blood-vessels on the stretch, to the great danger of bursting, and it overtaxes the kidneys. I have seen two very bad cases which were fairly attributable to the excessive drinking of water. Thus, then, it seems there are certain well-understood and very obvious injuries which the large imbibition of water cannot fail to inflict, while the supposed benefits to accrue from it are altogether mystical, problematical, unintelligible. The quantity of water which each person should drink during the day must always depend on his own feelings. He may always drink when the doing so is agreeable to his sensations; when it is repulsive, never."

**THE TOMB OF MILES STANDISH.**—There has been some doubt for more than a century where Miles Standish, the Lancashire Puritan soldier and captain of Plymouth, in the New England colony, was buried. In the interests of historical accuracy, and with the necessary permission, excavations were made two years ago in the cemetery at Duxbury, where, tradition said, his ashes rested; and the remains of a man of seventy, not exceeding five feet seven inches high, and a young woman with blond hair and fine teeth, were exhumed. The skulls resembled each other strongly. It was then thought that these were the famous captain and his daughter Lora, and two triangular pyramids of stone found near one grave, and corresponding to the description which tradition gave of the Pilgrims' headstones, strengthened that conclusion. But the identity was vigorously disputed. Now, however, investigation has been pushed further, and three more graves in the same row as the other two yielded up the bones of another young woman and two children of about five or six and ten or twelve years. Captain Miles Standish asked in his will to be buried between his daughter and daughter-in-law, and he had two young boys also buried on the same plot before his own death. These facts lead the searchers to believe more strongly than ever that they have found the right spot.

**DICKENS SEES HIMSELF.**—"I hope you have seen a large-headed photo, with little legs, representing the undersigned, pen in hand, tapping his forehead to knock an idea out. It has just sprung up so abundantly in all the shops that I am ashamed to go about town looking in at the picture-windows, which is my delight. It seems to me extraordinarily ludicrous, and much more like than the grave figure done in earnest. It made me laugh when I first came upon it, until I shook again in open, sunlighted Piccadilly." He returned to Gad's Hill, bringing this with him, and telling us that he had been so amused with it, and so fascinated by it, thinking it "so irresistibly funny," that he stood looking at it, roaring with laughter, until he became conscious of a large and sympathetic audience, laughing so heartily with him that he had to beat a hasty retreat.—*Kilton's Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil.*



## A LEGEND OF FIJI.

Away across the ocean, on the Islands of Fiji,  
 Live a race of curious people, dark as any you may see.  
 But they lived in quiet manner, tho' in rather savage style,  
 Till a band of white adventurers landed on the far-off Isle.  
 With wonder and amazement round the pale-faced men they drew,  
 Marvelled at their fair white features, wondered where it was they grew.  
 Sought with signs and earnest gestures the strangers to entreat—  
 To divulge the wondrous secret—how to pale the dusky cheek!  
 But the white men gave no answer, made no shadow of reply,  
 For they could not speak the language. So the King Tui-Viti  
 Wrote a grave and solemn edict to the people of his race  
 Offering a fortune princely, and a very lofty place,  
 To the one who should discover, for their pleasure and delight,  
 What would turn their swarthy faces to a pale fair yellow white.  
 One among their number, who was brave and hopeful too,  
 Set out to cross the ocean to see what he could do.  
 Emanu-Medu was his given native Fijian name:  
 And in course of his vain wanderings to America he came.  
 Sought to learn our simple language with a bland angelic smile,  
 Alas one word, and one word only, learned to warble all the while.  
 Now where'er Emanu travelled over land or over sea,  
 One strange word stared plainly at him; stared from every rock and tree.  
 Not another word he uttered: not another did he know;  
 But became in time familiar with the word "Sapolio."  
 Used to mutter it most sweetly as he flew upon the train,  
 And in friendly conversation it became his sole refrain;  
 If in any store he entered, singing out in accents low  
 Softened to a gentle cadence, the lone word "Sapolio."  
 He was oft perplexed and puzzled that no reply he drew,  
 But was given a strange square package wrapped in silver and sky blue.  
 O, the gods were surely with him! so indeed Emanu thought,  
 And this could be none other than the article he sought.  
 Eagerly he reached his chamber where he found indeed 'twas true,  
 For this curious white package wrapped so carefully in blue  
 Wrought a wondrous change upon him, bleached him out as white as snow.  
 Eager now to win the fortune he turned homeward for Fiji,  
 Fitted out a splendid office, raised up high where all could see  
 Golden letters most resplendent in the sunlight's yellow glow  
 Spelling out in glittering splendor, but one word, "Sapolio."  
 Then the people flocked about him, came his wond'rous cure to see;  
 First of all with his attendants came the King Tui-Viti,  
 To the secret bath they led him, bathed him with a lather bright,  
 And the king who entered dusky went away a pure snow-white.  
 Then came all the various subjects who could pay the golden fee,  
 Came in time to try the waters, more than half of all Fiji;  
 But alas what grief befell them, when the good Emanu died!  
 None had learned his guarded secret, although very many tried.  
 All his stock had been exhausted, and not one there was to know  
 Where he found his precious treasure, found the charmed "Sapolio."  
 Now the race are slowly changing to their former dusky hue,  
 And I write to say a fortune, and a princely station too,  
 Awaits the stranger who shall cross the distant raging sea  
 With a ship load of Sapolio to the Island of Fiji.

**GAMING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.**—During the Middle Ages gaming became a more and more fashionable form of amusement, and we find in the records that the vice (*sic*) was greatly indulged in by the clergy. Not only that, but in the fifteenth century we read of an abbess being tried by the ecclesiastical authorities for having systematically "gamed" in her convent; she pleaded—it is curious to note—guilty to the fact, but demurred that neither the law nor the rules of the sisterhood obliged her to abstain from her favorite pleasure. She was, however, only acquitted on giving a promise that she would game no more. In England we find that in the fourteenth century the lord mayor and lady mayoress gave two dicing entertainments, when they, in their high official capacity, held the tables against all comers. The latter-day holders of those offices will not improbably be surprised to hear this.

Gaming was more extensively carried on in that early period in England, France, and Italy, and the dice were in constant requisition. In the fourteenth century a great fillip was given to gaming by the introduction into Europe of playing-cards. The exact date of the importation is not known, but the earliest unquestionable evidence of their European existence is to be found in the "Diary of Accounts of Charbot Poupart," who was the treasurer of the household of Charles VI. of France.—*The Westminster Review*.

**LITERARY FRAUDS.**—About thirty years since, a well-known publisher bought a collection of letters alleged to be in the handwriting of Shelley, one of whose oldest surviving friends testified to a belief in their authenticity. They were ushered into the world by a preface from the pen of Robert Browning, but withdrawn a few days after publication upon the discovery that they were made up from articles by Sir Francis Palgrave in the *Quarterly Review*. A year or two later a volume of letters by Schiller was announced as forthcoming, a preliminary certificate of their genuineness having been obtained from his last surviving daughter. Before they left the press they were clearly shown to be spurious.

A notice of the impostures of M. Simonides, whose career has but recently terminated, will bring these examples of fraudulent apocrypha down to our own time. His chief successes are believed to have been gained in duping the authorities of great national libraries by the sale of sham antique manuscripts, but for obvious reasons the particulars of these cases have not been generally disclosed, and the statements on the subject which have appeared in the public journals must be accepted with some reserve. The eminent scholar Dindorf is said to have been one of his victims in Germany. It has been stated that the trustees of the British Museum were deceived into buying from him a false memorandum addressed by Belisarius to Justinian, but this statement has been since denied. That he sold to Ismail Pasha a forged manuscript of Aristotle, and to a wealthy English peer two spurious letters of Alcibiades to Pericles, for which he obtained high prices, is an assertion more credible, and as yet uncontradicted. His most remarkable failure seems to have been at Athens, where he tried to persuade a committee of twelve scholars that a manuscript of Homer, written on lotus-leaves, was a genuine codex of very early date. Eleven of the number are said to have been satisfied, "but the twelfth discovered that it was a faithful copy of the text of Homer as published by the German critic Wolff, and that the manuscript reproduced the whole of the printer's errors in that edition."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

## CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

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NERVES.

Prepared according to Prof. Percy's formula. Is the original and only preparation of the Hypophosphites from animal and vegetable tissue, the most powerful restorer of the Vital forces.

Especially recommended for Brain Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Impaired Vitality, and all forms of Nervous Disease. It directly feeds the Brain and Nerves, Restores Lost Vigor, Sustains Mental and Physical Powers, Prevents Nervous Prostration and Premature Age.

It is invaluable in convalescence from fevers or prostrating diseases, in Bronchitis, and as a Preventive of Consumption. Pamphlet, with testimonials from leading Physicians, eminent Clergy and Educators, sent free. For sale by druggists. Sent by mail (\$1) from 56 West 25th Street, New York.

There are numerous imitations and substitutes.

None genuine without this signature printed on the label, ~~and~~

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"I look upon a man's wife and children as his preferred creditors. Their claims take precedence by reason of a prior attachment."—REV. H. L. WAYLAND, D.D.

THE law of Pennsylvania as it affects the life insurance companies of that State—no matter where they transact business—confirms the reverend gentleman's opinion. Legal sanction is given to what he declares is morally right. Any money invested in life insurance for the protection of the family is beyond the reach of creditors, should the investor subsequently become insolvent.

It is not so in other States. In New York, for an instance, \$500 per year is the limit of payment which one may make for the benefit of the family, and there are similar laws in several other States.

The moral is obvious.

There are just two legitimate, reserve-maintaining life companies chartered by the State of Pennsylvania actively engaged in business.

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**A CHINESE DRUGGIST.**—A Chinese druggist will freely display the most nauseous and disgusting substances as medicine; often he will keep a live deer there in a pen against the time when it will be pounded whole in a mortar, *coram populo*, to convince customers that his drugs are genuine. Medicines are gulped down by the quart, the prescriber holding that if one ingredient does not do its work another may. Their virtues, nevertheless, are many and mysterious.

A missionary doctor was well acquainted with a native practitioner, a man of considerable intelligence and repute. Him he brought to his home one day and showed, with natural pride, his three fair-haired little girls. The native hastened to compliment his foreign friend: "Their complexions are indeed beautiful, but, if I may say so, their hair is perhaps hardly dark enough." He produced a bottle. "A dose of this taken internally three times a day would make a wonderful improvement." He went on with more embarrassment: "There is another thing about them that I hardly like to mention." His friend reassured him. "Well, if you will allow me to say it, they are all girls. Now, I have at home some pills that are perfectly infallible. Let them take these regularly for a month or so, and I promise they will develop into three as fine boys as father could wish for."—*Temple Bar*.

**HOW TO KILL A CAT.**—A number of people are interested in learning the best way of painlessly killing animals, and we may usefully note a communication on the subject from a correspondent of the *English Mechanic*. He writes: The most merciful way of destroying cats is to chloroform them. Draw a sock (knitted one preferred, as being elastic) over pussy's head so that the toe of the sock is brought to her nose or nearly so; then pour about half a teaspoonful of chloroform on the sock close to her nose. Almost as soon as she has become frightened by the unusual smell of chloroform, she quietly goes off to sleep; a little more chloroform is added, perhaps twice, and pussy never wakes again. The indiscriminate laying down of poison for cats, or anything else that may come along, cannot be too strongly denounced. If the cats are not "in hand" that are required to be poisoned they may be caught in wire traps, like large rat-cage traps, and chloroformed by spray from a small spray producer, without removal from the cage, until asleep or dead.

**SOME FRENCH DIVORCE STATISTICS.**—The *Journal Officiel* publishes some readable statistics relative to the divorces and separations decreed in France during a period of twelve months. The divorces granted after less than one year's connubial happiness amount to two per cent. Then comes a tremendous jump to twenty-three per cent. in the case of unions having lasted from one to five years. The heaviest proportion of all is that for the period extending from the fifth to the tenth year, the number reached being forty per cent. After that the figures drop rapidly. Only twenty-three per cent. of couples seek divorce between their tenth and twentieth years of union; between twenty and thirty the proportion is only six per cent.; and, finally, only one pair in a hundred seeks to cut the knot after sailing through life together for over thirty and under forty years. After more than forty summers of wedded happiness there is no instance of the French equivalent for "a decree nisi." Conjugal infidelity is only the cause of just one-fifth of the divorces granted.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.



"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH-POWDER.—Keeps teeth perfect and gums healthy. Orris and Wintergreen. Pink and white colors. Always used when once tried. For sale at all druggists', and 224 William Street, New York.

BLAIRE'S PILLS.—Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. Sure, prompt, and effective. Large box 34, small 14 Pills. For sale at all druggists', and 224 William Street, New York.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



**HYPODERMIC BLUSHES.**—The newest fad is for coloring the cheeks. It seems that the new art has been practised by a few ladies, though so secretly and quietly that very few have heard of it. If ladies never allowed their maids to know their toilet secrets, they would not so often become public property. One of the most beautiful women in society has one great defect to her loveliness, and that is her complexion. Not many months ago she was away from home, and she noticed the lovely natural bloom in the cheeks of a friend, who formerly had no color. She noticed also that the charming roses never appeared in her cheeks in the day. In a moment of unusual candor, when the heart was overflowing with charity and good-will to her guest, the lady explained the nature of her art. This lady, who was quite fond of going out during a certain period of last season, has been noticed upon two occasions when she entertained a very distinguished guest, upon whom she smiled her sweetest, to look radiantly beautiful. The pallid, greenish hue of her skin had disappeared, and in its stead a lovely natural carnation bloomed in her cheeks, and her great splendid eyes shone like stars. Happiness is a great beautifier of itself, and she was very happy upon the occasion spoken of, but she had used the secret betrayed to her by her friend in a distant city, to aid nature and make her beauty more dazzling than ever. A coloring-matter, the composition of which is not known to the writer, is put into the cheeks by means of a small hypodermic syringe, such as is used in morphine injections. It became a fad with the French ladies to inject perfumes beneath the skin by the hypodermic needle to make a sweet and subtle odor emanate from their persons, and some person has originated this idea for rouging the cheeks. A lady, who has practised this new style of rouging, was asked, "What does the coloring-matter consist of?" I can't tell you that, and I don't think any of the ladies know themselves. I never saw but one specimen, and that was given by a Washington friend, and the person who conceived the idea, a learned chemist, prepared the coloring-matter. It was of a deep carmine, in a small vial. It is so effective that it takes very little, but it cannot be used often.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

**THE INVENTOR OF BILLIARDS.**—Games have their history as well as heroes, and this is how their history is sometimes written. The authority should of course be given: it is the *Paris Figaro*. The English are very fond of the curious game of billiards, and a letter has been discovered in the British Museum which gives the origin of the national sport. It was invented by a London pawnbroker, whose name was William Kew. Kew not only lent money but he sold cloth, and for the latter purpose had a yard measure with which he used to compute the amounts. One day to distract himself he took the three round balls which are the emblems of his trade—they may still be seen in front of certain shops in London—and placing them on his counter began to hit them about with the yard measure. He found it made a pretty game. He got a kind of skill in making one ball glance off the other, and his friends who saw him thus employed called the game Bill's Yard. It was soon shortened into billiard. But the yard was the instrument with which the balls were knocked about, and the difficulty arose what to call it. They called it after the name of the pawnbroker,—a Kew. Even the French might not believe this cock-and-a-bull story, but the mention of the manuscript in the British Museum convinces those sceptics who are daring enough to doubt the *ipse dixit* of the *Paris Figaro*.—*Pull Mall Budget*.



**QUINA-LAROCHE.**—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.



E. Fougere & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

ORIGINAL. No. 53.

## Luncheon Muffins.

BY MARIA PARLOA.

For one dozen muffins use one pint of flour, a generous half pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter. Beat the eggs till light and add the milk to them. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients; then stir in the melted butter. Beat the batter vigorously for a few seconds and then put in buttered muffin pans and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.—(Copyright, 1891, by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.



Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder is perfectly wholesome. It leavens most and leavens best.

Try a can.

*They differ in make up.*  
Most baking powders contain ammonia or alum. Cleveland's does not, not a particle; that is why Cleveland's is most wholesome.

*They differ in strength.*  
An even teaspoonful of Cleveland's Baking Powder does as much as a heaping teaspoonful of others; a large saving on a year's bakings. That is why Cleveland's leavens most.

*They differ in results.*  
With most baking powders food is coarse grained, gets dry and "husky;" with Cleveland's, food is fine grained, keeps moist and fresh. That is why Cleveland's leavens best.

Try a can, Cleveland's.

**AN OLD MAIDS' LUNCHEON.**—A few days ago twelve young women received daintily-written invitations to attend "An Old Maids' Luncheon,"—whatever that might be,—evidently something extremely pleasant, from the alacrity with which those invitations were accepted. At all events, on the appointed day a dozen pretty faces, belonging to girls with dainty toilets, were gathered around a table loaded with delicacies.

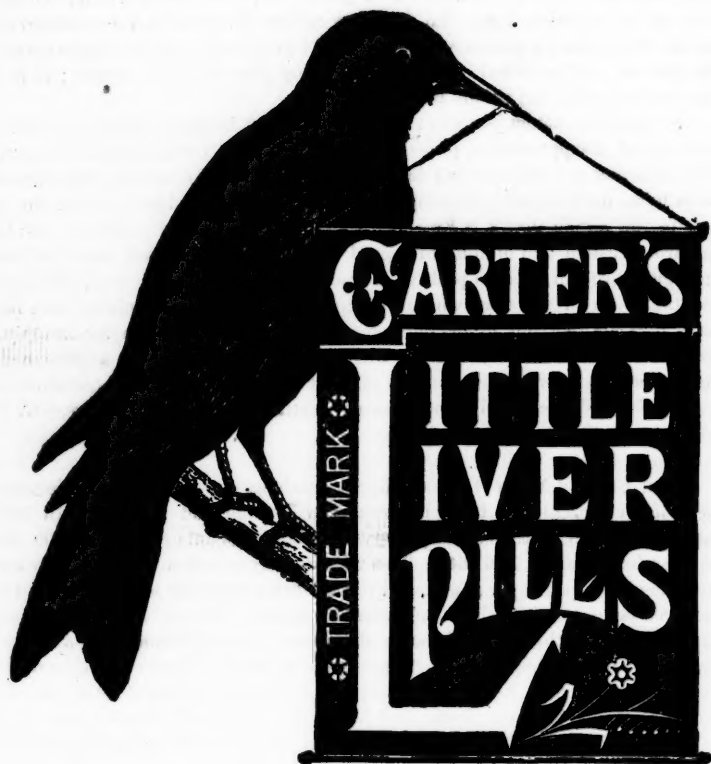
In the centre of the table were banked large bunches of field daisies, but, alas! their former companions could scarcely have recognized them, so changed had they become. Each blossom had been converted into the head of a little old lady: by clipping the white petals, with the exception of two, cap and strings were formed, while pen and ink had placed eyes, nose, and mouth in each yellow centre. At each plate were placed a few sprays of pussy willow, strangely suggestive of old-maidism.

In spite of this, the faces were unusually beaming, and the tongues as lively as only girls' tongues can be on such occasions.

After the luncheon the "old maids" left the dining room, and as each one passed through the door-way she received a pretty be-ribboned basket containing "a real live" kitten.—*New York Times*.

**NO CHANCE IN HISTORY.**—I remember Mazzini saying that he did not believe that chance existed in history. "A cause must necessarily underlie every event, although for the moment it may appear as the result of apparently accidental circumstances. An Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, are not the results of accident, but the inevitable product of the time and nation from which they spring. It was not Cæsar who destroyed the Roman republic: the republic was dead before Cæsar came. Sulla, Marius, Catiline, preceded and foreshadowed Cæsar, but he, gifted with keener insight and greater genius, snatched the power from them and concentrated it in his own hands. For there is no doubt that he was fitter to rule than all the others put together; at the same time, supposing he had appeared a hundred and fifty years earlier, he would not have succeeded in destroying the republic. When he came, the life had already gone out of it, and even Cæsar's death could not restore that."—*Mathilde Blind, in the Fortnightly Review*.

**DUKE NICHOLAS'S ILL-GOTTEN GAINS.**—The late Grand Duke Nicholas was known in early life as the handsomest member of the imperial family, but for many years he was never mentioned in Russia except to be execrated. His corrupt dealings with a swarm of thieving contractors during the Russo-Turkish war brought him a fortune which could only be counted by millions; but his gang nearly ruined the Russian Empire, and their operations cost tens of thousands of soldiers their lives. The present Emperor publicly declared that his uncle ought to be shot, and he was anxious to have him banished to some remote province for the rest of his life; but Alexander II. was fond of his brother, and remembered that Nicholas had refused to aid the opposition to the emancipation of the serfs, when there was very near being a palace conspiracy to dethrone the late Emperor. Nicholas led a disreputable life, and had long been separated from his wife, who was the daughter of Prince Peter of Oldenburg. He squandered his ill-gotten gains so recklessly that he is not believed to have died a rich man.—*London World*.



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Purely vegetable. Sugar-coated. Do not gripe or sicken. SMALL PRICE. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE.

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**CUSTOM AND DUELLING.**—There are three questions to be asked about every custom: in what place has it prevailed, at what date, and in which class? There is the custom of duelling, for example, once prevalent but now extinct in England, still surviving in France and elsewhere, but especially in France. If you ask the third question, "In which class?" you find that duelling occurs most frequently among journalists and politicians, more rarely among officers. Lawyers do not often fight; the duel very seldom happens in the commercial classes; while among peasants, clergymen, and professors it never happens at all. The custom is not national in the sense of being general in the nation; it is a class custom only, and chiefly localized in Paris.

If from the custom you go to the opinion about its moral value, you find a wide-spread disapprobation, joined to a feeling that in certain cases it is inevitable, and that it is salutary as a discipline in courage. Present English opinion looks upon duelling with contempt, but this is quite a modern opinion, due in part to the notion that it is French. If we ask what moral guidance is to be had from custom and opinion in regard to duelling, the answer must be that such guidance can have no positive character, that it is not universal, but local, and that even in the town where duelling most prevails the opinion that imposes it is nothing but a class opinion. Nor is there any reason for assuming that the duel, even in the classes which now practise it, will be a permanent institution. It now usually stops at the first wound, however slight,—which is a sign of decadence,—and it may become extinct in a hundred years.—*G. P. Hamerton, in the Contemporary Review.*

**THE FROZEN-MEAT TRADE.**—Recent statistics show an enormous development of the frozen-meat trade between New Zealand and England. In 1882 the number of frozen sheep exported to England was only 8839. In 1890 the number had risen to 1,562,647. The transit-charges now amount to only one and one-eighth pence per pound, and it is probable they will soon be reduced to the even penny. Curiously enough, the frozen-meat trade in Australia has not expanded in anything like the same degree as in New Zealand; but a leading Sydney journal anticipates that "what with the steady reduction in the cost of freezing and freights, the spread of the taste for frozen mutton at home, and the inevitable increase of our flocks and herds, we have good reason to see in the food requirements of England and Europe an almost untouched and inexhaustible mine of wealth for Australia."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

**A KING'S DAUGHTER IN A WORKHOUSE.**—Miss Caroline Guelph, a daughter of George IV., has retired to the Camberwell workhouse, where she is living at the cost of the Camberwell rate-payers. Such is life. If George IV., instead of marrying Mrs. Fitzherbert and afterward committing bigamy with another lady, had married this old lady's mother, she would have been her Majesty Queen Caroline, and instead of the modest pension of the Camberwell rate-payers she would have been given a dozen palaces and many hundreds of thousands per annum by the British tax-payers. Her family, many members of which are comfortably off, really ought to do something for Miss Caroline Guelph. If they are not able to do this, surely all the gang of toadies who seize the opportunity of silver weddings and such-like occasions to make costly presentations to members of the royal family should get up a subscription for her.



"YOU ARE SO YOUNG TO SUFFER!"

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DAYLIGHT FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.—That is, if you want it that long; few people do. But, when it comes time to light the lamp, if you have a Daylight, you can burn it into the still small hours with greater pleasure than you can any other lamp on the market. It don't take any time at all to set it going, either; it lights as easy as a gas-jet; you needn't even touch chimney or shade, to say nothing of taking them off. Like a well-bred child, it keeps itself clean; it keeps its oil-fount cooler than any other lamp, and so avoids a good deal of smell and any danger of explosion. It burns brightly, and is better worthy of the name "Daylight" than any other lamp yet made. How any other lamp could be better, we don't know. Your lamp-dealer, unless he's slow, will know all about it and have it in stock. If he's slow, quicken his pace by insisting on having what, we assure you, is the best lamp on the market.

Craighead & Kintz Co., 33 Barclay St., New York, will send an A B C book on Lamps, on application, to any one who will take the trouble to send for it.

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**THE SEVENTH SON.**—In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a *marcou*. In Orleans, during the present century, the following was written concerning the *marcou*: "If a man is the seventh son of his father, without any feminine intervening, he is a *marcou*; he has on some part of his body the mark of a fleur-de-lis, and, like the kings of France, he has the power of curing the king's evil. All that is necessary to effect a cure is that the *marcou* should breathe upon the part affected, or that the sufferer should touch the mark of the fleur-de-lis. Of all the *marcou*s of the Orléannais, he of Ormes is the best known and the most celebrated. Every year, from twenty, thirty, forty leagues around, crowds of patients come to visit him; but it is particularly in Holy Week that his power is most efficacious, and on the night of Good Friday, from midnight to sunrise, the cure is certain. A darker superstition concerning the seventh son exists in Portugal. It is there believed that the unfortunate being who is the seventh male in direct succession is in the power of the Prince of Darkness, by whom he is compelled, on every Saturday evening, to assume the appearance of an ass. In this guise, and accompanied by a troop of dogs, he is compelled to race over moor and through village until the light of the Sabbath dawns, when he may resume his human form for another week."—*Globe-Democrat*.

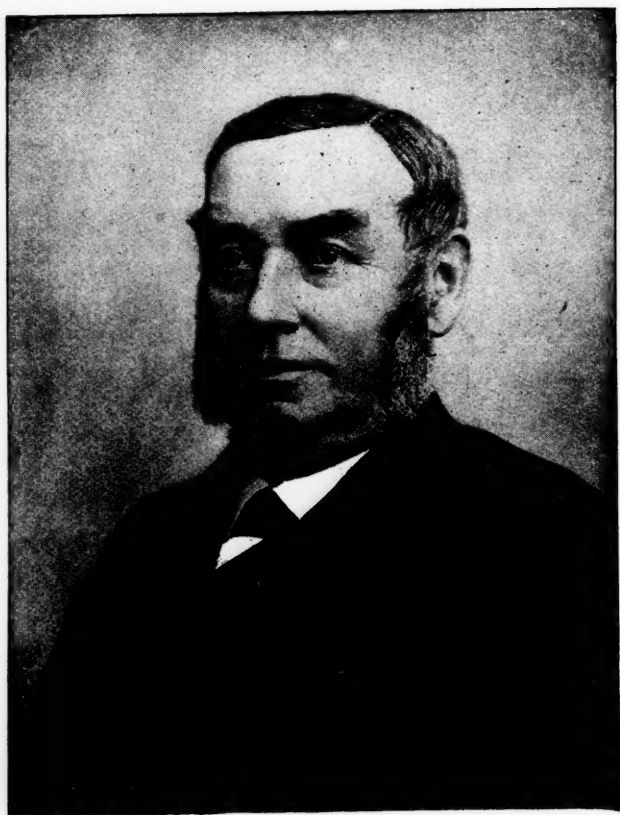
**BOYCOTT IN OLDEN TIMES.**—That "there is nothing new under the sun" has not been supposed to apply to the boycott, an alleged industrial novelty of Irish extraction. But it turns out that those who blacklisted the County Mayo landlord with a military title in the year of our Lord 1880 were, consciously or unwittingly, only imitators of strikers of the early part of the seventeenth century, whose doings, as summarized by Dr. Gross, with the aid of a chronicler of the works of the old-time guilds, included the following:

"In 1614 the company of Mercers and Ironmongers, in Chester, ordered T. Aldney to shut his shop. On his refusal two of the company were told off to walk all day before the shop to prevent people from entering it. The mayor commanded the pickets to withdraw, but they refused, alleging their oath to the company. 'And so,' writes the old chronicler, 'they walked and remayned and plaid their wilfull parte.' The exactions of the guilds contributed to the wide-spread decay in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of many once powerful boroughs, for they drove commerce and industry to the free-trade towns, such as Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, where they were not fettered by ancient privileges. Thus the rigid protection of the older chartered boroughs sapped their commercial prosperity, silencing the once busy looms of Norwich and Exeter, and sweeping away the cloth halls of York and Winchester."—*New York Recorder*.



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*Geo. W. Childs*

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# LADY PATTY.

## A SKETCH.

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THE DUCHESS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN," "PHYLLIS," ETC.

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